THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ON THE STATE OF THE RURAL POPULATION.

In our Number for March, 1832, was given a rapid, but general and faithful portraiture of the relations and condition of this large, and perhaps most important portion of the community whose numbers at least equal a moiety of the whole—whose business it is to furnish subsistence for the entire people—whose solid property lies in the inalienable soil—whose prosperity ought, from the nature of their employment, to be certain—whose morals should necessarily be, from their domestic habits, isolated position, and the absence of those temptations which the crowded city exhibits to a dense population, uncontaminated and pure—whose manners should, for the same reasons, be simple—and whose happiness, from all these causes combined, might be considered to be amongst the most sure and enduring of all human calculations. The result of our examination demonstrated the absolute contrary of nearly all these conclusions. Property depreciated and pledged to dealers in money—the trade of agriculture (so to speak) fluctuating, all but profitless, and in many instances ruinous—morals depraved, habits estranged from the natural place and pursuits of the several classes constituting rural society—manners not according either with natural place or objects—the peace of the rural districts disturbed—a compulsory idleness, as it were, superseding industry—the labourer pauperised—the farmer discontented—the land-owner distracted between reduced income and established expenses—perpetual disputes calling for the no less perpetual interposition of the magistracy—last, and worst of all, the desperate symptom of incendiarism, and the unshunned consequence of all these evils—universal distrust, division, and discontent. The causes of this conversion from the naturally wholesome and healthy state of rural affairs to this terrific declension were traced and laid bare. Why then, it may be asked, is it necessary to recur to a subject which has been already so completely dissected and demonstrated? Because it is amongst the most interesting and important that can engage the attention of the statesman or the economist, the philosopher or the moralist, and because new agents have been introduced, and new facts elicited. We would, if possible, note the present, and indicate the probable future effects; for to confess the truth at once, it appears to us that little which can correct or reduce the evil has yet been attempted, though both branches of the legislature have employed days and nights in the inquiry; though a commission of very able men has been appointed to investigate; though private societies are engaged, and a mighty machinery, reared at the instigation of Government, has been set into action to provide a remedy. Pray let us be rightly understood. Our objection lies, not

against the present inefficiency of those provisions; for although we regard the case as much too urgent to brook much delay, we are quite aware of the time and patience necessary to such an undertaking. The present inefficacy is not, we repeat, the ground of our objection,—which is, that although in a matter so complicated no one fact or phenomenon can be referred to as the absolute and final cause, and consequently no single remedy applied; yet that the principal sources of poverty, crime and depravation, have been overleaped, so that the great principles have either been mistaken or not provided against. This is the point we shall now endeavour to substantiate.

The land-owner is the first person to be considered, and here we think there is much of error. His condition is represented to be that of suffering in a parallel degree with the other rural classes. In examining his situation we are to take the two sides of the account: on the one, his income, and on the other, his involuntary outgoings: for his expenses voluntarily contracted bear the same relation to those of the anterior date when he was prosperous and happy, as they now do when he is apparently impoverished and positively dissatisfied. The rent of land fifty years ago was not more than one-third of its present amount, even in the districts most fertile by nature; and in those the least so, but which have been brought into cultivation by skill and capital, many of them thus raised to as great production as the lands where Providence has been most bountiful, the value has been augmented in a much higher degree. There are some estates of this quality which even now produce from five to ten times their value at the period to which we refer. The landlord's income ought, therefore, to place him in an infinitely better condition. His involuntary outgoings are taxation, tithe, and poor-rate. The total net revenue of the year 1790 was 15,986,068*l.*; the total net revenue of the year 1834 is 43,043,876*l.* The tithe, so far as it can be ascertained, bears harder upon him at the present moment by about twenty-five per cent.

The burden of the poor-rates has been constantly increasing till it has reached about eight millions: this must be divided into two parts; one, the portion paid by cities and large towns; and the other by land, fairly speaking. When we perceive that of this sum Middlesex pays nearly a million, Lancaster nearly half a million, Yorkshire the same amount, we suspect that, without going into a minute calculation, the proportion which falls upon the land-rent is not so considerable as has been represented; and that the whole is not actually discharged by the land-owner is clear from two circumstances—one, the competition for farms, which keeps up rent to the highest possible pitch, leaving the tenant burdened to the utmost; and the other, the allowance to make up wages, which draws from every inhabitant of a rated house a share of the amount, diminishes the outgoing to the farmer, and enables him to pay a higher rent. Thus, in truth, the landlord is far less affected by poor-rate than is generally believed.

If, then, *the portion of the taxes which fall upon the rent of land*, and which form but a very small part of the whole, be set against the rise in rent, it should seem that the land-owner has nothing to complain of. On the contrary, he is far better off than in 1790, and the years a little anterior to that period. And to diminish still further the pressure which the increase of these, his involuntary burdens, bring upon him,

comes the decrease in general price * in every article of his consumption, amounting to a ratio it is not easy to calculate. But upon both these heads I need only refer to Lord Milton's very generally circulated pamphlet. His reasoning is conclusive, his inferences inevitable and unanswerable.

The case of the occupier (the mere tenant) is decidedly worse. In the first place, the price of his produce bears no proportion to the rise of his rent, tithe, and parochial charges, while the competition for farms compels him to conform to, and struggle with, the general rate of hire and tenure. The average price of wheat for thirty years previous to 1793 was about 49*s*. per quarter. It is now not more than 44*s*. We noticed in our former essay that his capital has been drained by four accesses of depression from 1816 to 1821; but it now appears to be almost established that he has but little chance of rescue from the permanent depression of the price of his commodity. Every one knows the pains bestowed by the Government upon the elucidation of this momentous topic. Ministers determined, about the year 1825-6, that it should undergo a thorough investigation by an individual deemed to be amongst the most competent in the kingdom, and Mr. Jacob was selected and commissioned. In 1827 that gentleman made his first report on the state of the trade in corn in the northern parts. He endeavours to prove, and had his grounds been solid he did prove, that wheat could not be imported from the northern ports at an average much below 48*s*. per quarter.

In 1828 he delivered to Government a much more extended report, and the points he laboured to establish, and (as before) seemed to establish, were—

1st. That population, not only in England, but all over the continent of Europe, is increasing in a proportion greatly exceeding the increase of subsistence.

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* In elucidating the effects of the corn-laws, and their tendency to produce high prices, Lord Milton (the present Earl Fitzwilliam) has put this matter in a strong light, though rather by analogy than by direct application to the investigation in which we are engaged. His Lordship says, "that the corn-laws are a heavy tax, no man can doubt, not that you yourselves pay a large portion of it; do not flatter yourselves you pay a large portion of it—do not flatter yourselves that you escape from this impost. Consider what are the habits of the landed gentry, from the smallest to the most extensive proprietors, who reside upon their estates, and derive their incomes from the rent of lands occupied by others. Let each individual among you enter seriously upon this inquiry. Examine your respective expenditures in the gross, analyse them in detail, and you will find that the price of corn affects their amount most materially. The wages of your day-labourers, whether employed upon the farm or in the garden—the wages of your menial servants—the feeding of your dogs—of your horses—your travelling expenses—the repairs of your buildings, whether for use or recreation—the amount of all these, and other sources of expense, which form the great bulk of your annual outlay, whether upon a large or upon a small scale, is materially affected by the price of provisions. As far therefore as you, and those in your employ, are either directly or indirectly consumers of agricultural produce, you suffer together with the rest of the community—you partake of the injury you inflict upon your fellow-citizens—you are fellow-sufferers with them. I am far, however, from contending that you derive no advantage from extra prices, and their consequence, extra rents; you do derive an advantage, and an unjust advantage from them. Its value, however, is not to be measured by the extra rent which you receive; it is only a portion of the extra rent that goes into your pockets, for while the extra rent is augmenting your receipts, the extra prices are augmenting your expenditure."

2nd. That the stocks of corn are reduced so low, that, in the event of a greatly deficient harvest, all Europe could not supply the wants of England.

3rd. That any very large disproportionate increase of the growth of foreign corn is precluded by circumstances which render the probability so remote as to be all but impossible.

Mr. Jacob went further. He entered into an elaborate calculation to show that, from the harvest of 1816 to the commencement of that of 1823, the stock in hand in England, consisting then (in 1818) of upwards of 6,000,000 of quarters of wheat, was reduced to nothing, or less than nothing, for that 957,029 quarters imported would leave less than that quantity in stock. Going back only to 1823, his figures showed, that even with the Irish and Colonial importations, and a foreign addition of more than 300,000 quarters annually, in five years the country had consumed nearly 7,000,000 of quarters more than it had grown. Nothing short of famine seemed to hang over us. The last two years, both as to quantity and price, have proved the utter fallaciousness of all these statements. There has been no important quantity of foreign corn in the market, the supply has always more than met the demand, and the price has fallen very low. The refutation of all Mr. Jacob's inferences is as succinct as it is complete. And it is no less worthy of remark, that the reasonings of the paper in a late "Edinburgh Review," attributed to Mr. M'Culloch, are equally made valueless by the same facts.

Thus the last few years have completely overturned all the calculations, though drawn from authorities apparently the most authentic and comprehensive, embracing, indeed, not only all the information that our domestic statistics could afford, but the widest inquiries into foreign sources.

The increased price of wool has in some measure, and partially, assisted to counterbalance these facts. But there is likewise this very important consideration, that whatever portion of the taxes light upon the farmer he is compelled to discharge with immoderate loss: for the depression of his commodity has been so vast, that he is now compelled, on a fair average, to give from two to three times the quantity of his production to defray the same money-charge. This, indeed, constitutes the fatal exception in the farmer's case. What would a merchant say were it proposed to him to sacrifice two or three hundred per cent. upon his *profits?* Why, that immediate ruin would infallibly be his fate. Yet computing not from the highest years, but from a fair average, the farmer has been reduced to the amount of two hundred per cent. upon his whole *return*. The astonishing fact is that farmers have been able to go on at all,—not that so many have been exhausted under the drain of their capital into the hands of the landlord, the clergyman, and the tax-gatherer.

Two powerful agents have been addressed to the state of the labourer since the date of our last inquiry: the one the effect of opinion, the other legislative. The first is an almost universal allotment of small pieces of land, seldom less than half an acre and rarely more than an acre to each individual, according to the number of his children. The other is the new Poor Law Act.

The first has been promoted chiefly by the conviction of the landed

proprietors that it was become positively imperative to give the labourer an interest in the soil, to furnish him with the means of helping himself; and last, not least, as a corollary from these two principles, to convince him that his situation and comforts are still the care of his superiors in wealth and station. Societies, both general and local, have also been formed, and are still forming, to promote the same end. The object has certainly been in some considerable degree effected by this very simple expedient. But still it is a mere expedient, and not without its disadvantages. As thus:—Suppose a village or neighbourhood where one hundred families have been thus accommodated with acres and half-acres, and suppose that the average, amounting to seventy-five acres, has been apportioned; it is quite clear that a farm of that extent must have been reduced, and the means of so much employment and profit taken away from the farmer, without adding a single shilling (except what the better and more careful cultivation of the labourer may possibly have raised) to the general produce,—that is, to the national fund for the maintenance of labour. This expedient is, therefore, merely a matter of distribution; so much is taken from the farming class and given to that of the labourers. It forms a curious point in the application of this principle, that it militates directly against the objection to the large and the only adequate project,—the inclosure of wastes for domestic colonization, so strongly insisted upon by the committees of parliament and by some economists;—namely, that such inclosure will render the country more populous, and bring England to the condition of Ireland, in respect to the minute division of cultivated land. It seems to have escaped the benevolent providers of acres and half-acres that their plan must reduce us to such a state much sooner than by enlarging the area of employment and production through the inclosure of wastes*. For this is to people *a limited and small space with the same rapidity* (human means alone considered) that would attend the growth of population upon a larger, where the means of raising food are augmented with the augmentation of numbers. This, indeed, is all that is required to meet the imputed (but imaginary) evil of an increasing population, which can never "press against subsistence" till the area upon which it is raised becomes too contracted. It is, however, in every respect very curious that, while the advocates for the cultivation of wastes have been so strongly condemned on account of the supposed tendency to perpetuate the miseries of a redundant population, the very same philanthropists should applaud and assist this

* The best mode of assisting the poor, bringing fresh land into cultivation, adding to production, and rearing a small tenantry, have been employed by Mr. Marsham, of Stratton Strawless, in Norfolk, now the High Sheriff of that county, the descendant of the naturalist of the same name who devoted so much of his attention to arboriculture. Mr. Marsham is the proprietor of large heath grounds which adjoin the cultivated parts of his estate. Year by year he brings a certain number of acres into tilth, in small inclosures of from four to eight acres. When they become profitable he adds one or more of these reclaimed fields, at a low rent, to the nearest occupation: thus gradually creating a series of farms of smaller or larger size, giving employment to labour, and augmenting the value of his property. A better or more benevolent plan cannot be devised; and accordingly Mr. Marsham's villages, from being once amongst the most profligate and disorderly, are now neat, comfortable, orderly, and prosperous beyond most. He pays also great attention to his cottages, which have all two and most of them three chambers,—a most important provision for the morals of such families.

much more efficient and speedy method of bringing on the catastrophe they so deprecate, and the dread of which has hitherto had the effect of stopping the most effectual plan for present relief to which we must come at last.

But to the results upon the labouring class; there can be no question that it has administered much relief, and in ways most beneficial. First, it has set aside that most active and fatal cause of depravation, the reduction of the individual to a pauper begging parish relief, and to the degree it has extended and has operated to the restoration of the spirit of independence. Secondly, it has superseded the incalculable evils of a discontented mind brooding over its evils in idleness, for the garden always affords employment, and pleasurable because hopeful employment. The poor man anticipates future comfort in every effort—he sees in the nascent grain or spreading vegetable not only relief from want, but the enjoyment of a hearty meal (to him amongst the first of enjoyments) both to himself and family—he has the proud delight of creating by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow his own subsistence. Thirdly, he is kept from the beer-shop and its depraving companionship, as well as its expense; and better still, he is perhaps saved from the gravel-pit or the road. All these have unquestionably acted to stay the danger which in 1830 had gone to so terrific a head; and this single agent, we have sufficient proof, has stopped the country in its dire descent towards anarchy, down which it was travelling with such tremendous velocity at that period of partial insurrection. One of the worst evils still in progress is the departure of the gentry from their estates, driven away by the expensive establishments their altered modes of life have rendered, if not indispensable, yet so difficult to be rescinded, that they rather abandon their estates and the country itself than relinquish them. But for the general principle of leaving persons to expend their property, how and where they please, no law against absenteeism would be too severe. Economists may argue at leisure, and at distance, that it entails no evil; but those who see the practice are sufficiently aware of the contrary truth. The writer of this article has witnessed the almost total ruin, and the extraordinarily sudden depravation, of a large village, together with countless injury brought upon the estate, by the absenteeism of only two years.

We come now to the second agent—the new Poor Law Bill; and here we waive all discussion as to the necessity of the measure. We regard that point to be settled. Without some decided alteration, both in the law and in the morals and habits of those who ought to be the industrious classes, and who, we believe, would be such, were the opportunity fairly afforded them, it has become quite clear that the proceeds of the entire landed property of the kingdom must sooner or later be shared by the claimants for parish relief. Whole parishes had already been given up to the maintenance of paupers, and more are rapidly advancing to the same condition*; it had therefore become indispensable to apply some radical remedy.

* The writer is acquainted with more than one very fine estate (one especially of twelve hundred acres) which could not find an occupant on the condition of paying no rent, but merely the poor-rate. The town of Shelford, in Cambridgeshire, in the Report of the Commissioners, it is stated, must, in ten years, descend to such a condition. The thing indeed is so palpable in its principle and progress

The main principles of the poor-law bill are to put an end to fraudulent applications for relief, and to make every man earn his own subsistence. These grand ends are to be effected by refusing relief (for to this it must come, or nothing is done) to the able-bodied, except by employment in a workhouse. Now, it should seem that however right the principle, the *modus operandi*—the method of effecting the object—is alike dangerous and inadequate. First, for its danger: a fine, athletic young fellow, with a family of two or more children, applies for relief—or, if the instance be thought better, a single man. He is offered the workhouse. No, he says, he will try anything else rather, for such is the universal feeling of the labourer, particularly before he has become utterly reckless through idleness and privation, and he keeps his word. He tries to get employment, fails, and turns to poaching or theft. We have seen this in more than one instance. Not long since, a youth was observed on a Sunday by a gentleman, in a state nearly of nakedness, in passing through his village, containing a population of twelve hundred. He asked the lad if that was his best garb. It was his only one. "Come to me to-morrow morning," said the gentleman. The lad came, and on being questioned, said, "He had sought work for three weeks without obtaining a day's employment; all he had in the world was gone, the overseer refused relief, and he had lingered on in hopes till he was reduced to that miserable pass; he would do anything rather than go into the house." The gentleman gave him some clothes and some advice, and the next week heard he was committed to gaol for fowl-stealing. The same person questioned a very industrious, honest, most peaceably-disposed and intelligent labourer in his own employ, as to what would be his conduct were he deprived of his place and reduced to go to the workhouse. "I would go, Sir," said the man, "and help to pull it down the moment I got there, if others would join me." And this is the feeling which must be engendered, when we know that the men are willing to work but can find no employment.

Now let us take it in another point of view. In the parish where this is written, there are upon the roads or in the gravel-pit twenty-eight able-bodied labourers during the period of winter. If these men and their families were transferred to the house, not fewer than one hundred men, women, and children would have to travel to that abode of wretchedness, discontent, and *force* (for nothing else would restrain them) some fine morning. And when they are so placed, there are about four hundred children hourly growing up to increase the redundancy, beside the continual additions from new births. Is it not obvious? If you will not enlarge the field of employment by the reclamation of lands not under cultivation, must you not enlarge the area of the workhouses in equal proportion to the increase? Can anything be so palpable?

And what is the gain? The paupers *are* maintained at nearly the same expense (we think at greater) in than out of the workhouse. What matters it to the country? They add nothing to production—nothing to the fund created by labour for the support of the labourer, or

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that it is self-evident. The proposition is a simple truism—an area capable of sustaining only a given population will not sustain a greater. Yet do we go on in the hope to remedy, by legislation, an evil, through means which it is physically impracticable should effect the cure.

so little as to be almost out of the calculation. What they do produce is generally sold at a price below the actual cost of manufacture, and thus operates to the injury of the regular trader in the article. But the demoralizing effect is dreadful; it goes to what we have described—to drive the poor man to crime in order to avoid the house; and where he cannot evade it, to the utter extinction of hope and energy. And after all, is it right? Does it belong to the rightful power of the State to *punish* undeserved poverty? Let us not deceive ourselves. To take a man from his home, however homely, to pen up himself, his wife, and children, in a crowded lazzaretto, consorted with the vilest in character as well as the most wretched in condition—to take from him all superintendence and direction over them, and to place them under the most absolute authority of a task-master (however mildly exercised)—is a degree of punishment second only to the discipline of a prison. Is this a right inherent over mere involuntary poverty in any government? leaving out of our sight for the moment the almost certain issue of driving the man to previous crime.

The mild theory of former times went to a directly contrary purpose. When pauperism first began to press strongly upon the public attention, about the time Sir Morton Eden wrote his book, the object of the benevolent men who had most profoundly studied the subject, was to assist the labourer at his home, and to preclude by such assistance the utter breaking down of his habits and character. It is but too true, that the indulgence has assisted in leading to wider claims, and a reckless dependence upon parochial allowance; but this evil effect is not from the same cause: indeed, we look upon it rather as a consequence—a necessary consequence—first, of the making up wages out of parish allowances, which arose from the enormously advanced price of subsistence during what were called the high times—the most interested, dishonest, and fatal of all the errors which have been committed; and secondly, of the indifference to the receipt of such allowance, thus originated and confirmed in the poor man himself. But what then? Will the increased privation and pressure laid upon him in a workhouse remove the cause? Yes, say the Poor Law Commissioners; the man will be the more strongly impelled to find employment. Do we not know the fallacy of all this? does not their own political science teach that employment in agriculture is the combination of soil and capital; and that where these are not, or where the temptation of profit to combine them exists not, no efforts produced by the bare necessity of the labourer, *or any thing he can do*, will effect the purpose? Alas! alas! it is but too evident that the fault does not lie with him. That there is much of fraud in such a mass of festering pauperism is not to be doubted; but it is also not less manifest that the additions to the area of employment stopped when the enclosures stopped, between twenty and thirty years ago—that since that period the additions to the numbers of the people have gone on with accumulating velocity—that the profits of agriculture have been immensely reduced—that an entirely false and artificial system prevails which it is in vain to endeavour to bolster up by voluntary but inadequate returns of rent and tithe to the occupier, whilst the altered habits of the land-owner and farmer alike contribute to a confusion which it is wholly impossible to correct, except by a recurrence to first principles, extended enough in their operation to embrace he difficulty and remove it.

And if we examine those details of the operation of the new poor laws which have reached the public eye, to what do they amount, and what do they prove? They amount to a few attacks upon the aged, infirm, and impotent, lessening in no degree worth considering the sum paid to parishes, but increasing upon the wretches submitted to its penalties, in a manner most revolting, the miseries of their destitution. These, and the escapes of a few profligate seducers from the consequences of their villainy, and the transfer of the suffering to their victims and their deserted offspring, are all the known results, except the Bledlow case, where the humanity of an individual was exerted to prevent that desperation to which such a body of men must have been driven by the stoppage of all means of maintenance. And what do these instances prove? not alone, we think, the reluctance of the Central Commission to exercise their vast power—not alone the necessity for the most careful and gradual introduction of the new system—but the utter inapplicability of the provisions of the act, both as regards time and consequences; for as time flows on, the consequences redouble upon us.

A still more urgent symptom is, that the almost stationary depression of the price of wheat has compelled the farmer to contract the employment, and to reduce the wages of labour, being the only item of expense (except his mode of living) which it is in his power and discretion to bring down. This reduction has been to a certain degree universal, amounting perhaps to about fifteen per cent. generally, but much more in partial instances, and in districts largely over-peopled. Thus, in point of amount of wages, the labourer is brought back to the state in which he stood previously to the outbreak in 1830. He is pressed also by the further accession of competitors, which every year adds to our redundant numbers and (perhaps from decrease in the farmer's capital and remuneration) the reduced quantity of employment, of which the only mitigation is to be found in the small allotments. The consequences are visible in the petty frauds—poaching—fowl-stealing—slaughter of sheep in the fields by night—and, last and direst, incendiarism. We have ascertained the total of losses paid for incendiary fires by one of the largest insurance offices in the kingdom, and the sum is horribly great. But if these are the open palpable effects, what must be the amount of the demoralization in the whole community? what the disorganization? what the habitual though secret disregard of those ties which bind society together? what the curses, not loud but deep, which are whispered during the daily privations and perpetual suffering of the involuntarily idle pauper? In our former essay we have recapitulated these circumstances, and now we need only say they remain unchanged, except it be, that from their longer endurance and their unredressed notoriety, their force is the more extended, the more violent, and the more subtle.

Emigration has been tried within the last three years to some extent, but with a decreasing effect, principally because no system has been established, and still more, because the individuals who have embarked in the scheme, as a matter of business, have had regard only to their own profits. Nor have the societies instituted for this purpose succeeded much better, owing to the cupidity of those they employ. Not only is the rage for emigration checked, but even the natural desire, which had been widely diffused over the country, and was likely to operate bene-

ficially, has been much abated by the dismal accounts of the failure of individuals and the sufferings of large associated bodies.

It has been amongst the most fatal effects of the political agitation of the times that the legislature has not given that attention to the subject which the urgency of the case requires. Committees have met and inquired! True. A new poor law has been enacted! True again. But both these things have diverted the consideration from the one simple point—the one, the only thing necessary—*employment*, which ought to have directed, and must soon have driven, the mind to the first postulate—*an increased area*. Indeed, upon this hangs the whole recommendation of emigration; for what is demanded for the exile? land—space. For this he braves the solitude of the wilderness—for this he is willing to face the dangers of climate—the fatigues of incessant labour—the separation from social life. It is of the deepest importance to bear this in mind; for it takes us to the very root and foundation of all the benefits of social institution. *Give me but land*, says the exile, *and from that single element my labour shall create all the rest!* And has not the God of nature declared the same great truth?

We need not repeat at any length what has been bandied about till the fatigue of listening to the same thing disgusts us even with facts so momentous—namely, that we have land; that we have more—we have accumulated capital; and that we suffer that land to lie useless, and waste that capital in keeping men in idleness, thus training them on to crimes more expensive to the nation than the pauperism which engenders them. All these things are as notorious as they are disgraceful to a nation and government not having now to learn that the union of the three elements—soil, capital, and labour—is the source of wealth, and, as far as wealth is concerned, of national prosperity.

But, says political science, governments ought never to interfere in such cases: self-interest will always induce individuals to combine these elements, where they can be so combined with profit; and out of individual profit rises the prosperity of the whole. Very well; we do not gainsay the maxim; but we may ask how it happens that, in our advanced stage of social progression, this interest avails not? Have we reached the point when the combination of soil, capital, and labour ceases to be profitable—when the great axiom of the production of wealth no longer holds? It has been well observed that "*the new circumstance of society is, that population increases too fast for the interest of the individual to keep pace with, and absorb, its accumulating industry.*" Let us endeavour to discover the reasons; this, perhaps, may be done negatively as well as positively.

It is not the want of capital. Upon this head we spoke in our former article: besides the fact there noticed, that, were a want of capital the cause, the rich farmer would give full employment; whereas it is ascertained that if *the land be under-tilled*, the proportion of labour employed by the wealthy very little exceeds the proportion employed by the poorer tenantry. Still more irresistible confirmation may be drawn from the low interest of money. Could agriculture be made more profitable to any, the smallest, extent by mere outlay for labour, not only would capital, agreeably to the laws of political science, immediately flow towards it, but especially in the late and existing state of the money-market. Touching this point a singular delusion prevails. It has been

asserted, and is imagined, that the country bankers have withheld accommodation from "solvent industry," as it has been termed, upon Heaven knows what absurd grounds connected with the system of banking: whereas the truth is, that advances have been withheld, simply because the banker is aware that the trade of agriculture is not *certainly* profitable. The advocates for a paper currency can never overleap the fact, that any quantity of money may be obtained even for a speculation which bears a face of promise, and which is conducted by men of character. It is probable that the entire loan-capital of the country, which fluctuates from man to man, according as this or that operation of commerce creates a demand for it, does not now realize more than from three to four per cent.* at the very utmost. That an addition to the note-circulation of the private banker would make loans more easy, is true; but that a loan would be more accessible to persons engaged in a trade which the banker knows to be hazardous, is amongst the most vague notions ever entertained by ignorance. The true reason for the ready advances made in the high and palmy times of agriculture was its prosperity; the true reason of the contracting those advances is its adversity.

It is not the want of labour, or of the desire to labour; for in all branches competition is redundant, and has brought down labour below the cost of the subsistence of the labourer; while the deficiency is made up from other sources—rates, alms, and plunder.

It resides, then, it is we think demonstrated, in want of space—in that proportionate enlargement of the field of employment—land, upon which all the subsequent processes of production and of barter depend. We explained this in our essay of March, 1832. "It is," we must repeat, "it is because we decree that millions shall be kept in idleness; it is because we thus limit them to the consumption of the lowest possible quantity of food and raiment that will keep life and soul together; it is because we thus obstinately stop at its very beginnings the spring of production, and the universal vivifying current of circulation, that all classes languish."

What constitutes the difference between America and England?—what confers so much of comfort upon the inhabitants of the former country beyond what the industrious classes enjoy in the latter? Neither more nor less than the single simple fact, that land may be had in America for little or nothing. And has England, then, no land?—is her area fully peopled? The astounding answer is—"England possesses, at this minute, fifteen millions of uncultivated, but cultivable, acres; millions of capital, for which it is difficult to find employment at the low rate of three per cent. per annum; a redundancy of industrious, hardy, willing, and skilful people, driven to privation and crime by want of employment, (whilst the nation bitterly complains of the burdens

* People are very apt to talk of *unemployed* capital. There can be no such thing, unless we can suppose that persons lock up large sums of gold, which is not only incredible, but never done, except at banks, to be ready for any demand. If a man take up a mortgage, or buy into the funds, or lend on security of any sort, he only furnishes so much capital to some one who engages it in traffic of some kind or other. Even the daily currency—the small change of the country—is employed capital. If, as Colquhoun states, the wealth of the country amounts to 2,736,640,000*l.*, the unemployed part of it does not amount to half the comparatively trifling fractional part of thirty-six millions.

and the competition thus brought upon them;) together with a perfect knowledge of the fact that wealth, individual and national, results from the combination of soil, capital, and labour.

But, say these same economists, "we must do nothing that may at any period, however remote, increase an evil. There may—nay, there must—come a time when all the land in England will be over-peopled, if, by making the industrious man comfortable—if, by removing the pressure of numbers against subsistence, we diminish privation, misery, and death, the great 'preventive checks' to increasing population." Such is the nonsense of over-cautious, over-calculating science. Millions *are* in a state of positive wretchedness—the whole community *is* borne down with the burden of their maintenance and their competition—life, property, and our social existence itself are in hourly danger;—but all this must be endured, lest the State should incur the same peril some centuries hence, and that, too, under the impossible supposition that knowledge, experiment, and experience will effect nothing for the better arrangement of social relations, and the disposition of that power of production, which we already know to be more than equal to the wants and luxuries of all, by the labours of comparatively few. *O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!*

STANZAS SPENSERIAN,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

I saw a horrid thing of many names
And many shapes: some call'd it wealth, some power,
Some grandeur. From its heart it shot black flames
That scorch'd the souls of millions hour by hour,
And its proud eyes rain'd everywhere a shower
Of hopeless life and helpless misery;
For, spous'd to fraud, destruction was its dower!
But its cold brightness could not hide from me
The parent base of crime, the nurse of poverty!

All-unmatch'd Shakspeare, and the blind old man
Of London, hymn in every land and clime
Our country's praise; while many an artisan
Spins for her glory school-taught lays sublime.
Them in her bosom, be they blank or rhyme,
Oblivious spirits gently will inter;
But three unborrow'd strains will to all time
Give honour, glory, highest laud to her—
"Thalaba!" "Peter Bell!" "The Ancient Mariner!"

Even here, on earth, not altogether fade
The good and vile. Men, in their words and deeds,
Live, when the hand and heart in earth are laid;
For thoughts are things, and written thoughts are seeds—
Our very dust buds forth in flowers or weeds.
Then let me write for immortality
One honest song, uncramp'd by forms or creeds;
That men unborn may read my times and me,
Taught by my living words, when I shall cease to be.

LOVE IN THE LIBRARY.*

Edith Linsey was religious. There are many *intensifiers* (a new word, that I can't get on without: I submit it for admission into the language;)—there are many intensifiers, I say, to the passion of love; such as pride, jealousy, poetry, (money, sometimes, *Dio mio!*) and idleness:† but, if the experience of one who first studied the Art of Love in an "Evangelical" country is worth a para, there is nothing within the bend of the rainbow that deepens the tender passion like religion. I speak it not irreverently. The human being that loves us throws the value of its existence into the crucible, and it can do no more. Love's best alchymy can only turn into affection what is in the heart. The vain, the proud, the poetical, the selfish, the weak, can, and do, fling their vanity, pride, poetry, selfishness and weakness into a first passion; but these are earthly elements, and there is an antagonism in their natures that is for ever striving to resolve them back to their original earth. But religion is of the soul as well as the heart,—the mind as well as the affections,—and when it mingles in love, it is the infusion of an immortal essence into an unworthy and else perishable mixture.

Edith's religion was equally without cant, and without hesitation or disguise. She had arrived at it by elevation of mind, aided by the habit of never counting on her tenure of life beyond the setting of the next sun, and with her it was rather an intellectual exaltation than a humility of heart. She thought of God because the subject was illimitable, and her powerful imagination found in it the scope for which she pined. She talked of goodness, and purity, and disinterestedness, because she found them easy virtues with a frame worn down with disease, and she was removed by the sheltered position of an invalid from the collision which tries so shrewdly in common life the ring of our metal. She prayed, because the fulness of her heart was loosed by her eloquence when on her knees, and she found that an indistinct and mystic unburthening of her bosom, even to the Deity, was a hush and a relief. The heart does not always require rhyme and reason of language and tears.

There are many persons of religious feeling who, from a fear of ridicule or misconception, conduct themselves as if to express a devout sentiment was a want of taste or good-breeding. Edith was not of these. Religion was to her a powerful enthusiasm, applied without exception to every pursuit and affection. She used it as a painter ventures on a daring colour, or a musician on a new string in his instrument. She felt that she aggrandized botany, or history, or friendship, or love, or what you will, by making it a stepping-stone to heaven, and she made as little mystery of it as she did of breathing and sleep, and talked of subjects which the serious usually enter upon with a suppressed breath, as she would comment upon a poem or define a new philosophy. It was surprising what an impressiveness this threw over her in every thing; how elevated she seemed above the best of those about her; and

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* Continued from Vol. xliii., No. clxx., p. 169.

† "La paresse dans les femmes est le présage de l'amour."—La Bruyère.

with what a worshipping and half-reverent admiration she inspired all whom she did not utterly neglect or despise. For myself, my soul was drank up in hers as the lark is taken into the sky, and I forgot there was a world beneath me in my intoxication. I thought her an angel unrecognised on earth. I believed her as pure from worldliness, and as spotless from sin, as a "cherub with his breast upon his lute;" and I knelt by her when she prayed, and held her upon my bosom in her fits of faintness and exhaustion, and sat at her feet with my face in her hands listening to her wild speculations (often till the morning brightened behind the curtains) with an utter and irresistible abandonment of my existence to hers, which seems to me *now* like a recollection of another life,—it were, with this conscious body and mind, a self-relinquishment so impossible!

Our life was a singular one. Living in the midst of a numerous household, with kind and cultivated people about us, we were as separated from them as if the ring of Gyges encircled us from their sight. Fred wished me joy of my *giraffe*, as he offensively called his cousin, and his sisters, who were quite too pretty to have been left out of my story so long, were more indulgent, I thought, to the indigenous beaux of Skencateles than those aboriginal specimens had a right to expect; but I had no eyes, ears, sense, or civility for anything but Edith. The library became a forbidden spot to all feet but ours; we met at noon after our late vigils and breakfasted together; a light sleigh was set apart for our *tête-à-tête* drives over the frozen lake, and the world seemed to me to revolve on its axle with a special reference to Philip Slingsby's happiness. I wonder whether an angel out of heaven would have made me believe that I should ever write the story of those passionate hours with a smile and a sneer! I tell thee, Edith! (for thou wilt read every line that I have written, and feel it, as far as thou *canst* feel anything) that I have read "Faust" since, and thought thee Mephistopheles! I have looked on thee since, with thy cheek rosy dark, thy lip filled with the blood of health, and curled with thy contempt of the world and thy yet wild ambition to be its master-spirit and idol, and struck my breast with instinctive self-questioning if thou hadst given back my soul that was thine own! I fear thee, Edith. Thou hast grown beautiful that wert so hideous—the wonder-wrought miracle of health and intellect, filling thy veins, and breathing almost a newer shape over form and feature: but it is not thy beauty; no, nor thy enthronement in the admiration of thy woman's world. These are little to me; for I saw thy loveliness from the first, and I worshipped thee more in the duration of a thought than a hecatomb of these worldlings in their life-time. I fear thy mysterious and unaccountable power over the human soul! I can scorn thee here, in another land, with an ocean weltering between us, and anatomize the character that I alone have read truly and too well, for the instruction of the world (its amusement, too, proud woman,—thou wilt writhe at that;)—but I confess to a natural and irresistible obedience to the mastery of thy spirit over mine. I would not willingly again touch the radius of thy sphere. I would come out of Paradise to walk alone with the devil as soon.

How little even the most instructed women know the secret of this power! They make the mistake of cultivating only *their own* minds. They think that, by *self*-elevation, they will climb up to the intellects of

men, and win them by seeming their equals. Shallow philosophers! You never remember that to subdue a human being to your will, it is more necessary to know *his* mind than your own,—that, in conquering a heart, vanity is the first out-post,—that, while you are employing your wits in thinking how most effectually to dazzle *him*, you should be sounding his character for its undeveloped powers to assist him to dazzle *you*,—that love is a reflected light, and to be pleased with others we must be first pleased with ourselves!

Edith (it has occurred to me in my speculations since) seemed to me always an echo of myself. She expressed my thought as it sprang into my brain. I thought that in her I had met my double and counterpart, with the reservation that I was a little the stronger spirit, and that in *my* mind lay the material of the eloquence that flowed from her lips,—as the almond that splits equally leaves the kernel in the deeper cavity of its shell. Whatever the topic, she seemed using *my* thoughts, anticipating *my* reflections, and, with an unobtrusive but thrilling flattery, referring me to myself for the truth of what I must know was but a suggestion of my own! Oh! Lucrezia Borgia! if Machiavelli had but practised that subtle cunning upon thee, thou wouldst have had little space in thy delirious heart for the passion that, in the history of crime, has made thee the marvel and the monster!

The charm of Edith to most people was that she was no *sublimation*. Her mind seemed of any or no stature. She was as natural, and earnest, and as satisfied to converse on the meanest subject as on the highest. She overpowered nobody. She (apparently) eclipsed nobody. Her passionate and powerful eloquence was only lavished on the passionate and powerful. She *never misapplied herself:* and what a secret of influence and superiority is contained in that single phrase! We so hate him who out-measures us, as we stand side by side before the world!

I have in my portfolio several numbers of a manuscript "Gazette," with which the Flemings amused themselves during the deep snows of the winter in which I visited them. It was contributed to by everybody in the house, and read aloud at the breakfast-table on the day of its weekly appearance, and, quite *apropos* to these remarks upon the universality of Edith's mind, there is in one of them an essay of hers, on what she calls *minute philosophies*. It is curious, as showing how, with all her loftiness of speculation, she descended sometimes to the examination of the smallest machinery of enjoyment.

"The principal sources of every-day happiness (I am copying out a part of the essay, dear reader) are too obvious to need a place in a chapter of breakfast-table philosophy. Occupation and a clear conscience, the very truant in the fields will tell you, are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are lighter matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength; and, as they spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. I have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, and the trailing of a vine may develope them as well as the curtaining of a king's chamber.

"Riding and driving are such stimulating pleasures, that to talk of any management in their indulgence seems superfluous. Yet we are, in motion or at rest, equally liable to the caprices of feeling, and, perhaps, the gayer the mood the deeper the shade cast on it by untoward circumstances. The time of riding should never be regular. It then becomes a habit, and habits, though sometimes comfortable, never amount to positive pleasure. I would ride when nature prompted—when the shower was past, or the air balmy, or the sky beautiful—whenever, and wherever the significant finger of desire pointed. Oh, to leap into the saddle when the west-wind blows freshly, and gallop off into its very eye, with an undrawn rein, careless how far or whither; or, to spring up from a book when the sun breaks through after a storm, and drive away under the white clouds, through light and shadow, while the trees are wet and the earth damp and spicy; or, in the clear sunny afternoons of autumn, with a pleasant companion on the seat beside you, and the glorious splendour of the decaying foliage flushing in the sunshine, to loiter up the valley dreaming over the thousand airy castles that are stirred by such shifting beauty—these are pleasures indeed, and such as he who rides regularly after his dinner knows as little of as the dray-horse of the exultation of the courser.

"There is a great deal in the choice of a companion. If he is an indifferent acquaintance, or an indiscriminate talker, or has a coarse eye for beauty, or is insensible to the delicacies of sensation or thought—if he is sensual, or stupid, or practical constitutionally—he will never do. He must be a man who can detect a rare colour in a leaf, or appreciate a peculiar passage in scenery, or admire a grand outline in a cloud; he must have accurate and fine senses, and a heart, noble at least by nature, and subject still to her direct influences; he must be a lover of the beautiful in whatever shape it comes; and, above all, he must have read and thought like a scholar, if not like a poet. He will then ride by your side without crossing your humour—if talkative, he will talk well, and if silent, you are content, for you know that the same grandeur or beauty which has wrought the silence in your own thoughts has given a colour to his.

"There is much in the manner of driving. I like a capricious rein—now fast through a hollow, and now loiteringly on the edge of a road or by the bank of a river. There is a singular delight in quickening your speed in the animation of a climax, and in coming down gently to a walk with a digression of feeling, or a sudden sadness.

"An important item in household matters is the management of light. A small room well-lighted is much more imposing than a large one lighted ill. Cross lights are painful to the eye, and they destroy besides the cool and picturesque shadows of the furniture and figures. I would have a room always partially darkened: there is a repose in the twilight dimness of a drawing-room which affects one with the proper gentleness of the place: the out-of-door humour of men is too rude, and the secluded light subdues them fitly as they enter. I like curtains—heavy, and of the richest material: there is a magnificence in large crimson folds which nothing else equals, and the colour gives everything a beautiful tint as the light streams through them. Plants tastefully arranged are pretty; flowers are always beautiful. I would have my own room like a painter's—one curtain partly drawn; a double shadow has a nervous

look. The effect of a proper disposal of light upon the feelings is by most people surprisingly neglected. I have no doubt that as an habitual thing it materially affects the character; the disposition for study and thought is certainly dependent on it in no slight degree. What is more contemplative than the twilight of a deep alcove in a library? What more awakens thought than the dim interior of an old church with its massive and shadowy pillars?

"There may be the most exquisite luxury in furniture. A crowded room has a look of comfort, and suspended lamps throw a mellow depth into the features. Descending light is always the most becoming; it deepens the eye, and distributes the shadows in the face judiciously. Chairs should be of different and curious fashions, made to humour every possible weariness. A spice-lamp should burn in the corner, and the pictures should be coloured of a pleasant tone, and the subjects should be subdued and dreamy. It should be a place you would live in for a century without an uncomfortable thought. I hate a neat room. A dozen of the finest old authors should be about, and a new novel, and the last new prints. I rather like the French fashion of a *bonbonniere*, though that perhaps is an extravagance.

"There is a management of one's own familiar intercourse which is more neglected, and at the same time more important to happiness, than every other; it is particularly a pity that this is not oftener understood by newly-married people; as far as my own observation goes, I have rarely failed to detect, far too early, signs of ill-disguised and disappointed weariness. It was not the re-action of excitement—not the return to the quiet ways of home—but a new manner—a forgetful indifference, believing itself concealed, and yet betraying itself continually by unconscious and irrepressible symptoms. I believe it resulted oftenest from the same causes—partly, that they saw each other too much, and partly that when the *form* of etiquette was removed, they forgot to return its invaluable *essence*—an assiduous and minute disinterestedness. It seems nonsense to lovers, but absence is the secret of respect, and therefore of affection. Love is divine, but its flame is too delicate for a perpetual household lamp; it should be burned only for incense, and even then trimmed skilfully. It is wonderful how a slight neglect, or a glimpse of a weakness, or a chance defect of knowledge, dims its new glory. Lovers, married or single, should have separate pursuits—they should meet to respect each other for new and distinct acquisitions. It is the weakness of human affections that they are founded on pride, and waste with over-much familiarity. And oh, the delight to meet after hours of absence—to sit down by the evening lamp, and with a mind unexhausted by the intercourse of the day, to yield to the fascinating freedom of conversation, and clothe the rising thoughts of affection in fresh and unhackneyed language! How richly the treasures of the mind are coloured—not doled out, counter by counter, as the visible machinery of thought coins them, but heaped upon the mutual altar in lavish and unhesitating profusion! And how a bold fancy assumes beauty and power—not traced up through all its petty springs till its dignity is lost by association, but flashing full-grown and suddenly on the sense! The gifts of no one mind are equal to the constant draught of a lifetime, and, even if they were, there is no one taste which could

always relish them. It is a humiliating thought that immortal mind must be husbanded like material treasure!

"There is a remark of Godwin's, which, in rather too strong language, contains a valuable truth. 'A judicious and limited voluptuousness,' he says, 'is necessary to the cultivation of the mind, to the polishing of the manners, to the refinement of the sentiment, and to the development of the understanding; and a woman deficient in this respect may be of use in the government of our families, but cannot add to the enjoyment, nor fix the partiality of a man of taste!' Since the days when 'St. Leon' was written, the word by which the author expressed his meaning is grown perhaps into disrepute, but the remark is still one of keen and observant discrimination. It refers (at least so I take it) to that susceptibility to delicate attentions, that fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tendernesses of manner and thought, which constitute in the minds of its possessors the deepest under-current of life—the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities—for its possession implies a generous nature, purity, fine affections, and a heart open to all the sunshine and meaning of the universe. It belongs more to the nature of woman, but indispensable as it is to her character, it is, oftener than anything else, wanting. And without it what is she? What is love to a being of such dull sense that she hears only its common and audible language, and sees nothing but what it brings to her feet, to be eaten, and worn, and looked upon? What is woman, if the impassioned language of the eye, or the deepened fulness of the tone, or the tenderness of a slight attention, are things unnoticed and of no value?—one who answers you when you speak, smiles when you tell her she is grave, assents barely to the expression of your enthusiasm, but has no dream beyond—no suspicion that she has not felt and reciprocated your feelings as fully as you could expect or desire? It is a matter too little looked to. Sensitive and ardent men too often marry with a blindfold admiration of mere goodness or loveliness. The *abandon* of matrimony soon dissipates the gay dream, and they find themselves suddenly unsphered, linked indissolubly with affections strangely different from their own, and lavishing their only treasure on those who can neither appreciate nor return it. The after-life of such men is a stifling solitude of feeling. Their avenues of enjoyment are their maniform sympathies, and when these are shut up or neglected, the heart is dark, and they have nothing to do thenceforward but to forget.

"There are many, who, possessed of the capacity for the more elevated affections, waste and lose it by a careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended. The breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture. To drop the figure, there is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, and an artifice in detecting the passing shadows of feeling, which alone can preserve, through life, the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, an earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others, the assiduous and unwavering attention to her comfort at home and abroad, and, above all, the absolute preservation in private of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred before the world, are some of the thousand secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish."

II.

Vacation was over, but Fred and myself were still lingering at Fleming Farm. The roads were impassable with a premature THAW. Perhaps there is nothing so peculiar in American meteorology as the phenomenon which I alone probably, of all the imprisoned inhabitants of Skeneateles, attributed to a kind and "special Providence." Summer had come back, like Napoleon from Elba, and astonished usurping Winter in the plenitude of apparent possession and security. No cloud foreboded the change, as no alarm preceded the apparition of the "child of destiny." We awoke on a February morning, with the snow lying chin-deep on the earth, and it was June! The air was soft and warm—the sky was clear and of the milky cerulean of chrysoprase—the South wind (the same, save his unperfumed wings, who had crept off like a satiated lover in October) stole back suddenly from the tropics, and found his flowery mistress asleep and insensible to his kisses beneath her snowy mantle. The sunset warmed back from its wintry purple to the golden tints of heat, the stars burnt with a less vitreous sparkle, the meteors slid once more lambently down the sky, and the house-dove sat on the eaves, washing her breast in the snow-water, and thinking (like a neglected wife at a capricious return of her truant's tenderness) that the sunshine would last for ever!

The air was now full of music. The water trickled away under the snow, and, as you looked around and saw no change or motion in the white carpet of the earth, it seemed as if a myriad of small bells were ringing under ground—fairies, perhaps, startled in mid-revel with the false alarm of summer, and hurrying about with their silver anklets, to wake up the slumbering flowers. The mountain-torrents were loosed, and rushed down upon the valleys like the Children of the Mist; and the hoarse war-cry, swelling and falling upon the wind, maintained its perpetual undertone like an accompaniment of bassoons; and occasionally, in a sudden lull of the breeze, you would hear the click of the undermined snow-drifts dropping upon the earth, as if the chorister of Spring were beating time to the reviving anthem of nature.

The snow sunk, perhaps a foot in a day, but it was only perceptible to the eye where you could measure its wet mark against a tree from which it had fallen away, or by the rocks, from which the dissolving bank shrunk and separated, as if rocks and snow were as heartless as ourselves, and threw off *their* friends, too, in their extremity! The low-lying lake, meantime, surrounded by melting mountains, received the abandoned waters upon its frozen bosom, and, spreading them into a placid and shallow lagoon, separate by a crystal plane from its own lower depths, gave them the repose denied in the more elevated sphere in which lay their birthright. And thus—(oh, how full is nature of these gentle moralities!)—and thus sometimes do the lowly, whose bosom, like the frozen lake, is at first cold and unsympathetic to the rich and noble, still receive them in adversity, and, when neighbourhood and dependence have convinced them that they are made of the same common element, as the lake melts its dividing and icy plane, and mingles the strange waters with its own, do *they* dissolve the unnatural barrier of prejudice and take the humbled wanderer to their bosom!

The face of the snow lost its dazzling whiteness as the thaw went on,

as disease steals away the beauty of those we love—but it was only in the distance, where the sun threw a shadow into the irregular pits of the dissolving surface. Near to the eye (as the dying one pressed to the bosom), it was still of its original beauty, unchanged and spotless. And now you are tired of my loitering speculations, gentle reader, and we will return (please Heaven, only on paper!) to Edith Lindsey.

The roads were at last reduced to what is expressively called, in New England, *slosh* (in New York *posh*, but equally descriptive), and Fred received a hint from the Judge that the mail had arrived in the usual time, and his *beaux jours* were at an end.

A slighter thing than my departure would have been sufficient to stagger the tottering spirits of Edith. We were sitting at table when the letters came in, and the dates were announced that proved the opening of the roads; and I scarce dared to turn my eyes upon the pale face that I could just see had dropped upon her bosom. The next instant there was a general confusion, and she was carried lifeless to her chamber.

A note, scarce legible, was put into my hand in the course of the evening, requesting me to sit up for her in the library. She would come to me, she said, if she had strength.

It was a night of extraordinary beauty. The full moon was high in the heavens at midnight, and there had been a slight shower soon after sunset, which, with the clearing-up wind, had frozen thinly into a most fragile rime, and glazed everything open to the sky with transparent crystal. The distant forest looked serried with metallic trees, dazzlingly and unspeakably gorgeous, and, as the night-wind stirred through them and shook their crystal points in the moonlight—the aggregated stars of heaven springing from their Maker's hand to the spheres of their destiny, or the march of the host of the archangel Michael with their irradiate spear-points glittering in the air, or the diamond beds of central earth thrust up to the sun in some throe of the universe—would, each or all, have been well bodied forth by such similitude.

It was an hour after midnight when Edith was supported in by her maid, and, choosing her own position, sunk into the broad window-seat, and lay with her head on my bosom, and her face turned outward to the glittering night. Her eyes had become, I thought, unnaturally bright, and she spoke with an exhausted faintness that gradually strengthened to a tone of the most thrilling and melodious sweetness. I shall never get that music out of my brain!

"Philip!" she said.

"I listen, dear Edith!"

"I am dying."

And she looked it, and I believed her; and my heart sunk to its deepest abyss of wretchedness with the conviction.

She went on to talk of death. It was the subject that pressed most upon her mind, and she could scarce fail to be eloquent on any subject. She was very eloquent on this. I was so impressed with the manner in which she seemed almost to rhapsodise between the periods of her faintness, as she lay in my arms that night, that every word she uttered is still fresh in my memory. She seemed to forget my presence, and to commune with her own thoughts aloud.

"I recollect," she said, "when I was strong and well, (years ago, dear Philip!) I left my books on a morning in May, and looking up to

find the course of the wind, started off alone for a walk into its very eye. A moist steady breeze came from the south-west, driving before it the fragments of the dispersed clouds. The air was elastic and clear—a freshness that entered freely at every pore was coming up, mingled with the profuse perfume of grass and flowers—the colours of the new, tender foliage were particularly soothing to an eye pained with close attention—and the just perceptible murmur of the drops shaken from the trees, and the peculiarly soft rustle of the wet leaves, made as much music as an ear accustomed to the silence of solitude could well relish. Altogether, it was one of those rarely-tempered days when every sense is satisfied, and the mind is content to lie still with its common thoughts, and simply enjoy.

"I had proceeded perhaps a mile—my forehead held up to the wind, my hair blowing back, and the blood glowing in my cheeks with the most vivid flush of exercise and health, when I saw coming towards me a man apparently in middle life, but wasted by illness to the extremest emaciation. His lip was colourless, his skin dry and white, and his sunken eyes had that expression of inquiring earnestness which comes always with impatient sickness. He raised his head, and looked steadily at me as I came on. My lips were open, and my whole air must have been that of a person in the most exulting enjoyment of health. I was just against him, gliding past with an elastic step, when, with his eye still fixed on me, he half turned, and in a voice of inexpressible meaning, exclaimed, 'Merciful heaven! *how well she is!*' I passed on, with his voice still ringing in my ear. It haunted me like a tone in the air. It was repeated in the echo of my tread—in the panting of my heart. I felt it in the beating of the strong pulse in my temples. As if it was strange that I should be so well! I had never before realised that it could be otherwise. It seemed impossible to me that my strong limbs should fail me, or the pure blood I felt bounding so bravely through my veins could be reached and tainted by disease. How should it come? If I ate, would it not nourish me? If I slept, would it not refresh me? If I came out in the cool, free air, would not my lungs heave, and my muscles spring, and my face feel its grateful freshness? I held out my arm, for the first time in my life, with a doubt of its strength. I closed my hand unconsciously, with a fear it would not obey. I drew a deep breath, to feel if it was difficult to breathe; and even my bounding step, that was as elastic then as a fawn's, seemed, to my excited imagination, already to have become decrepid and feeble.

"I walked on, and thought of death. I had never before done so definitely; it was like a terrible shape that had always pursued me dimly, but which I had never before turned and looked steadily on. Strange! that we can live so constantly with that threatening hand hung over us, and not think of it always! Strange! that we can use a limb, or enter with interest into any pursuit of time, when we know that our continued life is almost a daily miracle!

"How difficult it is to realise death! How difficult it is to believe that the hand with whose every vein you are familiar, will ever lose its motion and its warmth? That the quick eye, which is so restless now, will settle and grow dull? That the refined lip, which now shrinks so sensitively from defilement, will not feel the earth lying upon it, and the tooth of the feeding worm? That the free breath will be choked, and the forehead be pressed heavily on by the decaying coffin, and the light

and air of heaven be shut quite out; and this very body, warm, and breathing, and active as it is now, will not feel uneasiness or pain? I could not help looking at my frame as these thoughts crowded on me; and I confess I almost doubted my own convictions—there was so much strength and quickness in it—my hand opened so freely, and my nostrils expanded with such a satisfied thirst to the moist air. Ah! it is hard to believe at first that we must die! harder still to believe and realise the repulsive circumstances that follow that terrible change! It is a bitter thought at the lightest. There is little comfort in knowing that the *soul* will not be there—that the sense and the mind that feel and measure suffering, will be gone. The separation is too great a mystery to satisfy fear. It is the body that we *know*. It is this material frame in which the affections have grown up. The spirit is a mere thought—a presence that we are told of, but do not see. Philosophise as we will, the idea of existence is connected indissolubly with the visible body, and its pleasant and familiar senses. We talk of, and believe, the soul's ascent to its Maker; but it is not ourselves—it is not our own conscious breathing identity that we send up in imagination through the invisible air. It is some phantom that is to issue forth mysteriously, and leave us gazing on it in wonder. We do not understand, we cannot realise it.

"At the time I speak of, my health had been always unbroken. Since then, I have known disease in many forms, and have had, of course, more time and occasion for the contemplation of death. I have never, till late, known resignation. With my utmost energy I was merely able, in other days, to look upon it with quiet despair; as a terrible, unavoidable evil. I remember once, after severe suffering for weeks, I overheard the physician telling my mother that I must die, and from that moment the thought never left me. A thin line of light came in between the shutters of the south window; and, with this one thought fastened on my mind, like the vulture of Prometheus, I lay and watched it, day after day, as it passed with its imperceptible progress over the folds of my curtains. The last faint gleam of sun-set never faded from its damask edge, without an inexpressible sinking of my heart, and a belief that I should see its pleasant light no more. I turned from the window when even imagination could find the daylight no longer there, and felt my pulse, and lifted my head to try my remaining strength. And then every object, yes, even the meanest, grew unutterably dear to me; my pillow, and the cup with which my lips were moistened, and the cooling amber which I had held in my hand, and pressed to my burning lips when the fever was on me—everything that was connected with life, and that would remain among the living when I was gone.

"It is strange, but with all this clinging to the world my affection for the living decreased sensibly. I grew selfish in my weakness. I could not bear that they should go from my chamber into the fresh air, and have no fear of sickness and no pain. It seemed unfeeling that they did not stay and breathe the close atmosphere of my room—at least till I was dead. How could they walk round so carelessly, and look on a fellow creature dying helplessly and unwillingly, and never shed a tear! And then the passing courtesies exchanged with the family at the door, and the quickened step on the sidewalk, and the wandering looks about my room, even while I was answering with my difficult breath

their cold inquiries! There was an inhuman carelessness in all this that stung me to the soul.

"I craved sympathy as I did life; and yet I doubted it all. There was not a word spoken by the friends who were admitted to see me, that I did not ponder over when they were gone, and always with an impatient dissatisfaction. The tone, and the manner, and the expression of face, all seemed forced; and often, in my earlier sickness, when I had pondered for hours on the expressed sympathy of some one I had loved, the sense of utter helplessness which crowded on me with my conviction of their insincerity, quite overcame me. I have lain, night after night, and looked at my indifferent watchers; and oh! how I hated them for their careless ease, and their snatched moments of repose! I could scarce keep from dashing aside the cup they came to give me so sluggishly.

"It is singular that, with all our experience of sickness, we do not attend more to these slight circumstances. It can scarce be conceived how an ill-managed light, or a suppressed whispering, or a careless change of attitude in the presence of one whose senses are so sharpened, and whose mind is so sensitive as a sick person's, irritate and annoy. And perhaps, more than all these to bear, is the affectedly subdued tone of condolence. I remember nothing which I endured so impatiently.

"Annoyances like these, however, scarcely diverted for a moment the one great thought of death. It became at last familiar, but, if possible, more dreadfully horrible from that very fact. It was giving it a new character. I realised it more. The minute circumstances became nearer and more real—I tried the position in which I should lie in my coffin—I lay with my arms to my side, and my feet together, and with the cold sweat standing in large drops on my lip, composed my features into a forced expression of tranquillity.

"I awoke on the second morning after the hope of my recovery had been abandoned. There was a narrow sunbeam lying in a clear crimson line across the curtain, and I lay and watched the specks of lint sailing through it, like silver-winged insects, and the thin dust, quivering and disappearing on its definite limit, in a dream of wonder. I had thought not to see another sun, and my mind was still fresh with the expectation of an immediate change; I could not believe that I was alive. The dizzy throb in my temples was done; my limbs felt cool and refreshed; my mind had that feeling of transparency which is common after healthful and sweet sleep; and an indefinite sensation of pleasure trembled in every nerve. I thought that this might be death, and that, with this exquisite feeling of repose, I was to linger thus consciously with the body till the last day; and I dwelt on it pleasantly with my delicious freedom from pain. I felt no regret for life—none for a friend even: I was willing—quite willing—to lie thus for ages. Presently the physician entered; he came and laid his fingers on my pulse, and his face brightened. 'You will get well,' he said, and I heard it almost without emotion. Gradually, however, the love of life returned; and as I realized it fully, and all the thousand chords which bound me to it vibrated once more, the tears came thickly to my eyes, and a crowd of delightful thoughts pressed cheerfully and glowingly on me. No language can do justice to the pleasure of convalescence from extreme sickness. The first step upon the living grass—the first breath of free air—the first unsuppressed salutation of a friend—my fainting heart, dear Philip, rallies and quickens even now with the recollection."

I have thrown into a continuous strain what was murmured to me between pauses of faintness, and with difficulty of breath that seemed overpowered only by the mastery of the eloquent spirit apparently trembling on its departure. I believed Edith Lindsey would die that night: I believed myself listening to words spoken almost from heaven; and if I have wearied you, dear reader, with what must be more interesting to me than to you, it is because every syllable was burnt like enamel into my soul, in my boundless reverence and love.

It was two o'clock, and she still lay breathing painfully in my arms. I had thrown up the window, and the soft south wind, stirring gently among the tinkling icicles of the trees, came in, warm and genial, and she leaned over to inhale it, as if it came from the Source of life. The stars burned gloriously in the heavens; and, in a respite of her pain, she lay back her head, and gazed up at them with an inarticulate motion of her lips, and eyes so unnaturally kindled, that I thought reason had abandoned her.

"How beautiful are the stars to-night, Edith!" I said, with half a fear that she would answer me in madness.

"Yes," she said, putting my hand (that pressed her closer, involuntarily, to my bosom) first to her lips—"Yes; and, beautiful as they are, they are all accurately numbered and governed, and just as they burn now have they burned since the creation, never 'faint in their watches,' and never absent from their place. How glorious they are! How thrilling it is to see them stand with such a constant silence in the sky, unsteadied and unsupported, obeying the great law of their Maker! What pure and silvery light it is! How steadily it pours from those small fountains, giving every spot of earth its due portion! The hovel and the palace are shone upon equally, and the shepherd gets as broad a beam as the king, and these few rays that are now streaming into my feverish eyes were meant and lavished only for me! I have often thought—has it never occurred to you, dear Philip?—how ungrateful we are to call ourselves poor, when there is so much that no poverty can take away! Clusters of silver rays from every star in these heavens are *mine*. Every breeze that breaks on my forehead was sent for *my* refreshment. Every tinkle and ray from those stirring and glistening icicles, and the invigorating freshness of this unseasonable and delicious wind, and moonlight, and sunshine, and the glory of the planets, are all gifts that poverty could not take away! It is not often that I forget these treasures; for I have loved nature, and the skies of night and day, in all their changes, from my childhood, and they have been unspeakably dear to me; for in them I see the evidence of an Almighty Maker, and in the excessive beauty of the stars, and the unfading and equal splendour of their steadfast fires, I see glimpses of an immortal life, and find an answer to the eternal questioning within me!

"Three! The village clock reaches us to-night. Nay, the wind cannot harm me now. Turn me more to the window, for I would look nearer upon the stars: it is the last time—I am sure of it—the very last! Yet to-morrow night those stars will all be there,—not one missing from the sky, nor shining one ray the less because I am dead! It is strange that this thought should be so bitter,—strange that the companionship should be so close between our earthly affections and those spiritual worlds,—and stranger yet, that, satisfied as we must be that we shall know them nearer and better when released from our flesh, we still

cling so fondly to our earthly and imperfect vision. I feel, Philip, that I shall traverse hereafter every star in those bright heavens. If the course of that career of knowledge, which I believe in my soul it will be the reward of the blessed to run, be determined in any degree by the strong desires that yearn so sickeningly within us, I see the thousand gates of my future heaven shining at this instant above me. There they are!—the clustering Pleiades, with 'their sweet influences;' and the morning star, melting into the east with its transcendent lambency and whiteness; and the broad galaxy, with its myriads of bright spheres, dissolving into each other's light, and belting the heavens like a girdle. I shall see them all! I shall know them and their inhabitants as the angels of God know them; the mystery of their order, and the secret of their wonderful harmony, and the duration of their appointed courses,—all will be made clear!"

I have trespassed again, most indulgent reader, on the limits of these Procrustean papers. I must defer the "change" that "came o'er the spirit of my dream" till the changeful month of April—in which it will be fittest told. Meantime, you may consider Edith, if you like, the true heart she thought herself (and I thought her) during her nine deaths in the library; and you will have leisure to imagine the three years over which we shall skip with this *finale*, during which I made a journey to the North, and danced out a winter in your own territories at Quebec—a circumstance I allude to, no less to record the hospitalities of the garrison of that time (this was in, 27—were you there?) than to pluck forth from Time's hindermost wallet a modest copy of verses I addressed thence to Edith. She sent them back to me considerably mended; but I give you the original draught, scorning her finger in my poesies.

To Edith, from the North.

As, gazing on the Pleiades,
  We count each fair and starry one,
Yet wander from the light of these
  To muse upon the 'Pleiad gone;'—
As, bending o'er fresh-gather'd flowers,
  The rose's most enchanting hue
Reminds us but of other hours,
  Whose roses were all lovely, too;—
So, dearest, when I rove among
  The bright ones of this northern sky,
And mark the smile, and list the song,
  And watch the dancers gliding by,—
The fairer still they seem to be,
The more it stirs a thought of thee.

The sad, sweet bells of twilight chime,
  Of many hearts may touch but one,
And so this seeming careless rhyme
  Will whisper to thy heart alone.
I give it to the winds. The bird,
  Let loose, to his far nest will flee;
And love, though breathed but on a word,
  Will find thee, over land and sea.
Though clouds across the sky have driven,
  We trust the star at last will shine;
And, like the very light of heaven,
  I trust thy love——*trust thou in mine!*

Slingsby.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Chapter II.

It has scarcely ever failed to be the lot of poets to play, at some period or other of their lives, the self-deceiving part of Pygmalion. They form their Galateas, and animate them to their wishes for a time, happy if, in the end, they find them no worse than stone!

I am about to add the name of Shakspeare to the list of those who have suffered from such unhappy and ill-starred passion. The story is a very strange one, and will startle many; but it is a story which must be told, even to the ears of the least charitable. We may refuse some work of fancy admission to our minds and hearts, but let us never shut out the truth. Truth once lost or wilfully rejected leaves a chasm never to be filled.

Shakspeare, I have said, quitted Stratford in 1586. He left behind him his wife, three children, his father, one sister, and a brother—named Edmond. The latter, however, must soon have been induced to try his fortune also in London; for we can trace him there as an actor in 1603; and, on the last day of 1607, it would appear that William Shakspeare buried his brother, "Edmond Shakspeare, a player," at the church of St. Saviour, in Southwark. Such is the entry on a parish register there. The wife of the poet, at the period of his quitting Stratford, was thirty years old. She had just borne him twins—the second and last issue of the marriage. Anne Hathaway, after her husband left Stratford for London, though he visited that place annually, had no more children. I do not instance this circumstance as any presumption of actual disagreement between them; for I am inclined to think they lived together kindly to the last. I take even the celebrated interlineation in his will, which has been urged so often as a piece of coldness or contempt towards her, to mean something very different,—"Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture." It should not be forgotten, in reference to this seemingly poor bequest, that Anne Hathaway had been, at the death of her father, who was a substantial yeoman of Shottery (a village near Stratford), very amply provided for. Bearing this in mind, I should have accompanied Shakspeare through his affectionate bequests to his elder child, Susannah, and to his dear daughter Judith (more dear that her twin-brother had been taken by death),—even supposing he had omitted all mention of their mother, without the slightest suspicion of any coldness or indifference betwixt them. As the real circumstances are, however, I take the interlineation as a singular proof the other way,—as an especial and, as it were, undeserved self-rebuke—a recollection where he need not have recollected. And why does Mr. Malone harp so on its being his "second-best bed?" Why does he persist in adducing that as a proof of contempt and slight—as though Shakspeare wished to leave the mother of his children the scurviest thing he had? I entreat the reader rather to join with me in turning this reproach into kindness and affectionate remembrance. That "second-best bed" might have had dearer associations with it than the first best. May it not have been—

> "The very bed that on his bridal night
> Received him to the arms of Belvidera?"

In no part of Shakspeare's life do we see coldness or indifference to old associations, however loosened in their grasp by change or time. He never deserted his birth-place: he "was wont to go to his native countrie once a yeare," says Aubrey; and it is certain that when his "task was smoothly done," and he had won himself an independence, as well as an immortal name, he retired to Stratford, that he might enjoy the one and listen to the music of the other, and finish life as he had begun it, with the soft flowings of his native Avon murmuring in his ear.

I dwell upon this characteristic, and upon these domestic circumstances, for a reason that will soon be obvious to the reader. If he has agreed with me thus far, he will perhaps not hesitate to accept the limitation I am now anxious to make. The turnings of such a heart as Shakspeare's require a subtle and delicate touch. Admitting that he remained on kind and familiar terms with Anne Hathaway, it is clear that her love was not of the character that his imagination, when awakened to its power, must have felt a thirst and longing for. He was a boy when he married her, she was a woman. His senses there took place before his imagination. It remained for his imagination afterwards to take the place of his senses, and to make his will a party against itself:—to engender passions which, hate them as he might, he yet, perhaps, would not willingly have parted with; and which, thwarting his purposes and disturbing his repose, continued still, it might be, scarcely less welcome inmates in his bosom than the hope and joy which they had dispossessed, to make room for sorrow and for shame! When Anne Hathaway bade him farewell at the door of their house in Stratford, as he left it first to plunge himself into the world, she must have felt that circumstances were bringing some change between them—that the sentiment she entertained for him could scarcely hope any longer for entire sympathy or unconditional return,—that her dream of joy, if joy it had been, was almost out,—and that she might even then pronounce the sentence of willing divorcement, which Isabella utters to Brachiano,—

> "Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss—
> This is the latest ceremony of my love."

It is unlikely that she ever offered to follow him to London; it is certain she never went there. She remained in her home, and consoled herself with her children; willing thereafter, we are to suppose, to enjoy their father in them alone, and to wait patiently for their sakes his realization of those hopes which his imagination must already have shadowed forth to her;—preparing herself, meanwhile, to meet him at his return as they had never met before, but yet to meet him kindly and as a friend.

To London we have already followed Shakspeare. We have seen the glories he achieved there, and the gentle unassumingness with which he wore them—we have passed him on the stage at the Globe—we have sat with him at the Mermaid—we have thrown a glance after him into the solitude of his home. Were such anticipations then as we have placed into the heart of Anne Hathaway indeed realized? This it is now my business to show. I shall now follow him into the most private recesses of his life—trace him into the very depths of his spirit—"hang upon the beatings" of his heart, which are visible and audible still! He who has been known only as the painter of the passions of every nation and of every man, shall now describe his own; he who in his intellectual character stood, as it has been said, above the world, like a magician, pene-

trating with a glance all the depths, and mysteries, and perplexities of human character, and with a word calling forth into open day the darkest workings of the human heart—shall now be followed into private life and seen "constrained by mastery"—the mastery of strange individual sympathies and strange individual passions—helpless in control of them, weak and powerless as we! We shall not love him the less for this, but the more; when we have passed, even with him, such struggles as mortals seem ever destined to endure, he shall not appear a less powerful master, a less beneficent teacher; he will have earned a better right, as it were, to conduct us, at the close, to his immortal lesson—to the great world of his everlasting thoughts, and from them, to the haven we still desire to rest in—that middle ground between sympathy and intellect, the arms of dear humanity.

Shakspeare had not been long in London when, with a restless pen, he was doomed to confess to himself such secrets as these—

> "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
> Which, like two spirits, do suggest me still;
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman coloured ill."

These two loves, and the remarkable circumstances which attended them, I shall now proceed to describe. I may first mention, once for all, that my source of information is the sonnets of Shakspeare. The circumstances which shall be stated have been derived from a very careful consideration, and a repeated perusal, of the sonnets *entire*. I have not opened them at random, and read now one and then another, as chance might be; when I looked into them in that fashion, I recollect having always left them uncertain and dissatisfied, and with no definite idea in my mind of their purpose or meaning. It must have been thus that the late Mr. Hazlitt regarded them, since that subtlest of critics has left an intimation in one of those masterly books of his, which will live as long as the immortal things they talk about, that he was able to make "neither head nor tail of their ultimate drift." Nor, I confess, was the present writer, until he had repeatedly read the volume which contains them from its beginning to its close, and had discovered the strange and confused jumble of arrangement, or rather non-arrangement, into which the printer has flung them. The circumstances of their publication, already alluded to, sufficiently explain the cause of this, and there is no need, after what we have seen and said of the commentators with reference to these sonnets, to explain the cause of *their* stupidity. If the proof which I have already given, presumptive of their not having even read the matter they took under criticism, did not exist, the simple assertion made by every one of them that the first hundred and twenty-six sonnets are all addressed to a man, would quite amply prove it. An accomplished friend of mine has indeed suggested that these gentlemen may have had an especial purpose to serve in their treatment of the sonnets of Shakspeare—namely, that of deterring readers, so far as they could, from inquiry and perusal. This view of the matter is possibly the true one; for though I cannot understand why any inquiry into such confessions as those of Shakspeare should be fenced off, I can easily understand why the commentators should think so. Partial knowledge is more dangerous than absolute ignorance, and a mystery had far better remain one than that we should pluck only half its heart out. There are differences too in the

minds of men. While the indulgent reader learns wisdom and charity from the record of passionate experiences, folly and hypocrisy shall only cry out aloud, "We are contaminated."

In describing these "loves" of Shakspeare, it will be necessary to keep always in mind his peculiar character. We have already endeavoured to describe this, and need only repeat here the isolated position in which he would seem to have stood with reference to anything like intimate friendship with any of the great men of the time. What a want in that respect must his have been! Fancy his bosom almost bursting with visions of such as his own Horatio, and yet obliged to walk through his daily life without a shadow of their beauty there to comfort him and cheer him on. Had this continued, life would have been insupportable. A man of genius indeed, to whom the consciousness and exercise of his powers had brought with it also an extreme sense of his own identity and exertions, might not have felt it necessary, or even possible, to expend any portion of his heart in sympathy on another; but Shakspeare, whose genius was universal, the creatures of whose intellect are as various as the creatures of the world, who passes through every variety of untried being, and shadows forth the inmost movings of the souls of all—must have felt it as though a fatal, inevitable necessity hanging over him, to connect his heart in some way with some beings of the actual world, and so satisfy those individual yearnings and sympathies which still, with all his power above the earth, kept him bound a prisoner upon it; and which, in all the intellectual triumphs to which they served to contribute, found yet no outlet for themselves.

First, then, in accordance with this want, he sought round him for a *friend*. It is a wonderful evidence of the sweetness and refinement of his nature that he should have selected, to answer his necessity in respect of friendship, a youth unknown (when he first saw him) save by his virtues, and by the form of beauty which gave warrant of the beauty within. It is to this youth he addresses a vast number of the sonnets in question. This is his love "of comfort."

It is the attribute of genius to give life for ever to the objects it deigns to associate with itself, for good or evil. This youth, whose name we do not know, and cannot even guess at, is yet immortal—

> "'Gainst death, and all-oblivious enmity,
> Shall you pace forth"—

says one of the sonnets addressed to him; and so it has proved. He was the friend of Shakspeare, and with the name of Shakspeare he must live for ever. Every emotion of the poet's heart was poured forth to this youth; emotions the intensest and most profound, acute sometimes even to selfishness, but expressed at all times with unequalled tenderness, modesty, purity, and love. Having selected him from out of the world he saw around, he communicated to him thereafter all he felt—all he thought—all he suffered. Here was the pillow his spirit reposed on—here was the object to which he clung, as connecting him in actual life with the moral beauty and sweetness of the world. Here was at last some peculiar and captivating medium, through which he could even look out upon the creatures that walked the street before him, and feel one of them not only in sympathy and love, but in the positive scale of being, without remorse or uneasy shame. All that his great heart sought for, he set up here. Here was something that it had thirsted for in vain among his fellow actors and fellow writers; something he might cordially

trust to; something which in its very simplicity was worthy to take place even in his intellectual judgment, of the learning of Ben Jonson, or the wild genius and wilder passions of Marlowe. Nothing can be conceived finer, and more full of a noble purpose, than the alliance of Shakspeare with this youth. When I come to describe the confidences and peculiar thoughts he reposes in him, the reader will judge this with me. It is, in all its results, as much an emanation of his moral and intellectual nature, and of the finest parts of it, as of his sensitive. Knowing and feeling this, it is really a matter of more than ordinary regret and shame to have to notice a suggestion that has been once or twice thrown out with reference to it, reflecting in a strange and unmanly way on the character of Shakspeare; thrown out, however, it is some consolation to add, by persons who cannot have read more than the innocent words that suggested such thoughts, and who must have been as utterly ignorant of the usages of the time, as they were eagerly suspicious of evil, and anxious to suggest it where they sought in vain to find it. Judge such expressions of the sonnets of Shakspeare, as "sweet love," "my love," "lord of my love," by the usages of modern times in reference to manly friendships; and in the same sentence, pray judge the plays of Shakspeare by the laws of Aristotle. The objection and the baseness founded on it, is not worth so much thought as that which was urged against Theodore Beza, and is laughingly alluded to by Voltaire, because he wrote in something of this strain in his Latin verses on Candidus. Recollect the language put into the mouth of Portia—

"This Antonio
Being the bosom lover of my lord."

Recollect the rough Menenius in the Roman play—

"I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover."

And observe in every letter of the time the phrases in common and most abundant use. The learned and rugged Ben Jonson is the ever-true lover of Dr. Donne; and Drayton shall write to Drummond to tell him that Mr. Davies (Joseph Davies) is in love with him. But it is unnecessary to say more on this point. Before these papers are concluded, the reader will have evidence before him against which all such false and ignorant insinuations shall avail nothing. And with whom, among those who are acquainted with the ever-prevailing characteristic of Shakspeare's genius, can such have ever for a single moment availed? From all the coarseness which prevailed in his age how wonderfully was he free! Read Beaumont and Fletcher, and read Shakspeare! Look at the women of the one, and the women of the other! Though he might, as the distinction has indeed been made, occasionally offend a sense of delicacy, he never injured the mind: he caused no excitement of passion which he flattered to degrade; never used what was faulty for a faulty purpose; carried on no warfare against virtue by which wickedness might be made to appear anything but wicked, and in which sympathy was to be entrapped by the misfortunes of vice. With Shakspeare "vice never walked as it were in twilight." Everything with him is flat sincerity.

And so in the case of the sonnets to which I am alluding. In every sentiment he utters throughout them, there is evidence of the deepest sincerity. The language in which they appear has been called hyperbolical, but, setting aside the usages of the time, I cannot discover the hyper-

bolism. In the expression of the individual feelings of Shakspeare, it is true, we find, as should surely be expected from a man of such imagination—that uneasy but exquisite sense of beauty and power which cannot be contained within those feelings merely; which is impatient of such actual restraint; which strives to link them with other images of kindred loveliness or beauty; and thus moulds them by the fresh thoughts the last inspire, into an infinite variety of shapes and combinations. But through all the unity is still preserved—the oneness of sincerity and passion.

The first four years of this remarkable friendship would seem to have passed without a cloud. I shall for the present therefore also pass them—with the world of noble and beautiful, as well as deeply interesting thoughts that they gave birth to. These shall form a separate chapter in exhibition of the moral and personal feelings of Shakspeare—and of the extreme sense of refinement with which he seems to have set up this youth, and to keep him ever present in his mind, as a sort of abstraction of the finest particles of earth—something that stood between his own mortal and immortal thoughts, partaking of many of the characteristics of either, and reconciling both. At present I am anxious more particularly to furnish to the reader, with as little interruption as possible, that particular portion of Shakspeare's *actual life* which is supplied by these confessions—to mark its actual course, so far as we may follow it—to tell the story of these two loves, "of comfort and despair," how strangely they crossed each other, and how they affected the feelings and the life of the author of "Hamlet."

The first intimation of anything having come between Shakspeare and his young friend, to interrupt the most equable course of devotion, of confidence, and faith, is given in the sonnet which stands forty-first in the collection. Here, after glancing at some youthful gallantries which his friend seems to have been seduced into, and which the humane and good-natured poet alludes to with the most generous sweetness, he proceeds thus—

> "Ah me! but yet thou mightst, my sweet, forbear,
> And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
> Who lead thee in their riot even there
> Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth."

Where had they led him? *To the affections of the mistress of his friend, to the possession of the very object of Shakspeare's strongest personal passion!*

This opens to me a strange story. The woman here alluded to, it is now my duty to trace through the confessions, for she occupies one of the most important places in them. Her strange history can be followed from the very commencement of Shakspeare's connexion with her, through all its gradations and most passionate interest, to what we must deem its disastrous close. This is she to whom I alluded in the commencement, "the woman coloured ill," the genius of the poet's despair.

I shall have to describe the commencement of his passion for her—the void in his senses which she filled, as his young friend had occupied the vacant sympathies of his heart. I shall have to shadow forth its close, its desperate close, which saw the unhappy poet for a time—

> "Frantic mad with ever more unrest!"

And what an interval is that between! Even in his unsuspecting days, her black eyes, in their glancing of some strange expression, alarming him with scarce the knowledge why—then the strange and sudden falling of his friend into her power—the rumours of her character which reach him afterwards, thickening and blackening as they come, while her spells all the while only bind him in the faster—his final discovery of her wretched nature—his affecting portraiture of the hell in which he then found himself, but which he could not quit—and the exquisite self-excuse with which he half-strives to reason the cause of his mistake of her, for how could

> " Love's eye be true,
> That is so vex'd with watching and with tears? "

It is certain, as I am now about to prove, in following out this strange history from first to last, that Shakspeare had no reason to suppose this woman other than good and true-hearted when he first formed a connexion with her. So shocked is he when the full discovery comes, that he compares his thoughts and his discourse, as they had been, with such as they have been forced to turn to, and calls them those of a madman,

> " At random from the truth vainly expressed—"

for, he rejoins bitterly,

> " I *have* sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright
> Who art as black as hell, and dark as night."

But let me not anticipate. I state this as a matter of fact merely, for in truth, had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have claimed exemption in his case, from a lot which has befallen so many men of genius. How sadly, in matters of this sort, have they been ever the creatures of excited imagination and unreasoning self-will! Fielding, in a very curious passage in his " Journey to the other World," has perhaps touched upon one of the secret causes. Mr. Lamb, in one of his masterly articles, has also alluded to it.* And is it surprising? Accustomed so much to the ever-constant action and excitement of their never-resting fancy, should we wonder that at last their attachment to certain objects should be far oftener in proportion to the strength of the impression they were likely to make, to their power, in fact, by any means, of riveting and fixing the attention, than to the pleasure or gratification they might look to derive from them? The subtle metaphysician will perhaps remark that we are more apt to dwell upon circumstances that excite and shock our feelings than on those of an agreeable nature. Besides, poetry and poets have worlds and beings of their own, or at least enjoy them as such, till they are awaked by sad reality. Their eyes even are made the fools of the other faculties. Nor does the delusion end here. " Poetry," says Bacon, " conforms the show of things to the desires of the soul."

[We regret to be obliged, from unavoidable circumstances, to postpone the conclusion of this paper until next month. It will be prefixed to the third chapter of the series.—Ed.]

* I may perhaps be allowed this opportunity of stating, that an edition of such of the late Mr. Charles Lamb's writings as can be recovered by his executors, with a large selection from his correspondence, is now preparing under the superintendence of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and will be accompanied by a notice from that learned and accomplished gentleman, of the life and genius of his deceased friend.

GILBERT GURNEY.

Chapter V.

It is said that a certain place not mentionable to "ears polite" is paved with "good intentions." Whether it will ever be macadamized (for that I believe is the term for "unstoning," which is fast gaining ground as I am looking over my papers, which in all probability everybody else will overlook) I cannot pretend to say; but certain it is, that although I was beyond measure mortified by the results of the Twickenham prank, my exclusion from the society of the Miss Dods, and my absolutely necessary escape from an association with them, I was very soon reconciled to my fate after the arrival of Devil Daly (as I used subsequently to call him) at my lodgings in Suffolk-street.

The instant he had been dislodged from the cottage by the appearance of the young ladies whose family he had so seriously outraged on the previous evening, instead of walking his horse back to Smart's, at the Toy at Hampton Court, he cantered up to me in London; not so much from any particular affection for me, but because, although himself the victim, there was something so exciting and delightful to him in a joke, that he could not deny himself the pleasure of narrating to me the history of the arrival of the sylphs, and his extraordinary *ruse* of the bleeding nose. I never saw him in higher spirits, and *quoad* my resolutions, I could not for the life of me refuse to join him in a stroll about town, which, although the season was somewhat advanced, was yet agreeably full, with a pledge to dine with him somewhere afterwards.

In those days clubs were scarce, although *then* hearts were plenty; there were no clubs at that period but White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's. There was the Cocoa Tree and there was Graham's, but the number of members was small, the system confined, and therefore, although Daly and I were as proud as Lucifer, and as "fine as fine could be," we had no resource when we wished to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul"—the one in the shape of a cutlet and the other in the tapering form of a bottle of claret—but to repair to a coffee-house, a place which I find is now (I speak while I am arranging my papers) obsolete—a dear nice uncomfortable room, with a bar opening into it, a sanded floor, an Argand lamp smoking in its middle, and boxes along its sides, with hard carpet-covered benches, schoolboy tables, and partitions, with rods, and rings, and curtains, like those of a churchwarden's pew in a country church.

I selected Dejex's, at the corner of Leicester-place. Attention and civility, a good *cuisine*, and good wine formed its particular attractions, and the courteous attention of mine host gave a new zest to his cookery and his claret. I own I love attention and civility—not that which seems to be extracted by dint of money, or by force of the relative situations of guest and landlord—but that anxious desire to please—that consideration of one's little peculiarities—and that cheerfulness of greeting which, even if it be assumed, is always satisfactory. To Dejex's we resolved to go, and having "secured our box" and taken our stroll, we found ourselves seated and served by a little after six o'clock.

There was something irresistibly, practically engaging about Daly, and I never felt more completely assured of the influence over me of a

man with whom I had been so short a time acquainted, as I was when I found myself again—in the course of eight-and-forty hours—associated with him in a place which of all others was the most likely to afford him some opportunity of exhibiting his eccentricities, for the company consisted in a great degree of *emigrés* of the ancient *régime*, who, until the master hand of Wellington was raised to cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties, which negociation had for years in vain attempted to untwist, made England their asylum from persecution. Yet, however much their misfortunes—the natural results of anarchy and revolution—might excite our sympathies and demand our assistance, some of them, it must be admitted, were to our then unaccustomed eyes extremely strange specimens of humanity: they were what Mr. Daly, in his peculiar phraseology, called "uncommon gigs;" and one very venerable *ci-devant* marquis, who wore spectacles, the said Daly, as he advanced up the room, somewhat too loudly I thought, pronounced to be "a gig with lamps."

However, we got through dinner and had safely demolished our admirable *omelette soufflée* without any outbreaking on the part of my mercurial companion; the coffee-room began to thin, and I began to be more at my ease than before, when Daly proceeded to recount some of his adventures, which proved to me that, however deeply the scene of the preceding day at Twickenham might have impressed itself on *me*, it was to *him* a "trifle light as air."

"But how," said I, "shall I ever reconcile the Dods? I am destined to meet those people; you are not."

"I was destined to meet them this morning," replied Daly, "and if it had not been for this 'bleeding piece of earth,'" laying hold of his nose, "I could not well have escaped; but for you, rely upon it, it will all turn out right—in a week they will have utterly forgotten you."

"What," said I, "will Fanny so soon lose all recollection of me?"

"To be sure she will," said Daly. "As somebody says,

> 'Fancy's visions, like the sand,
> Every idle mark receive;
> Lines are traced by every hand,
> Which no lasting impress leave.'"

"But *her* hand," said I.

"You took and shook," replied he, "and very wisely too; but recollect it was nearly dark when we made our exit."

"And you insulted the father."

"Who first affronted me," said Daly; "and even if the girls *did* know me this morning, and recognise me as the assistant clerk to the deputy assistant surveyor of the Paddington Canal Company, the deuce is in it if the whole family must not respect me as a high-minded, honourable, and conscientious assistant clerk."

"Yes, but it was quite light enough when we arrived," said I, "to see them and their beauties; why not light enough for them to see our deformities?"

"Deformities!" said Daly; "speak for yourself, Mr. Gurney; women don't care so much for men's beauty as you may suppose. Here am I—plain, but genteel, like a Wedgewood teapot—I make my way, and whatever you may think of yourself and Miss Fanny, I flatter myself

Gussy, as her ma' called her, was equally well pleased with your humble servant."

"And yet we may never see either of them again," said I.

"I am not so certain of that," said Daly; "I have done worse to a father than I did to Dod, in the course of my life, and yet have come to be domesticated in the family afterwards."

"As how?" said I.

"Some three years since," said Daly, "I was down at my friend's Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth's, in Surrey—charming place—nice wife—excellent shooting—capital cook—and inexhaustible cellars. 'Marmaduke,' said I, 'I hate battues; here you have a party staying for the wholesale slaughter of pheasants—eleven double barrels all of a row—more chance of homicide than sport; do me the kindness to let me off, and permit me to 'range the fields' by myself, and I will consent to be laughed at for my small gains when the card comes in before dinner.' 'Do as you like,' said Wrigglesworth; 'this is Liberty Hall—shoot alone or in company—with dogs or without—have the keeper or not—*comme il vous plaira*.' Accordingly away I went, more eager for the sport as having to render an account of my single exploits, young enough to do my day's work well, and strong enough to bring my day's work home. I admit I was not quite so well pleased with what I saw, or rather what I did not see, as I went on—birds were scarce, wild, and shy, and I did not get a shot for the first hour, except at a venerable rabbit, who had retired from public life, but who had somewhat incautiously left his tail out of the burrow which he had selected for his retreat—at him I went, and he died—first tenant of my bag."

"A tenant in tail," said I, punning professionally.

"Well, Sir," continued Daly, who never stopped for any body, "on I went, until at last, after three hours' ploughing and plodding, I fell in with one of the nicest little snug copses you ever set your eyes on. In I went—whurr went the pheasants—bang went the barrels—down came the birds—and by the time I had crossed the copse, three cocks and—*heu mihi!*—two hens graced my store."

"Pretty sport for the time," said I.

"No sooner, however," said Daly, "had I emerged from the thicket, than I found myself upon a sort of parkish-looking lawn, on the rise of which stood a very respectable house, at the door of which I could distinguish a group of persons standing, and from the court-yard of which I saw some sort of servant leading forth a stout short-legged pony, with a thick neck and a stumpy tail—evidently master's favourite—equal to fourteen stone, warranted never to shy, trip, or stumble. Upon its back did I see a portly gentleman bestride himself, and forthwith begin to canter towards me, followed at a somewhat splitting pace by two keepers on foot, each armed either with guns or sticks, which I could not exactly distinguish."

"I foresee," said I.

"So did I," said Daly; "the moment I saw the governor coming full tilt, I knew that I had been trespassing, and the moment I stepped upon his infernal lawn, felt that I had put my foot into it."

"Well," said I, "what happened?"

"Why," continued Daly, "I standing still, and he moving somewhat rapidly, the elder of the two had the best of it, and I was very soon within six inches of his cob's nose, and within about half a yard of his

own. 'You are a pretty fellow, Sir,' said the irate gentleman, 'to come poaching and killing the birds in my preserves, close to my house—why what the devil are you thinking of? Here, Stephens—Thomson——'

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am extremely sorry——'

"'Sorry,' interrupted Mr. Bagswash—(for such was the gentleman's name)—'sorry, yes, and well you may be sorry; Botany Bay is too good for a fellow like you, Sir. Lay hands on him.'

"'One moment, Sir,' said I; 'I am a gentleman.' Whereupon Squire Bagswash and his keeper burst into an unseemly fit of laughing.

"'A pretty gentleman,' said Bagswash.

"'I thank ye, Sir,' said I, 'I don't want compliments, I only want a hearing. I am staying on a visit at Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth's, and here is my card.' Saying which I produced—from what I happened by the merest but luckiest accident in the world to have about me, my card-case—my visiting ticket.

"'Young man,' said Bagswash, having read it, 'is this genuine?—is what you are saying true?'

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am not accustomed to have my word doubted. I admit, that not being perfectly acquainted with the boundaries of the Wrigglesworth property, I have transgressed and trespassed. I am sorry for it; and sorry that you should have so far forgotten yourself as to use language which, I am quite sure, in a more temperate mood you would regret.'

"'Sir,' said Bagswash, half doubting, and certainly more than half fearing me, 'I don't know that I have used any strong expressions, I——'

"'Scoundrel, I think,' said I, bowing profoundly.

"'If I did, I—really,' said Bagswash, 'I—might—but I was irritated—Sir, this is my manor.'

"'Why, Sir,' said I, 'as to your manner, I *do* think it might have been a little more courteous—I——'

"'Yes, Sir, yes,' said my antagonist, who evidently was anxious to justify his coarseness and vulgarity, 'but—the manor, I mean—for I can't pun, Sir, and I hate puns, Sir; the manor, I mean, costs me a very large sum annually—a very large sum, indeed, Sir, to preserve; and therefore when I see what I conceive to be a poacher immediately under my nose, actually in my homestead—upon my lawn, I may say—shooting right and left, it does put me in a passion, and I own I was warm, and perhaps hasty; but it *is* a provocation, and I should like to know, under all the circumstances, what *you* yourself would say if you were *me* at this moment?'

"'Say, Sir,' said I, 'why I hav'n't the smallest hesitation about that, Sir. If I were you at this moment, I should say,—'Mr. Daly, I beg your pardon for the hasty way in which I spoke when I thought you a poacher; and, in order to show that although passionate I am not vindictive, I hope, as it is just luncheon-time, and you must have walked a long way and hav'n't had very good sport, that you will do me and Mrs. Bagswash the favour to come in and take a cutlet, or a little cold meat, as the case may be, and make up our differences with a glass or two of wine.'

"'By Jove,' cried Bagswash, 'you are a queer fellow—the very spit of your father, whom I knew before I retired to these parts.'

"'Oh,' whispered one of the keepers to the other, 'Master does know him—he *had* a father.'

"'Oh,' said the other; and they both immediately lowered their sticks to the ground.

"'And,' continued the squire, 'you have only just anticipated me in an invitation, except that I apprehended some more serious requisition on *your* part.'

"'Not a bit, Sir,' said I; 'there are a vast many gentlemen in the world who don't look like gentlemen, and the shooting jacket and gaiters equalize appearances so much, that nature must have done a vast deal to give a man an aristocratic appearance under so rough a husk—but as to any meeting, except at your hospitable table, I have not the slightest wish for it. In my opinion, Sir, one luncheon is preferable to two balls.'

"'Ah!' said Bagswash, 'I am glad o' that, in spite of your pun. Run up, Stephens, and tell them to get luncheon as soon as possible. Mr. Daly, a friend of Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth, is coming up to join our family party.'"

"Well, Daly," said I, "there your presence of mind served you well."

"Hear the sequel," said Daly. "Encouraged by the acquiescence of Bagswash, as I was yesterday by the invitation of Dod, I proceeded towards the house, placing, ever and anon, my hand on the neck of his cob, or the pummel of the saddle, in order to mark to the distant group the familiar nature of our acquaintance; and in this fashion we reached the mansion, upon the steps of which a bevy of graces, in number more like the Muses, welcomed us. I *had* a reputation even there, and the moment the girls had heard who was coming, they made up their minds to mirth—even the big Mrs. Bagsworth rolled herself into the hall, like a fillet of veal upon castors, to do me honour.

"Bating the parents," continued Daly, "I never saw a more prepossessing family. I forget all their names, but one was slim and sylph-like, another plump and pleasant, a third a wicked-looking brunette, a fourth a demure and bashful blonde: all I felt as I entered the house was, that if I had brought eight friends with me, I might, by giving each his choice, have had some one of the 'tuneful nine' left entirely to myself."

"And," said I, "were you the only man?"

"No," replied Daly, "there were two yahoos, in white cord breeches and leather gaiters, and a boy with a frill and a frock, upon which a favourable eruption of brass sugar-loaf buttons had taken place; a Dr. somebody, who turned out to be the nearest apothecary; and a very pale, long-legged youth, the curate of the parish."

"A largeish luncheon-party," said I.

"Well," said Daly, "I sat down, having first very much ingratiated myself with old Bagswash, who was as chary of his pheasants as if they had been of the golden breed, by insisting upon it that his man Stephens should disencumber my bag of the birds which I had shot on his land, retaining my solitary rabbit, in order to grace my tale when I reached Wrigglesworth; and I found myself placed next mine hostess, and number one of the daughters—very nice, pretty thing—not what one should call well set up, but Nature, as I said about gentlemen to her papa, had done a great deal for her; poor thing, how I pitied her—and pity is akin to love. So, after luncheon, and *some* wine, do *you* know, Gurney, I almost began to subside into a tenderer feeling. But then, one of nine!"

"Well, and how did it end?" said I.

"Why," replied Daly, "it would have ended, I have no doubt, as prosperously as it began, had not my new friend, Bagswash, committed himself by begging me to drink some London Particular Madeira—Duff, Murphy, Gordon, or something of that sort. The moment I tasted it I knew what it was, and rather elated by circumstances, and my other previous libations, I had the temerity to address the dear, interesting, white-necked creature next me, and in a tone of confidential condolence, begged her not to be deceived, for that although her amiable papa might be a judge of other things, he evidently knew nothing of wine, and that the stuff he called 'London Particular' was neither more nor less than infernally bad Teneriffe.

"The male Bagswash was unconscious of the imputation, but the queen B. overheard me, and looking towards what might literally be called her open countenance, I saw symptoms of fire breaking out, and in less than a minute afterwards the domestic Proserpine exclaimed, 'Come, girls, let us go—too much of your *pa's* Tenreefe will do you a mischief.' Up she got, and out she wheeled herself, and the moment she set the example, away went the nine she-Bagswashes, like so many goslings after the maternal goose.

"I," continued Daly, "regretted the retreat, for I had had an opportunity to insinuate myself, and I never saw an audience more thoroughly prepared to be gratified; for so convinced were they, from what they had heard of me, that I was a vastly agreeable person, and talked epigrams, that when, while they were all sitting with their ears open to catch my *facetiæ*, I happened to observe (the first observation I had made, too, and that in reply to a question of the big Bagswash) that I thought mustard went remarkably well with cold boiled beef, they all burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and the Doctor, who had been tutored into a belief in my superlative wit, exclaimed, 'Oh, oh, that's too bad!' which every fool cries out, either when he thinks a thing remarkably good, or does not comprehend it in the least, which last was the case—as indeed it was with all the rest of the party—with my new-found medical friend."

"Did you contrive," said I, "to affront the rest of the company before you quitted it?"

"Not all of them;" said Daly, "no; I believe I got off pretty well, but evidently the worse for wear; for Teneriffe or not Teneriffe, it is my maxim to stick to the wreck as long as she floats, and as long as I could get anybody to sit, I stayed; the curate and the boy with the frill went with the ladies, but Bagswash and the parish Paracelsus remained. However, at last, seeing all the bottles empty, and no disposition on the part of Baggy to replenish, I made a move, and never did I see a man more happy at having got out of a scrape than mine host. He sent his honest regards to the Wrigglesworths—hoped to see me soon again—did I know my way back? In short, I cannot enumerate the civilities he heaped upon me, which, considering his respect for my friend Sir Marmaduke, and the fact of his having nine unmarried daughters, I duly appreciated, and bent my way homewards."

"Glad, I should think," said I, "to be safe out."

"On the contrary," said Daly, "I should like to have remained where I was; if it had not been for the anger of the respectable cat of nine tails about the Teneriffe, it would have been a very agreeable domicile. However, once out, onwards I went, rejecting indignantly

the offer of Bagswash to send a man to show me the way; nothing I hate so much, as if a man who had followed his nose into a place could not follow the same nose out of it."

"I trust," said I, "that your intrepidity was crowned with success."

"Rather crippled," replied Daly, "as you shall hear; however, there are two ends to my story, or rather a story and a sequel."

"Pray go on," said I, knowing that so long as his breath lasted, his tongue would wag, like a cherry clapper while the wind blows.

"Gad, Sir," said he, "I walked on. I admit the Teneriffe to have been potent; and I thought of one thing, and another thing, and I believe I thought of all things in the world, except the way which I was going. They say, you know, some men have every sense but common sense;—my case to a hair. Common sense is like flour,—the other sort of sense is like sugar, and gilding, and all the rest of those things —beautiful to adorn a cake and embellish the *patisserie*, but, without the flour, mere ornaments—now, without the ornaments, the flour will make bread. I never had the flour—never shall have. So you perceive that the sugar and the flummery being my staple, on I went and went, until I began to think I had missed my way, and found myself stopped by a gate opening into—or rather shutting me out of—a remarkably well-stocked farmyard;—ricks, stacks, stables, barns—everything comfortable and convenient; with half a million cocks and hens, walking about like ladies and gentlemen, as happy as happy could be. Over the gate I stepped, waded my way through the straw, and, leaning over the hatch of one of his outhouses, who should I see but the farmer himself. As I advanced, he touched his hat, and civilly asked whether I had had much sport?

"'Not much,' said I, recollecting that the whole contents of my bag now amounted to one elderly rabbit with a Cape tail; 'I am on my way to Wrigglesworth, and out of it, I think. How far have I to go?'

"'Seven miles, I count,' said the farmer. 'You are coming right away from it, Sir. Wrigglesworth lies over there on your left.'

"'Thank you,' said I, 'thank you. If you will just give me a sort of concise direction—I am a dab at topography. Merely give me the points, and I'll go across a country I never saw in my life before.'

"'Well, Sir,' said the kind farmer, 'if so be as that is the case, I'll tell you. When you get out of the gate down there, turn to your left, and keep on straight till you come to Pussy's Nob; then away to the right, over Sumpter's Green, and you'll soon see the Crooked Billet. Don't go near that; but turn short round by Wheatley's Copse, and keep on, till you come to the stile on your left; go over that, through Timpsbury's Lane, and that will bring you out by the Three Mackerel, and there they'll be sure to put you in the right road.'

"'Thank you,' said I to the farmer, 'I will follow your instructions most implicitly; but I suppose I shall have no chance of getting a shot now in that direction—even at a pheasant roosting—eh?'

"'No, Sir,' said the farmer; 'can't say as how I think you will this arternoon.'

"'Well,' said I, 'now both my barrels are loaded. I've got nothing in my bag but an old buck-rabbit with a nob tail; and as I hate going home with no proofs of my sport, and the one head—or tail—that I have bagged takes the domestic character, what shall I give you to have

a shot with both barrels at all those ducks in the pond and fowls on the side of it, standing here, and to carry away what I kill?'

"'You'll kill a woundy sight on 'em, I think, at that distance,' said the considerate farmer.

"'Perhaps yes—perhaps no,' said I.

"'And to have all you kill?' said he.

"'Yes; all I kill fairly out-and-out,' said I.

"'Why, you shall give me half-a-guinea,' said the man.

"'Half-a-guinea!' echoed I. 'No, no; if I kill three or four of them it will be the outside. No; I tell you what I'll do. I'll stand here—won't move an inch; and you shall have a seven-shilling piece for the slaughter.'

"'Well, Sir,' said the farmer, hitching up his lower garments, 'a bargain's a bargain. Hand over the twine.'

"Whereupon," said Daly, "I handed him that beautiful miniature portrait of a half-guinea, and told him I was ready to take my shots. He nodded assent; and, having pocketed the money, bade me proceed. I did so. Up with one barrel—bang! up with the other—bang!—and such a fluttering, and cackling, and squashing, and squabbling you never heard. I ran forward, and secured, as my spoils, four hens in high condition, a very respectable cock, fit companion for my rabbit; and out of the pond I fished, with the butt-end of my Manton, two extremely corpulent ducks, who had paid the debt of nature in the most decided manner: these I got out, and the others I got up, and stuffed them incontinently into my bag, delighted to think what a display I should make at Wrigglesworth, where it was quite clear I could, by no possibility, arrive in time for dinner. However, that was *my* joke, and it seemed to be the farmer's; he laughed quite as much as I did."

"Inherent good-humour, I suppose," said I.

"Why, as for that," said Daly, "*you* shall judge. I bagged my birds in the first instance; and then, having secured my booty, began to rally my victim; and having acknowledged his civility in giving me my travelling directions, said to him, with a low bow, 'Thank you for the game, Sir.'

"'Yes, Sir,' said the farmer, 'you are a deuced sight better shot than I counted upon, considering what you had in your bag afore.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'I think you are what you may call *done*. Seven shillings won't pay for the poultry in my pouch, I guess?'

"'No,' said the farmer, 'nor three times the money, I count.'

"'Well, then,' replied I, 'I think I have the best of the bargain.'

"'Not much,' said the man.

"'Not much!' cried I; 'why, a guinea's worth of fowls for a seven-shilling piece——'

"'Yees, Sir, that's true,' said the fellow, turning slowly away from the hatch, and grinning as he turned; '*but they are none on 'em mine.*'

"I could have killed him for his roguery; but there was so much fun in it——"

"So much in your own way," cried I.

"Exactly so," said Daly;—"that, instead of breaking his head, which he most righteously deserved, I joined in his infernal horse-laugh, and made the best of my way out of the farm-yard, lest I should be immediately apprehended by the right owner, as a robber of hen-roosts."

"And," said I, "you carried home your spoils."

"Not I," exclaimed my unstoppable companion. "Take some wine—help yourself—and listen; for the sequel is most terrible. I had *such* a night of it!"

"How?" said I.

"Why," said Daly, "out of the gate I went, turned to my left, and got to Puss's Nob; but it began to get dusk, and very soon afterwards dark; and when I began veering away over Sumpter's Green, I found myself on a wide common, without path, guide, or guide-post. As the darkness increased so did the declivity; and when I had lost all power of seeing, I was gratified by feeling myself in a sort of a quagmire, which, for all I knew, might get softer and thicker every step I took. I looked out for the stars, and saw a few: but they were of no kind of use to me; for I had not the slightest idea what direction, even under their guidance, I ought to take. I resolved to avoid the bogs; and kept edging away, until I at length reached a gap, which, as it led off the infernal common, I hoped might lead to some habitation——"

"Where spring-guns and steel-traps were set every night," said I.

"Not a bit of it," said Daly. "I went on, following my nose, until I found myself at the edge of a copse, which I began to think looked extremely like Squire Bagswash's preserve. However, it was not *that;* but I heard somebody whistling at no great distance, and a call of 'Halloo!' How to act I did not exactly know, with a gun, and a bag full of cocks and hens, and a venerable rabbit to boot. What could I do? To have answered the call would have been to be detected as a poacher in the dark. I resolved, at all events, on getting rid of my poultry in the first instance, and accordingly emptied my store, rabbit tail and all, and proceeded somewhat more gaily after having thrown out my ballast; yet not without some apprehensions, either of being shot by the keepers for a poacher, or by the poachers for a keeper; so I got clear of the whistling firs and moaning larches as fast as I could, still utterly ignorant of my course."

"And getting late," said I.

"It must then have been past eight," said Daly. "On I trudged; scrambled over the furrows of one field, and through the turnips in another; and so on and on, until at last I was forced to sit myself down on a gate and rest; and, I give you my word, although I have known a great deal of the world, I never was so dead beat in my life as I was then. Not a house could I see. The glimmering of a rushlight in a cottage-window would have been to my eye thrice more brilliant than the whole regalia of England collected. But no: there were no cottages—no rushlights; and I do believe I went the length of swearing at my own stupidity in undertaking my solitary excursion. Only one set-off was there to the whole thing;—I had seen the Bagswashes, male and female, and laid in materials for a *historiette* for the next evening—that is, if I really survived the present one; but I began to feel cold, and hungry, and thirsty. However, out of the fields I must get, if I went straight on end, and could not fail of fetching up in a road somewhere at last."

"Which, as you are here alive to tell the tale," said I, "of course you did."

"Why, yes," said Daly, "I did; but it was not for a long time; and then I had come to a full stop; and, sticking the butt of my Manton on the ground, I swore, by stock and barrel, that I would not budge from

under a huge tree which overshadowed me till daylight came to my aid. I was ravenous—I was chilled—I was wretched—I was tired to death; but why tire myself more?—and accordingly, feeling, and I dare say looking, very like the dear Don of La Mancha, I sat myself down, with my back against the trunk, and, if you'll believe me, fell fast asleep."

"Asleep!" said I.

"Fast as a church," said Daly, "and dreamt—dreamt, first, that I was starving,—that, I think, must have been a sort of waking dream; then, that I was at a ball; and then I dreamt a sort of confused dream—of being safe back at mine host's hospitable mansion; and then a confused, hurly-burly kind of a dream, either that I was Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth, or that Lady Wrigglesworth was Mrs. Daly, or something of that sort, and that I tumbled out of bed, which tumble was to me a 'dying fall;' for I rolled over on my side, and woke—in no bed—in no house, but where I had lain me down, under the tree before-mentioned."

"You must have caught your death of cold?" said I.

"No, the Dalys, like cats, are very tenacious," said my jocular friend; "I roused myself—sat up and listened—recollected where I was, and heard at the same moment what was really 'sweet music to mine ear,' the sound of a bell-team. Ho! ho! says I—you are *there*, are you?—where there are bells there are horses—where there's a team there's a waggon—where there's a waggon there's a road—up I jumped, and as fast as I could, just roused from my slumbers, scrambled over brambles and clambered over fences, until I caught sight of the waggoner's lantern waggling on the side of the tilt like a bright pendulum to regulate the wheels: the moment I saw *that* I knew I was landed, and after encountering a few of those thumps and bumps which 'flesh is heir to,' I found myself on a high road. Waggons, even those called 'flies,' may be overtaken, and although dead beat and sore of foot, I soon came up with the eight plaited-tailed things which were dragging the mountain, second only in size to the Juggernaut idol.

"My first object was to ascertain where I was, and what the direction of the vast pile before me. I found, to my particular satisfaction, that I was within two miles of Ripley, and that the edifice was moving towards London—the result was, an involuntary spring upon the shafts of the vehicle, and a look at the waggoner, which, by the light of his revolver, was perfectly intelligible. The gun, the gaiters, the grace, and the gentility spoke the gentleman, and he gave me leave to assume the post which he himself was prevented by act of Parliament from occupying. All my sorrows fled the moment I felt myself moved along without any personal exertion, and the smiles which had nearly been exhausted during my toil and trouble, returned to 'gild my brow,' as Moore sings. 'I have had walking enough,' said I to myself, 'and grieving enough—*nunc est ridendum*.'"

"Excellent wag!" said I.

"Excellent waggon!" thought I, "and so it proved; for after three-quarters of an hour's hard tugging by the '*bell* assemblée' of horses before me, I was dropped, gun, gaiters, bag and all, at the door of the Talbot—facing the green. I tipped my driver—bade adieu to the tilt—and began knocking loudly at the door of mine ostlery."

"And a nice rural inn it is," said I.

"It proved to be past midnight," said Daly; "and by the merest

luck in the world, the exemplary widow who then occupied it had not gone to her rest, or roost. She personally answered my call, and replied to my knock. After a few preliminary 'Who's theres,' she opened the door; and the moment she recognized me—as you may conceive—her delight was unspeakable."

"'Bless my heart, Mr. Daly,' said the widow, 'what a time o' night to be strolling about with your gun! Why, where do *you* come from?"

"'That,' said I, 'is about the last question in the world I can answer satisfactorily. I have been wandering across a country with which I am not particularly well acquainted—have tired myself to death, and fallen asleep.'

"'Fallen indeed,' said mine hostess, 'into a ditch, Mr. Daly, I should think. Why, dear me, what a condition you are in!'

"'Exactly,' said I; 'recumbent repose in October under an oak is not particularly delicate; however, my darling, give me some supper, some hot brandy and water, and order me the most comfortable bed in the house, for I am 'a tired.''

"'Why, Sir,' asked the dear woman, 'where is your servant with your clothes—you cannot think of sleeping here in that condition?'

"'Not exactly,' said I; 'I shall take off my clothes when I go to bed—and as for my servant, he is snug and happy at Sir Marmaduke Wrigglesworth's, where I ought to be too, unless they have sent him out with a rake and a lanthorn to search for me and drag all the horse-ponds in the neighbourhood. I tell you I am hungry—and tired—and shall be very sleepy—out with your tit-bits and delicacies—something piquant—nice—but savoury, eh—and after that a comfortable roost.'

"'You shall have something to eat,' said the widow, 'and something to drink, for those I can give you myself; but as for a bed, I haven't one in the house—crammed full from top to bottom.'

"'I'm very tired,' said I; 'I can sleep compact like a dog on a hearth-rug—half a bed will do for me.'

"'Come, Mr. Daly,' said the landlady, 'none of your nonsense—I have no bed whatever to-night, and here it is one o'clock—you had better let me ring up the next turn-out, and get back to Wrigglesworth.'

"'Thank you, Fanny,' said I; I used to call her Fanny before her husband was killed switching a rasper, three years before; 'not I—I should not get there till nearly four—all the family 'in a deep sleep buried'—no, no—none of *your* nonsense—where am I to rest?'

"'I told you the truth,' said the widow; 'there's not a bed disengaged."

"'Not one?' said I—looking as I fancied most insinuatingly, and helping myself to a glass of brandy from a bottle covered with a gilt bunch of grapes, at the same time gently pressing the tip of mine hostess's little finger.

"'Not one, upon my life, Mr. Daly,' replied she; 'indeed we are so full, that my sister Jane who is here is obliged to sleep with *me*.'

"'That's very unfortunate, indeed,' said I; 'however, I rejoice that you have so much custom—all's good for trade—come let me eat—let me warm myself—both in the sunshine of those bright eyes, and in the blaze of the parlour fire.'

"Mine hostess proceeded to make me exceedingly comfortable—I ate cold fowl and beef, and drank hot brandy and water, and eventually punch. Mine hostess sipped shrub—a liquor, which if it were a *liqueur*,

would rank fathoms above either Curaçoa or Maraschino—till at last, the clock striking two, reminded her it was time to go to bed.

"'Ah,' said I, 'that is extremely just and proper. But alas! I am like my melancholy little friend who was very gentil, but whose hair came a leetel through the top of his hat, 'I have no bed to go to.'

"'It's very provoking,' said the landlady, 'so tired as you are.'

"'It is, indeed,' replied I—seeing a proposition of some sort or other on the tip of her tongue.

"'Now,' said she, looking remarkably serious, 'can I trust you—will you promise me, if I give you a bed, to do as I bid you, Mr. Daly?'

"'To the letter,' said I, 'your commands shall be obeyed to the letter—only let me rest myself quietly and comfortably—it is all I ask—for never was poor devil so tired in his life as I.'

"'Take a drop more punch, Mr. Daly,' said my landlady, 'it will make you sleep the sounder.'

"'No fear of that,' said I; 'but what do you propose?'

"'Why,' said mine hostess, 'I *have* one bed unoccupied.'

"'Why didn't you say so before?' cried I.

"'I'll tell you why,' said my fair friend; 'it's in a double-bedded room, and the other bed is occupied by a——'

"'Snoring farmer, from Farnham,' said I; 'or perhaps a tight-skinned sailor walking his way up from Portsmouth?'

"'No,' said she, looking very pathetic—and very pretty by the way—'by a lady.'

"'A lady,' said I, 'oh charming thought!——'

"'There it is,' interrupted the landlady, 'that is just what I expected, you are all fire and tow—alight in a moment—now I shall not say another word, and you must sleep, if you will sleep here, in the arm-chair by the fire here.'

"'No,' said I, 'no—don't be angry—I didn't know—I thought——'

"'Yes, Mr. Daly, that's what you are always thinking, I believe,' said mine hostess, 'but that won't do—the lady who occupies the other bed in the double-bedded room is a sad invalid; she has been stopping here for some time, and the only rest she gets is by dint of laudanum, which the doctor gives her in large doses, and she sleeps soundly during the night, which makes up for the sufferings she endures by day. If you choose to behave well—and tired as you are, I don't like to turn you out or leave you here—you shall have the other bed. You must go gently into the room, and when you are in bed I will come and take away your candle; and as I sleep in the next room, if you don't remain perfectly quiet I shall insist upon your getting up and coming down here into the bar.'

"'Agreed,' said I, 'I only ask for a bed—all I want is rest—I am scarcely able to walk or stand, therefore I agree to your condition; let me finish my punch, and 'marshal me the way that I should go.'

"After looking at me suspiciously and hesitatingly for a minute or two, my dear landlady agreed to trust me; and accordingly having seen that my bed was properly prepared she returned, and lighting a rushlight preceded me up the stairs, and opening the door of the room put her finger to her lips to enforce silence, and whispered me that when I was in bed I should knock against the wainscot which separated her room from that in which I was to repose, and that she would come and fetch my candle.

"I promised to obey all her injunctions. The curtains of the other bed were closely drawn—I never felt so awkward in my life—but I had promised; yet one peep before the light vanished—no—perhaps the lady would wake and scream, and I should be forthwith ejected. I resolved to keep my faith, at all events till mine hostess was herself asleep, and then see—as far as utter darkness would permit—how the affair would terminate.

"Accordingly I hurried off my clothes—washed my face, hands, and mouth as gently and quietly as possible, and having concluded my brief preparations for depositing myself in my much longed-for bed, gave the concerted signal, and scarcely was well in my place before my dear landlady entered the room on tip-toe, and coming up close to the bedside and whispering 'Now remember your promise'—took the glimmering light away, and left me in the dark with my fair and slumbering companion.

"There was something very strange in my position," said Daly; "I was tired to death, but somehow I could not sleep. I lay and listened to hear whether my fair *incognita* would sneeze—or cough—or cry 'hem'—or play off any little coquettish trick, which, under the circumstances, I thought probable enough. I durst not move, for I knew *I* was watched; however, I sat up in the bed and began to wonder. Is it," thought I, "an old woman or a young woman?—an invalid is interesting, and, bless her, she must be uncommonly genteel, for she does not snore in the least; a few minutes served to convince me that my landlady did—and I rather rejoiced in the sound of her slumbers, since I thought I might perhaps succeed in attracting the attention of my sleeping partner; and the fact that a gentleman of my very respectable pretensions was so whimsically associated with her—knowing mine hostess's archness—induced me to attribute her readiness to quarter me upon the slumbering beauty, to a foreknowledge on her part that my introduction would not be considered an intrusion.

"After I had satisfied myself that my landlady was really safe, I had recourse to some slight coughs, which do occasionally infest one; but no, my signals were not answered: the dose of laudanum had been particularly strong that night. At last I thought I heard a slight movement. I began to listen, till I heard the beating of my own heart, and a sort of drumming in my ears. I held my breath: 'psha, thought I, this woman has been cheating me, the other bed is tenantless,—a trick to try me;—and for what a stupid dolt she will set me down if I don't convince her that I had at least curiosity enough in my composition to ascertain what was in it.

"My feelings fired at the thought. Up I got,—groped my way across the room,—the white dimity drapery being just visible amidst the 'palpable obscure.' I reached the bed,—I paused,—I heard nothing;—I partly opened the curtains at the side, and said in a soft, *very* soft voice, 'Hem!' No answer. 'Ma'am,—Ma'am,'—still silent;—'are you there?' said I;—and, placing my hand on the pillow, found she was. Dear, unconscious creature, there she lay, comfortably cuddled up in the clothes, and sleeping, or seeming to sleep, so soundly. I was proceeding to awaken her, in order to announce my presence, when, in stepping towards the head of the bed, my foot came in contact with a chair which stood on its right-hand side, which was overthrown with a crash that, in an instant, roused, not my dear opium-drinker, but my

lynx-like landlady. I heard her jump out of her bed. I jumped into mine; but, in less than two minutes, there she was, like Margaret's 'grimly ghost,' standing at the foot of my bed, loading me with reproaches, and ordering me, in the most peremptory terms, to take the candle, descend the stairs, and dress myself in the parlour behind the bar, and wait until she came down to eject me from the house; seeing that she could have no kind of confidence in a gentleman who had so much confidence in himself.

"Vain were my pantomimic supplications: she would listen to nothing but immediate abdication, and I could not well be angry with her, for she had put faith in me, and perhaps run a risk of losing a valuable customer by indulging me with the luxuries of ease and rest which, under no other circumstances, she could have afforded me. I implicitly obeyed her commands; and, as soon as she had retired to dress herself, I collected my wearing apparel, and slunk down stairs to prepare for my departure, which seemed inevitable. As I passed along the passages, I heard multifarious snorings in all directions, which convinced me of the truth of my landlady's assertions as to the influx of company, and made me repent more sorely than before, that I could not for once in my life act with discretion and decorum.

"I had scarcely finished dressing myself when my landlady made her appearance in the parlour.

"'I really am surprised, Sir,' said she, 'at your conduct. I thought, as a gentleman, you might have been trusted, considering the circumstances under which I ventured to put you into that room.'

"'Really,' said I, 'I thought you were playing me a trick, and I could not bear your having the laugh against me, and so I certainly *did* venture just to ascertain——'

"'Ascertain!' cried the landlady, 'that's just the very thing you ought upon no consideration whatever to have done. Did not I tell you the lady was an invalid? Oh! Mr. Daly, Mr. Daly! I believe you are the d——'

"'—— evil be, Ma'am,' said I, interrupting her, 'to him who evil thinks. I meant no harm, and——'

"'You might have ruined me, Sir,' said mine hostess.

"'Might I?' said I,—'when?'

"'This very night, Sir,' said she; 'this very hour. Why, what would have been thought of me and my house, if it had been known that I had allowed you to sleep in that room? Nobody would have believed that I did it out of pure regard for your comfort, tired and knocked up as you were, and because I had not a hole or corner besides into which you could have poked yourself: however, it will be a lesson for me another time; and now, Mr. Daly, if you will take my advice, the lads are getting up in the yard,—you will let me order out a chaise and pair, and go on to Guildford, where they have plenty of beds I have no doubt, and where you may get some comfortable rest; and as the brother of the lady in No. 3 is sleeping here to-night, something unpleasant to all parties might happen in the morning, and you would do me a favour if you would go.'

"I felt very much inclined, for many reasons, to accede to what appeared the very reasonable desire of mine hostess: first of all, I might do her a mischief by staying; in the second place, the lady might complain to her brother; in the third place, the White Hart at Guildford was a remarkably good inn, and a well-made bed, in a well-warmed

bed-room, would be a most comfortable thing by comparison with the chilly atmosphere and the chair-slumber of the parlour behind the bar. To Guildford I must eventually proceed,—and why not now? So with the best possible grace, I told mine hostess that I was at her command, and that she might dispose of me as she thought fit.

"I paid her for the horses, the repast, and the portion of my night's rest which I ought to have had, liberally; and when I stepped into the 'yellow and two,' I shook hands with her, and she gave me a look as much as to say again and again, 'Daly, Daly! you are not to be trusted.'

"Well, Sir," continued Daly, "away I went, glasses rattling, and wind whistling: a short stage, as you know; and before four we reached the White Hart. I had forestalled my Guildford sleep in the chaise; however, we soon made them hear at the inn, and in less than three-quarters of an hour I was again rolled up in the sheets, having, before I went to bed, written a note to my servant at Wrigglesworth, which I desired might be sent off early in the morning, directing him, after leaving word with Sir Marmaduke's men that I was alive, if not merry, to come to me with clothes and other requisites for dressing by ten o'clock.

"From my servant I learned that my friends at Wrigglesworth had really expressed great anxiety on my account, which did not displease me. I like to create an effect; but I did not hear that dear Lady Wrigglesworth had either absented herself from dinner, or disappeared for the evening in consequence of my absence.

"After breakfast I strolled out. I like Guildford; it is a nice, clean, handsome, healthy town; the hill in the street I admit to be a nuisance; the alternation between climbing up and sliding down is tiresome and even dangerous; but I overlooked that.

"As I approached the door of the White Hart and just as my man was bringing out my horses, my eye was attracted by a funeral procession, consisting merely of a hearse, one mourning coach, and a private carriage, which had halted before the door; two persons who had occupied the coach having entered the house while fresh horses were put to the three vehicles. A natural and not very blameable curiosity prompted me to ask a jolly, merry-looking undertaker whose funeral it was, whither they were going, and whence they had come?

"'Why, Sir,' said the man, 'what you see here isn't the regular job as I hopes to turn it out at Chichester next Tuesday, which is the day fixed for the interment of the cropse. Short notice, you see; could not do everything in a minute, Sir.'

"'What is the name of the——?' I hesitatingly asked.

"'Miss Barmingfield, Sir,' said the man, 'is the name of the young lady. She was as well as you and me three days ago, and was a coming down to Chichester to spend a month with her mother; when all at once she was taken ill at Ripley, and went out for all the world like the snuff of a candle.'

"'At Ripley!' said I: 'she lived at Ripley?'

"'No, Sir, she didn't,' said the undertaker; 'she died there.'

"'But she must have lived there first, I presume,' said I, rather angrily, for a joker hates to be joked upon.

"'A very short time,' said the jolly undertaker. 'She arrived at the Talbot the day before yesterday, about twelve o'clock in the day, in high health, and by six at night she was a cropse.'

"'At the Talbot!' said I. 'And are you bringing the body from the Talbot inn?"

"'Yes, Sir,' said the man, 'on our way to Chichester. We could not move her, poor dear young lady, afore, because I couldn't get the coffin ready till this morning.'

"'Pray,' said I, with a degree of agitation which evidently astonished my companion in the crape, 'where—in what part of the Talbot at Ripley did the young lady die?"

"'In Number 3, that 'ere double-bedded room right over the gateway,' said the man. 'We only packed her up this morning.'

"My dear Gurney," said Daly, "you may conceive what my feelings were. Only conceive the idea,—turned into a double-bedded room in the dark with a dead woman! It was lucky that the horses were pronounced ready, and that Major Barmingfield, whose residence at Ripley mine hostess so truly had announced, made his appearance just at the moment that the undertaker had enlightened me on the subject. I felt a mingled sensation of horror at the event, of joy at my escape from the place where it occurred, of repentance for my misconduct towards my landlady, who had so good-naturedly strained a point for my accommodation, that I have not a notion what I should have done, if it had not been that the coldness of the weather afforded me an excuse for drinking off a glass of brandy, and the lateness of the hour forced me to mount my nag and begin my canter to Wrigglesworth forthwith."

When Daly had finished this little episode in his eccentric and eventful life, I felt particularly sick,—I might say sympathetically sick. He perceived the effect his story had produced, and, calling for Dejex himself, he prescribed some Garus, at that time the popular liqueur; and then whispering some directions about egged-wine, desired me to finish the claret, and commence a new course of drinking.

The subsequent events of that evening require a new chapter.

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

Intellectual Powers.

O Thought! O Memory! gems for ever heaping
High in the illumined chambers of the mind;
And thou, divine Imagination! keeping
Thy lamp's lone star mid shadowy hosts enshrined;
How, in one moment, rent and disentwined
At fever's fiery touch apart they fall,
Your glorious combinations!—broken all.
As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind
Scattered to whirling dust!—O soon uncrown'd!
Well may your parting swift, your strange return,
Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,
Guiding its chastened vision to discern
How by meek faith heaven's portals must be past
Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.

F. Hemans

Engraved by Thomson from a Bust by Fletcher

London, Published for Henry Colburn, July 1, 1835.

II.

Sickness like Night.

Thou art like night, O sickness! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low, sweet voices, by life's tumult drown'd.
Thou art like awful night!—thou gatherest round
The things that are unseen,—though close they lie,—
And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
Giv'st their dread presence to our mortal eye.
Thou art like starry, spiritual night!
High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
And revelations, which the common light
Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
All outward life:—be welcome, then, thy rod,
Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God!

III.

On Retzch's Design of the Angel of Death.*

Well might thine awful image thus arise,
With that high calm upon thy regal brow,
And the deep solemn sweetness in those eyes,
Unto the glorious Artist!—Who but thou
The fleeting forms of beauty can endow
For Him with permanence?—Who make those gleams
Of brighter life that colour his lone dreams
Immortal things? Let others *trembling* bow,
Angel of Death, before thee!—not to those
Whose spirits with eternal Truth repose
Art thou a fearful shape! And oh for *me*
How full of welcome would thine aspect shine,
Did not the cords of strong affection twine
So fast around my soul, it cannot spring to Thee!

IV.

Remembrances of Nature.

O Nature! thou didst rear me for thine own,
With thy free singing birds and mountain brooks,
Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks
With fairy phantasies and wood-dreams lone.
And thou didst teach me every wandering tone
Drawn from the many whispering trees and waves,
And guide my step to founts and starry caves,
And where bright mosses wove thee a rich throne
'Midst the green hills: and now that, far estranged
From all sweet sounds and odours of thy breath,
Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged
So glows the love of thee, that not for death
Seems that pure passion's fervor—but ordain'd
To meet on brighter shores thy majesty unstain'd.

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* Suggested by the beautiful and remarkable description in Mrs. Jameson's "Visits and Sketches."

V.

FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

Whither, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveil'd for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array?
My spirit! where thy prison-house of clay
After long strife is rent?—Fond, fruitless quest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest,
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And thro' their parting leaves, by fits reveal'd,
A glimpse of summer sky: nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried:—
Thou art that bird! of what beyond thee lies
Far in th' untrack'd, immeasurable skies
Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide!

VI.

FLOWERS.

Welcome, oh pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer thoughts attendant on your bloom,
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that look down on your folded bells
Thro' dewy leaves—of many a wild perfume
Greeting the wanderers of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring,
Far more: ye whisper of th' all-fostering love
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath,
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

VII.

THE RECOVERY.

Back then, once more, to breast the waves of life,
To battle on against th' unceasing spray,
To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife
And rise to strive again: yet on my way
Oh linger still, thou light of better day,
Born in the hours of loneliness; and you,
Ye childlike thoughts, the holy and the true,
Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,
The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
Back on my soul, a clear, bright sense, new-born,
Now leave me not; but as profoundly pure
A blue stream rushes thro' a darker lake
Unchanged, e'en thus with me your journey take,
Wafting sweet airs of heaven thro' this low world obscure.

FRANCIA, DICTATOR OF PARAGUAY.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

Among the great political changes that have taken place during the last half-century, and which, for good or for evil, must necessarily influence the condition of those who succeed us, to remote generations, few are more interesting and important than the secession of the Spanish Colonies of South America from the weak, yet oppressive sway of their mother country.

At the time when the English colonies of North America achieved their independence, and France was progressing in her frightful revolution, Spain, in lieu of profiting by the lessons imparted by these events, and which all who opened their eyes might read—in lieu of turning her closest attention towards her western empire, redressing its grievances, facilitating and protecting its commerce, educating its youth, improving its laws and institutions, and at the same time keeping it in due submission by the strongest control of her authority and exertions of her power—instead of all this, what did she? She continued to creep on in the old worn-out path, to govern unjustly, injuriously, rapaciously, and at the same time so weakly, that her colonies had only to will their freedom, and they were free. With stupid wonder, Spain, herself on the verge of ruin, saw them shake her yoke from their necks almost without an effort.

They obtained their liberty; they did not exactly understand what that was, but they were as proud and as pleased as though they did: still less did they know what use to make of it, and instead of trying to find out, they talked in their assemblies of Greece and Rome, Cæsar, Pompey, and the Gracchi—gave themselves high-sounding republican titles—quarrelled with their neighbours and with each other—and finally—look at them now—at the expiration of five or six and twenty years, what are they?—a mere prey to the spoiler.

These states are not fitted for republicanism: that form of government, it would appear, suits best a nation in its first vigour, emerging from barbarism, while yet free from the taints of luxury and ambition. The States of South America are not forming from the strength of youth, but from the decrepitude of old age; they are remnants of the two most degenerated nations of Europe, the Spanish and the Portuguese, with their negro mixtures. The Portuguese, it is true, have as yet no republic, but their taste is decidedly that way. One cannot choose but laugh at spying the pig-tail, huge cocked hat, and tarnished embroidery of the old Spaniard and Portuguese protruding through the hastily-assumed toga of republican Rome—the ass in the lion's skin.

The author of this sketch will not apologise to her readers for presuming that they know but little about either Paraguay or Francia. Not even the detention of M. Bonpland, and the efforts made in Europe by his family for his release, could attract the public attention towards this secluded territory and its ruler. A small volume has been published by Messrs. Menger and Longchamps, Swiss gentlemen, travelling as naturalists, who were detained at Assumption (the capital) as unjustly as was M. Bonpland, from 1819 to 1825. This narrative is written with much good sense and simplicity, and its account is confirmed by the information personally received by the present writer from two other gentlemen who had been in Paraguay, one of them as a *detenu* for five years. From these sources is derived the following sketch, with the anecdotes which accompany it:—

Paraguay is an inland state of nearly the size of England, with a salubrious climate and rich soil, watered by fine navigable rivers, with a population of about five hundred thousand.

After some puerile attempts to establish a few republican forms and names, consuls, a legislative assembly, &c., the whole state sunk in the short space of four years under the absolute controul of one master-mind; Gaspard Roderick de Francia was created Dictator, at first for three years, and at the expiration of that time for life.

Francia was born in Paraguay, and has never been beyond the Spanish colonies of South America. His father is supposed by many to have been a Portuguese, but he prefers to have it believed that he is of French origin; his mother was a creole of Paraguay, and he was one of several children.

He was intended for the Church, but his destination was changed, and he embraced the profession of the law. He received the first rudiments of his education from the monks at Assumption; he then studied at the University of Cordova du Tucuman, where he was admitted Doctor of Theology, and he is usually denominated Doctor Francia.

In the exercise of his profession as a lawyer, and especially as a judge, he was remarkable for his integrity and disinterestedness. He was elected a Member of the *Cabildo*, and afterwards succeeded to the office of *Alcaldi*. He was exceedingly independent, flattered no party, and professed his sole political object to be the entire separation of Paraguay from Spain, and its formation into a republican state.

When the revolution was effected, a junta was established, to which Francia was appointed secretary, with a deliberative voice; but all was in confusion; the army, as usual on such occasions, seemed inclined to take the lead, and for a time terror and dissension alone prevailed. Francia, however, at that critical moment, obtained an ascendancy he never afterwards lost: his superior talents, address, and information were constantly appealed to, and nothing of any importance could be transacted without him.

At length it was settled that the government should be *consular*; Francia and a colleague were appointed consuls for one year, each in supreme command for four months at a time; Francia took care to secure to his share the first and the last four months of the year. Two curule chairs were prepared on this occasion; upon one was inscribed the name of Cæsar, and on the other that of Pompey; Francia eagerly took possession of the first.

But the grand blow yet remained to be struck; by the most consummate art and management, and by the influence he had obtained over the troops, he got himself at the end of the year proclaimed Dictator, and, as before said, at the end of three years, Dictator for life. The first nomination took place in 1814, when Francia was about 53 years of age.

From the moment he found his footing firm, and his authority quietly submitted to, his whole character appeared to undergo a remarkable change: without faltering or hesitation, without a pause of human weakness or a thrill of human feeling, he proceeded to frame perhaps the most extraordinary despotism that has ever been submitted to. In Paraguay there exist at present but two classes—the Dictator forms one, and the populace the other; in the Dictator is lodged the whole power, legislative and executive, of the state; the populace has no power, and only one duty—to obey. All was done rapidly, boldly, and powerfully; he well knew the character of the weak and ignorant people at whose head he had placed himself, and who had had the temerity to presume that they possessed energy and virtue enough for a republic.

As the result of this remarkable effort, the middling orders are destroyed; there is no gradation between the ruler and the people—a man may be richer or better educated than his neighbour; but if these advantages be not quite as useful to the Dictator as they are to their possessor, they only render him liable to become an object of distrust and oppression.

Even that most difficult of all powers to control—the power of a bigotted but dissolute clergy over a deceived and ignorant people—Francia

has entirely mastered; not a monastic institution now exists in Paraguay. The poor old bishop appointed by Spain has been long in a state of derangement, brought on by his horror at the revolution and its consequences; his place is filled by a vicar-general, a creature of the Dictator's. No processions of any kind are allowed to take place except that of the *Fête Dieu*, and the Sabbath is the only religious holiday permitted to be observed. The Dictator nominates all the curates throughout the country, and withdraws them at his pleasure. He proclaims that every individual in Paraguay may adopt any creed he pleases; he may even be a Mahometan or a deist—anything but an atheist.

He has long since put an end altogether to the municipal body termed the *Cabildo*, not only in the capital, but in every town in Paraguay; in the former he has replaced it by a couple of alcaldes, a *fiel executor* (head of the police), and an advocate for minors; they are all dependent on him in every respect.

The Dictator is the sole receiver and disposer of all the revenues of the state; he observes great secresy concerning them, so that it has not yet been found possible to make a just estimate of their amount. The minister of finance is merely a principal clerk; he cannot make the smallest payment, or the most trifling delivery of stores, without the authority of the Dictator, whose economy is ludicrously minute. The only branch of expenditure on which he appears to be liberal is the provision of the warlike stores, which he is aware, in the event of an invasion, could not be procured; but although the supply is amply kept up, it is only by oppressing the foreign merchant or the native artizan. The salaries of the public functionaries are very moderate—many have none but their fees of office; the clergy are almost all supported by voluntary contributions. The public works are carried on by prisoners, or by means of forced labour, the master workmen alone receiving salaries.

The revenues of the state arise from tithes, a tax upon shops and storehouses in the capital, an import and export duty, the sale duty, stamps, postage of letters, fines, confiscations, the produce of the national domains (which are very extensive), and the *droit d'aubaine*.

Of these taxes the most severe are the import duty and the *droit d'aubaine;* the latter is one of the most wicked and unjust oppressions of this nature ever invented: by it, the state becomes the heir of all foreigners who die without legitimate children *born in Paraguay*. As the poor stranger breathes his last, he beholds the myrmidons of government in his house, taking inventories and affixing their seals—he is obliged to declare upon oath the amount of his property, without even deducting his debts—although he may be in the agonies of death, he is removed from his bed into another apartment, while his chamber undergoes the same scrutiny as the rest of his habitation; if yet likely to live for a few days, a small pittance is doled out from his own purse to supply him with mere necessaries; there is not left even sufficient for his interment, which is usually done by subscription, while his widow and foreign-born orphans are turned destitute from their roof.

The army is the Dictator's instrument of power—it consists of only five thousand regular troops and twenty thousand militia; the levies of both carefully exclude young men of education, or who belong to wealthy families. Among the regulars, all must serve at first, without exception, in the ranks, from whence they are raised, at the pleasure and choice of the Dictator, to fill the station of officers—that is to say, of ensigns and lieutenants, not more than half a dozen individuals at most possessing the rank of captain, beyond which there is no promotion. A soldier of the line can only be tried for any serious crime by the Dictator in person. Very strict discipline is enforced in all that regards their conduct as soldiers; but when off duty, they are at perfect liberty, lead licentious lives, and are seldom reprimanded for any misconduct towards the citizens.

There are at the capital two kinds of prisons; the public prison for criminals and debtors, and the state prison for offenders against the government. In the first, the prisoners are crowded together in the most unwholesome and miserable manner, without distinction of age, rank, sex, or species of crime; but their condition is not so hopeless and heart-breaking as that of the state-prisoners, who languish for years in darkness, chains, and solitude: not sickness, nor even the approach of death itself, occasioning more than a slight amelioration in their treatment. A Doctor Sabaler, who was as an especial favour allowed to be visited by one of the Swiss travellers in his medical capacity, died with the *grillos* on his feet, and was not allowed even to receive the sacrament.

But the most singular feature in the government of Francia is the perfect isolation in which he has succeeded in placing Paraguay. In the attainment of this object he has been no doubt assisted by the peculiar situation of the country: in the midst of an immense and thinly-populated continent, it stands alone and impenetrable: its large rivers, extensive forests and morasses, together with the vigilant measures adopted by the Dictator, render it next to impossible for a single individual to escape from his dominions; the attempt is perilous in the extreme: those who make it have to encounter the dangers of entirely losing every clue to their destination in the wilds; of being destroyed in one of the immense and frequent conflagrations of the forest; of excessive fatigue and exposure; of starvation, and of attacks from serpents, wild beasts, and savages: if they are brought back, instant execution, or chains and imprisonment await them.

The only possibility of escape is during the time that the river Paraguay overflows the surrounding plains; it is then *just* practicable, and *has been* effected: but the Swiss travellers give an interesting account of an attempt to escape during that time, in 1823, which failed. The fugitives, however, showed great want of foresight in their preparations: they had neither fire-arms nor fishing-tackle, both indispensable either to their defence or subsistence. The party consisted of a Mr. Escaffier, four free negroes, and a negress in a state of pregnancy. One of the men died from fatigue, another from the bite of a serpent; at one time they were surrounded by a conflagration, at another involved in an immense glade in the midst of a forest, where they wandered abont for fifteen days, seeking the only outlet it contained, namely, the one by which they had entered it. At last they were taken by a serjeant of militia; they were in so reduced a state that the whole party were quite incapable of defending themselves against one man: they were imprisoned and tortured, but ultimately treated with more lenity than might have been expected.

This singular system of national imprisonment extends not only to the natives of the *free republic* of Paraguay, but also in a most unjust and extraordinary degree to the foreigners residing there. The two Swiss gentlemen already alluded to were travelling for scientific purposes in these vast and unknown regions. At Corrientes, which was in a state of commotion, they were detained eight months, before being permitted to re-embark on the Parana, which conveyed them into Paraguay, and to Assumption, its capital, in July 1819. Here they were presented to the Dictator, and were told not to concern themselves about his government, but in all other respects to do as they pleased; and it appears that no obstacle was thrown in the way of their researches, for which long excursions into the country must have been necessary.

In consequence of a conspiracy being detected, and of some other commotions on the frontier, occasioned by the banditti of Artigas, who after a life of general plunder, upon all estates and parties, was forced to take refuge in Paraguay from his own troops—the port was closed, and all foreign communication put an entire stop to. This was a sad blow to the Europeans in Assumption, who now amounted to about forty persons, English, French, Swiss, and Italian; all merchants, except the two Swiss

gentlemen and an English physician. Still, however, they experienced no molestation, until the arrest of M. Bonpland, at his establishment on the frontier, dispelled their illusion. The excuse was that he had held communication with the rebel troops of Artigas, and that his establishment was formed less for commercial or scientific objects than to facilitate an invasion. A party of his Indians were massacred by the soldiers of the Dictator; M. Bonpland himself, although apparently unarmed and unresisting, was wounded; his property was plundered, and, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria. In the course of this painful journey, he forgot, like a good Christian, that he was among his enemies, and attended in his medical capacity the soldiers whom the Indians had wounded in their own defence. However, as soon as the Dictator was apprized of the treatment M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, and restored to him such of his property as had escaped the plunder of the soldiers; but he was not permitted to come to the capital; a residence was assigned to him near Santa Maria, where he remained a prisoner for many years: the more interest that was made for him, either by governments or individuals, the more Francia appeared to rejoice at having him in his power.

At length, having received an official notification of the acknowledgment of the South American Republics by England, accompanied by a request that the English in Paraguay might be permitted to leave the country whenever they pleased, with their effects, the Dictator ordered them to get their vessels ready. The Swiss gentlemen thought it a favourable moment to apply for the same benefit, which, after the delay of a couple of months, when they were beginning quite to despair, was suddenly granted. Passports were given to them at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, with orders to sail by a vessel that was to depart at *one* the same day—*two hours* allowed them to settle their affairs, make their preparations, and, above all, to pack up their collections of objects of natural history, several of which were of a very fragile nature. There is no spur like necessity. Leaving much in the hands of confidential persons, they went on board and sailed at the prescribed hour, amidst the good wishes of a multitude of spectators of all ranks; after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay—two years voluntarily, and four by forcible detention.

While on the subject of the treatment of foreigners in Paraguay, it will doubtless not be uninteresting to present an account of the reception there of a countryman of our own. He is one of the two gentlemen (the *detenu* for five years) already mentioned as having afforded to the writer of this the advantage of personal information. The account which follows is in his own words.

"It was late in the evening that the little sloop in which I took my passage had entered the waters of Paraguay. On the approach of night we secured our bark, as is the custom in that river, to a tree, in order to await the dawn of the next morning. We had not been long in this situation, when a certain noise, repeated and answered at intervals, attracted our notice. We had on board an Indian who was returning to his native country, in the capacity of our pilot; he told us that the noise proceeded from the encampment of a tribe of Indians who occupied the right bank of the river, and were then at war with Paraguay. This intelligence caused us some uneasiness. After supper, our men had scarcely retired to rest when a canoe came rapidly down the stream, and was alongside before the person on watch had discovered it. The noise made by him to arouse the people, seemed to have alarmed the persons in the canoe; they let go our chains and were gliding along with the current, when my fowling-piece, which happened to be at hand loaded with bird-shot, was discharged in their direction; they returned us the compliment once with ball, and left us to digest as we might this nocturnal encounter. Presuming that they would return during the night with additional force, we made some little

preparation to receive them. We were not disturbed, however, until day-break, when a canoe was seen coming up the stream: after a cautious approach, the persons in it hailed, and came on board; they inquired who was *patron* or master, and on the poor fellow going forward, they assaulted him with their sabres in the most brutal manner. I inquired the cause of such violent conduct; but the only answer I could get from them, was the frequent repetition, in a very agitated manner, of the words 'You will see presently.'

"I thought that our hour was come—that the villains were going to take us on shore among the bushes, and shoot us at once. The pilot, who spoke of course the Paraguay language, was asked who I was; on being told, I suppose they considered me entitled to equal attention with the master; so they took hold of me, but without striking, they tied both hands behind my back, as they had already done to him.

"In this situation an *eclaircissement* took place: instead of Indians as we had supposed them, our nocturnal visitors happened to have been free Paraguayos taking their rounds in their capacity of river patrol, or guard. Our small shot had spread so much that it slightly wounded three of the men, who in their terror took us for a man-of-war; and the silly fellows, under that impression, proceeded straight to the nearest piquet, where they made their report accordingly. The officer on guard, without waiting for further investigation, sent an express with the awful intelligence to the commandant of the district, who in his turn was equally expeditious in sending it on to the capital. I requested our captor (from whom we got the first part of this intelligence, and who was by degrees becoming less choleric and more disposed to hearken to reason) to ease the ties on our hands as much as was consistent with the security of our persons. As the master, smarting under the excruciating pain produced by the brutal manner in which they had tied him was crying aloud like a child, he was ordered to be untied altogether. My release soon followed: on the removal of the cords, and the re-action of the blood, the sensation was most unpleasant: for a moment or two I lost my sight, and could scarcely stand; my hands were swollen and much discoloured.

"The master fainted away on being untied, and was obliged to be carried below. On his recovery we were ordered into the canoe—conducted a few miles up the river—landed and lodged in a guard-house, where the master was immediately placed in the stocks. My time had not yet arrived. The serjeant who conducted us had, during our intercourse, become somewhat less hostile towards me, and wishing to save me the indignity of the stocks desired me to sit down in the porch of the guard-house, under the eye of the sentinel.

"The commander of the detachment forming this guard now made his appearance, not at all in a disposition to deprive me of the benefit of a repose in the stocks. His orders in this respect were soon complied with: but accident brought about my release sooner than either the fellow wished or I anticipated. As the affair of the previous night had now assumed quite a different shape to what had been originally given to it, it became the commander's duty to forward, without delay, a fresh bulletin, together with the papers and manifest of the vessel, as well as the correspondence, of which I might be the bearer. I told him he could have none of those papers unless I went on board. Persisting in this, I soon found myself at comparative liberty, accompanying the officer to the vessel. By the time we had returned to the guard-house his temper was somewhat mollified, and he did not insist on a second lodgment in the stocks. The rest of the day was passed in much preparation, and it must have been about ten o'clock at night when the master was roused from his slumbers in the stocks; we mounted on horseback, and, strongly escorted, travelled all night. At day-break we were in sight of, and not very distant from Neembucii, the residence of the commandant of the district,—a halt was

ordered, and a person approached, who told me with civility that he must secure my hands before we entered the town. I desired him to do his duty; he then fixed a cord to my arms above the elbows, leaving sufficient play to guide the horse: the master was served in like manner. This individual, a native of Portugal, had hitherto wished to pass himself off upon me as the bravest of the brave; but ever since our capture he had behaved in a very pusilanimous manner, often crying aloud, entreating the mercy of the brutal Paraguayos, and ever and anon using earnest supplication to the Virgin Mary.

"We were very soon conducted to the presence of the awful commandant of Neembucii; a tall, lank, elderly man, and with his arm stretched out very like a cross-road sign-post. On our approach, he apparently assumed his most imposing manner, and asked 'how we had the temerity to fire on his people?' I replied, 'that we did not know them to be his people—that they came alongside and attempted to board in a dark night without hailing; a conduct so unusual, that we took them to be some of the barbarous Indians, whose signals we had heard a little time before, and that under similar circumstances we should again act in the like manner.' After expressing his indignation, he ordered our bonds to be removed, sent the master to the common prison, and placed me under the surveillance of a guard stationed on the bank of the river, to keep a look-out for such vessels as might be passing either up or down. I passed about a week in this situation, but that week produced a great change in our affairs. Francia had received in due course the intimation of the presence of an enemy's vessel in the river, and lost not a moment in adopting defensive measures. Six hundred men were under marching orders for the frontier, when the intelligence reached him that the terrible man-of-war had dwindled down into an insignificant merchantman, and that his men had been accidentally wounded with bird-shot, for having attempted to board at night without hailing. He was very angry with his people on this occasion, and particularly chagrined at the want of etiquette which had caused them to be taken for barbarous Indians: 'Would to God,' he exclaimed, 'that the Englishmen had sunk them!'

"About one-half of the troops assembled were sent after all to Neembucii under a new commander, so that I had the pleasure to see the old one removed in disgrace. His successor treated me with civility, placed me in possession of my vessel, and restored me the master.

"From this place we had a long passage of about three weeks to the capital, where I found that the sensation produced by our rencontre with the canoe was very great. Much speculation was afloat about the reception I was to meet with from the Dictator.

"On landing, I was conducted by a soldier to the government-house, where my arrival was announced. I had not to wait long before I was requested to enter; the day was cold and rainy—I was dressed in a body-coat buttoned, over which I wore a great coat—my pocket-handkerchief, for convenience of access, was pushed in between the buttons of my coat at the breast. The officer requested me to take off my great coat, and, without saying a word, he pulled out my pocket-handkerchief—then, without further ceremony, requested me to enter.

"At the end of a long interior corridor I saw a thin, spare man, not very tall, with a pen stuck behind one ear. His coat, which was made of light grey cloth, might be said to be neither civil nor military; a little stripe of lace on the shoulder was all that distinguished it from any common garment of the same class. Not taking this personage for the Dictator, I hesitated to proceed, but he beckoned and I advanced. I told him I was an Englishman just arrived; he asked when I had left Buenos Ayres? why I had remained so long on the way? and many other questions. He spoke of England and the English people with great affability and frankness of manner.

"I have heard that persons admitted to his presence have been required to stand, and to place their hands in a certain position; I studied no particular posture, nor did he seem to pay the least attention to it. He told me that I had several countrymen in the city, some of whom were then about returning to Buenos Ayres: he then dismissed me in a manner indicating kindness and friendship more than anything else. He made no allusion to the affair of the canoe, and in that respect I thought it prudent to follow his example; although, if it had come from himself, I was rather desirous to speak to him on the subject.

"The Paraguayos are a kind and hospitable people, and during the many pleasant excursions I made into the interior of the country, they amply atoned to me, by their attention and civilities, for the barbarous manner in which I was treated on entering their country."

This gentleman intended to have stayed two months in Paraguay; he was detained *five years*, only receiving his release at the time I have alluded to, when permission was granted to the English to quit, and in which permission the two Swiss gentlemen, Messrs. Menger and Longchamps, were so fortunate as to get themselves included. There were also some French merchants who had already been detained some years, and who *have not yet* effected their release; a representation on the subject is at this moment making to the French minister at the court of Rio de Janeiro.

Another class of persons whose situation in Paraguay calls for the commiseration of all, is that of the Spaniards. Against them the suspicion, jealousy, and hatred of Francia are particularly directed; as in Brazil the Portuguese are the chief objects of enmity, and as in the United States the English are the most disliked of all Europeans.

The Spaniards at the time of the revolution formed the most wealthy and educated class of the community; most of them had Creole wives; notwithstanding which, their race was declared extinct so far as related to civil affairs, and they were prohibited for the future from intermarrying with white women. This decree was, however, suffered to lie dormant until Francia had arrived at the height of his power; when, unfortunately, a fanatic Spaniard being exasperated at the quartering of six hundred men in the Convent of St. Francis, had the imprudence openly to exclaim, "The Franciscans, it is true, are extinct, but Francia's turn is yet to come." This language was duly reported—the culprit was sent for· "As to when I shall go," the Dictator said to him, "I really am ignorant; but this I know, that you shall go before me." The unhappy man was shot next day, his property confiscated, and his widow and children reduced to beggary.

This was the commencement of the reign of terror, as far as regarded the Spaniards; the consular decree just mentioned was revived, and confiscations and executions rapidly increased. At length a conspiracy was formed; it was headed by Francia's late colleague, and other members of the junta established at the revolution—it was discovered—torture, chains, and death succeeded, and the failure of this hostile attack only served to confirm the power of the Dictator.

The convicted and the sufferers upon this occasion had been chiefly Creoles, but Francia was resolved to strike one grand blow at the Spaniards, against whom his suspicion never slept. Having shot one of them for not pleasing him in some mason-work he had been intrusted with, the Dictator issued an order calling on all the Spaniards inhabiting the city and places within a league of it to assemble in three hours at the square in front of the government-house. They assembled to the number of three hundred; they were accused, among other frivolous charges, of obstructing the proceedings of government; they were led to prison, and crowded by fifties into ill-ventilated rooms, where they were shut up at night, and by day were allowed to walk in a small yard. The Dictator appeared to

think that he treated them with great lenity, and called them, not his *prisoners*, but his *recluses*. The late Governor of Paraguay, who had ruled up to the time of the revolution, contrary to the usual practice of his countrymen, with much justice and moderation, was among the number; he sickened and died, without being able to procure medical assistance.

Some of the prisoners, those of humble condition, were in a short time enlarged, but compelled to withdraw from four to ten leagues' distance from the capital. The more influential persons remained in prison nearly nineteen months, and only recovered their liberty on the hard condition of paying within three days a fine of 150,000 piastres. The money was exacted upon so rigorous a principle, that one individual having died, his contingent was levied on his orphans, although they were Creoles. Three were kept in prison for default of payment, and many others were only enabled to make up their proportion through the kindness of some Creole merchants: much to the credit of the Paraguayos be it told, that on this occasion they buried in oblivion their national antipathy, and liberally assisted, fed, clothed, and employed the poor Spaniards, to whose influence in the state Francia had thus given a death-blow.

The complete isolation of Paraguay produced one important benefit; the inhabitants were forced to pay attention to agriculture, which the Dictator wisely encouraged, and by his own practical knowledge greatly improved. Besides the cultivation of the tobacco-leaf, the sugar-cane, and the zucca-root, which together with the preparation of the *herb of Paraguay*, had hitherto exclusively employed the industry of the natives,—their fruitful plains began now to be spread over with rice, maize, fruits, and vegetables hitherto unknown to them. Above all, the cultivation of cotton, which article they had until now received wholly from Corrientes, succeeded so well, that its home produce entirely replaced the quantity which had been usually imported. The encouragement of the breed of horses and horned cattle produced the same effects. Manufactures kept pace with agriculture; and the clothing of the people, which had for the most part been imported ready made at a great expense, was now entirely manufactured and made up at home. The Brazilian Consul on his return from Paraguay in 1825, embarked at St. Catherine's, on board the frigate commanded by the husband of the writer of this sketch, and is the other informant to whom allusion has been made. He presented the writer with a scarf and pocket-handkerchief from Assumption; the scarf is of white cotton, of a rough, unfinished texture, with the ends most elaborately worked in all manner of devices; the pocket-handkerchief is of French cambric, worked in Assumption, most richly and delicately, although it had evidently been so long in hand that the material itself had become worn. The Consul stated, that the females employed in these fine works were constantly attended by slaves, and were not even permitted to turn the handle of a door, for fear of spoiling the delicacy of their touch.

Thus out of evil came forth good; for it cannot be denied that Francia's suspicions and illiberal system has brought out, in objects of the first importance, the dormant energies of a very talented people. Commerce, where it precedes agriculture and manufactures, is out of its place, and this is its situation generally in regard to South America, which remains poor in the midst of mines of silver, gold, and gems. Commerce has also, in this point of view, a demoralizing effect—it encourages expense and idleness; it produces foreign luxuries, where no home-comforts exist; speculation and rapacity take the place of steady industry; all is show and incongruity—nothing substantial and consistent. Some ludicrous effects have been related of this premature introduction of foreign conveniences.

At an inland estate in Brazil, the negroes and their overseers were employed in carrying ore, with all its weighty additions of earth, stone, and rubbish to the stamping-mill, which was at a considerable distance from the mine, and much time and labour were wasted in the conveyance. To

obviate this inconvenience, the owner of the estate, who was at Rio de Janeiro, sent them a supply of wheelbarrows from a lot which had been just imported. The sagacious overseers and their sable workmen admired the contrivance of the wheelbarrows, which they perceived would carry three times as much as could be transported in the usual way; accordingly they loaded them—the patient blacks stooped their silly heads—the wheelbarrows were placed on them, and they staggered along under the painfully-increased load—congratulating themselves, however, that they should have but one run instead of three; and this continued, no one, black or white, discovering the blunder, until the astonished owner returned and rectified it.

A gentleman travelling in the interior of Brazil put up for a night at a farm-house, furnished in the primitive style of the country; but on the table, in company with a long tallow candle, were placed a handsome pair of plated snuffers and its stand, which he had received as a present from Rio de Janeiro. "What conveniences you invent in Europe!" said the Brazilian to his guest; "before I received this pretty present, I used, after taking off the candle-snuff to throw it about the floor, or perchance on the bench where I was sitting, or over my clothes—but now, mark the difference!" So saying, he pinched off the long snuff between his thumb and finger, put it carefully into the snuffers, and closed them up with a look of triumph at his highly-amused spectator.

But to return: while agriculture and manufactures thus rapidly improved and flourished, commerce on the other hand was absolutely annihilated. During the close of its port, Assumption resembled a coast where a hundred ships had run aground, and its storehouses, as well as those of the other principal towns, were heaped with rotting tobacco and the herb of Paraguay; the latter, which grows wild in the forests, being the staple commodity of the country, used for making *mattè*, a kind of tea, without which the Spanish Americans can scarcely exist.

Among numerous instances of the breach of hospitality by Francia, one singular example of its observance merits being recorded. The bandit chieftain Antigas had done a great deal of injury to Paraguay, both by land and on the river, and had incensed Francia yet further by fomenting revolts among his Indians. Nevertheless, when one of Antigas's lieutenants rebelled against him, and forced him to retreat with the wreck of his army, he threw himself on the mercy of the Dictator, and his appeal was listened to. He was conducted by an escort to the capital, where he was very anxious to obtain an audience of the Dictator; but this was refused, and he was sent to the village of Curngnaty, eighty-five leagues north of Assumption. From that place it is impossible for him to escape but by a desert on the Brazilian side, of which there is very little danger that he will avail himself, after the excesses he has committed against that nation. The Dictator assigned him a house and lands, with thirty-two piastres a month (his pay formerly as lieutenant of chasseurs), and ordered the governor of the circle to furnish him besides with whatever accommodations he required, and to treat him with great respect. It appears that since that time Antigas has wished to expiate, at least in part, the iniquities he has perpetrated. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor in Curngnaty. It is presumed that he is still residing there.

Among other means of making himself master of all that passes in his territory, Francia has suppressed the post-office; but the post-masters keep their places, in order to expedite official letters, and collect the postage of all others brought by private conveyance, for these letters do not pass free. The violation of the confidence of letters is so well known, that few take the trouble of sealing them.

Francia does not encourage education, but he throws no obstacles in its way: he allows the public elementary schools for boys, which he found

established at Assumption, to continue, and takes no notice of several private seminaries that have lately been formed for both sexes.

The city of Assumption is built in the shape of an amphitheatre upon a rising ground, washed by the river Paraguay. Its streets, in 1820, were crooked, irregular, and narrow. The houses, consisting of only one floor, generally stood apart from each other; they were interspersed with trees, little gardens, brushwood, and patches of verdure. Numerous springs issued from the ground in every part of the town, and formed streams or stagnated into pools; the rain-water had furrowed the soil, and broken up all the sloping streets. Such was the city Francia undertook to remodel; and the description given by the Swiss gentlemen of the effects produced by ignorance, miscalculation, and injustice, are almost incredible. At the end of four years the capital of Paraguay presented the aspect of a city that had been bombarded for several months; whole streets were seen bordered merely by hedges of dry reeds; and among the thinly-scattered houses, but a very few had their fronts towards the street. The individual loss and suffering exceeded calculation.

It may be interesting to give, in conclusion, a few details of the private life of Francia, and a few anecdotes concerning him, which will place this singular personage in a closer point of view.

Discovering once (before he became corrupted by the acquisition of power) that he was possessor of eight hundred piastres, he thought this sum too much for a single person, and he spent it. There seems to have really existed originally in the breast of this man somewhat of that simple and severe species of virtue which is essential in the formation and preservation of a republic.

The unfavourable change in his disposition when he became Dictator perhaps not even he himself can clearly account for; he was past the age when any dormant vice, except that of avarice, springs up in the character; he was not dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of exalted rank, nor even by that nobler weakness, the desire of fame; for he takes no pains to display his power, or spread his reputation among foreign nations, nor to hand it down to posterity. On the contrary, he carefully shrouds himself, and as far as possible his dominions, in haughty seclusion. Admitting that he had become convinced that his country in her present state was not fitted for republicanism, and that it was requisite for her real welfare that absolute power for a time, at least, should be wielded by one able and vigorous hand—still, on assuming that power, had he not the most splendid opportunity ever enjoyed by a man, of rendering the most lasting and essential benefits to his country? Admitting even that it was necessary for him to rule with a rod of iron in one hand, who would have blamed him had he showered down blessings with the other?

One of the strongest and most painful proofs of how little the real good of his people lies at the heart of Francia, is, that no provision appears to be made for their government at his death, which may now, from his great age, be soon expected. All then will probably relapse into anarchy, unless the army take affairs into its own hand, and experience has fully shown us what the governor and the governed are then likely to endure.

The ruling, or rather the absorbing passion of Francia, is the love of power—of power for itself alone; it is with him a pure, abstracted principle, free from desire of the splendour which usually surrounds it, of the wealth which usually supports it, and of the fame which usually succeeds it. To this passion is united one more spring of action, and one only—it is the fear of assassination:—"Even-handed justice returns the chalice to his own lips,"—he who inflicts terror on all around him is himself its greatest slave; and for one death that he causes, he suffers in imagination a thousand.

There is one peculiarity which must not be omitted in any scrutiny into the causes of Francia's habits of mind. His father was of very eccentric

habits, his brother and one of his sisters were lunatics, and he himself is subject to fits of hypochondria, which have sometimes degenerated into madness: his mind is therefore not *sound;* but while the knowledge of this fact diminishes our wonder at the inconsistency of his character, it very much increases it as to the folly of the people, who with such abject submission bend down their necks for him to trample on.

When the hypochondriacal fit comes on, Francia sometimes shuts himself up for several days, but if unhappily he does not do this, he ill-treats every one around him, orders arrests, inflicts the severest punishments, and thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death.

On the occasion of an execution, the Dictator himself gives out the ball-cartridges, and so parsimonious is he of these materials, that he allows but three men to each execution; so that, in more instances than one, the unhappy victims have been dispatched by the bayonet. Francia is a witness of these scenes of horror, for the executions take place always beneath his window, and frequently in his actual presence.

Once, while under the influence of his hypochondriacal affection, being offended at the intrusion of a poor woman, he gave the following order to the sentinel placed in front of his gate:—"If any passenger should dare to *fix his eyes* upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, *this* is for a second shot—(handing him another musket loaded with ball)—and if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss *you*." The order being quickly made known through the city, the inhabitants carefully avoided passing before this terrible palace, or if any person was obliged to do so, he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground. A fortnight had passed without any accident, when an Indian of the tribe of Payagua, who knew nothing of the order, stopped to look at the Government-house; the sentinel discharged his carbine, but missed him, probably intentionally: the report of fire-arms brought out the Dictator, and when the cause was made known to him, he revoked the order, averring that he did not recollect ever having given it.

Francia was never married; but in his earlier days he was by no means insensible to the charms of the fair sex; however, on becoming Dictator, he abjured them altogether, and at the same time relinquished play. The only being for whom he seemed to have any lasting attachment was a sister, who was usually in charge of his country-house; but so jealous is he of his authority, that he sent her away, because she took upon herself to order a slave to be chastised. He has nephews, but apparently takes no interest in them; when he became Dictator he dismissed two, who were officers in the army, only from the fear that they might presume upon their relationship. One he confined in irons four years for having at a ball (it seems people dance even in Paraguay!) struck a man who had insulted him; and another passed a year in the public prison for having employed one of the military band in a serenade which he gave his mistress.

At the commencement of Francia's dictatorship for life, while the people were not yet sufficiently trained for their yoke, when he rode out on horseback he was escorted by hussars; two went before and one followed him; it was their duty to see that every person on the road stopped in the most respectful manner as he passed. At a subsequent period, Francia required his attendants to drive back on the highway all who presented themselves; and the blows of the flat part of the sabre, with which these directions were enforced, very soon disgusted the curious.

He imprisoned the wife of a conspirator, who, upon the arrest of her husband, took the resolution of joining together the broken threads of the conspiracy. Though detected and put in irons, she still repeated every day, "Had I a thousand lives to lose, I would risk them all to destroy this monster!"

A woman out of jealousy accused her lover of having uttered offensive expressions against the Dictator, who ordered the unfortunate man to re-

ceive a hundred blows: but the latter was so averse to this disgraceful punishment, that he begged to be shot rather than undergo it, and his request was immediately complied with. The Dictator, however, was never known to reward either a spy or informer; on the contrary, he so justly appreciated their character, that he dismissed some officers who had acted for him in that capacity, as soon as he had no further use for their services.

Since 1820, Francia has taken no part in public worship, and has seized every occasion to show his dislike to the established religion. To a commandant, who asked him for the image of a saint, that he might place a newly-constructed fortress under its protection, he answered—"O people of Paraguay, how long will you remain idiots! When I was a Catholic I believed as you do, but *now* I know that bullets are the best saints you can have on the frontiers."

To give an idea of the instruction of the clergy, one anecdote will be enough. In the vale of Ita, about thirty miles from the capital, there is a community of Indians, subjects of Paraguay, who had a curate, the son of a warrior, on whom the king of Spain had conferred the title of Don, in reward for some service. This title, which the courtesy of modern times extends to all who have the least pretension to gentility, descended by right to his son, the curate, who, it appears, had been regularly educated for the Church. He was a kind, hospitable, social man, much beloved in the neighbourhood, and sought after by all travellers. There were three points on which he piqued himself: his great sobriety, the abundance and excellence of his table, and his deep knowledge of sacred history. It was no doubt his superiority on the last point which, in despite of his reputation for gallantry, attracted all the fair penitents of the country round. As a specimen of his scriptural erudition, he maintained that the Sacred Founder of our religion (whose name I dare not mention in such a sentence as this) "and Mahomet were very intimate friends; that they met frequently to discuss certain points of their respective religions, and that many an evening had they passed together, sitting on the same cloth, and smoking out of the same hookah."

Besides the neighbours and strangers that usually met at the Padré's hospitable board, its benefits were extended to fifteen cats and one-third that number of dogs, which daily surrounded it, and were fed from the hand of their benevolent master. The Padré in the hot weather regularly *un*-dressed for dinner; sitting down only in a pair of long drawers, trimmed at the ankles with lace, and a scarf thrown over his shoulders; of these he had a great variety, worked by the fair penitents aforesaid. Indeed the Paraguays, although fond and vain of dress on occasions of show, are very indifferent to it as an object of decency and comfort. Both sexes are permitted, especially in the country, to go unclothed, until they are well advanced in their teens; if a young girl be sent on a message to a neighbouring farm, she merely throws a scarf over her head, its ends hanging negligently down in front, and thus trudges along quite unconscious of the surprise her singular appearance excites in the passing stranger. From this complete freedom they spring up strait and well-proportioned: "I could not help," says the informant of the present writer, "comparing them to the palm-trees around; they were as graceful and as pliant, and like them, too, their heads alone were covered."

Francia is much praised for his disinterestedness in regard to money: his private fortune has never been increased by his elevation; he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear. He is not forgetful of the claims of old fellowship or kindness, provided they are accompanied with diffidence and great respect.

The Dictator admits of no confidant; he has never been known to take counsel of any one, nor can any one boast of ever having exercised influence over him.

"I knew an officer," says our liberated fellow-countryman, "of the Dictator's body-guard, who was supposed to be making rapid progress in his favour; he did not however stand his ground long; he was dismissed, and having no family who could support him, was reduced to become a day-labourer in the fields. One day, while strolling in the neighbourhood of the city, I saw this individual, naked from the waist upwards, occupied in roasting sweet mandioca for his dinner.

"The body-guard," he continues, "was composed of about a hundred picked men, the tallest and handsomest that could be found in the country. The lieutenant, by whom the guard was commanded, was a young man of very little education, although the son of parents in easy circumstances. From his situation about the person of the Dictator, he was much looked up to by many, and was considered as possessing favour at head-quarters. This youth grew uncommonly vain, and scarcely knew how to walk or dress, till at last not a day passed without producing some new or extravagant article of apparel. Francia saw with displeasure his monkey-like behaviour, and one morning, when he presumed to appear at parade in an extraordinarily-shaped and ornamented jacket, he called him, and with some familiarity asked where he had got his pretty jacket?—'You look extremely well in it,' said Francia, 'but I think you would look still better if you were to take off your trousers, and wear it without them, after the fashion of your countrymen.' The poor fellow was obliged to take the hint, strip, and walk a turn or two before the Dictator, who complimented him on his appearance, and appealed to the soldiers as to whether he had not suggested a striking improvement. After this scene his services were no longer required."

This corps looked well; it was clothed in a handsome manner, and was much esteemed by Francia for a time: when in good humour he was in the habit of calling it his corps of "Frenchified Russians," thereby meaning, "barbarians in progress of civilization." However, it finally incurred his displeasure and was disbanded.

Francia treats his officers with very little ceremony; when displeased he abuses them in the presence of the soldiers, as though they were his menial servants, thus aiming at diminishing their importance and increasing his own.

The death of a person, in his service, under the following melancholy circumstances, produced a great effect upon the mind of the Dictator, and was followed by some beneficial consequences. About the middle of 1824, a young man (of whose capacity Francia entertained a high opinion, and for whom he had created the office of secretary of state) having committed some trifling errors in the exercise of his functions became alarmed for the consequences. Dreading to be reproached or dismissed by the Dictator, he resolved to drown himself, though, as first officer of the government, he might have effected his escape. Before dying, he wrote a letter to the Dictator, in which he gave an account of his official conduct, adding, that in the position in which he stood, he considered that flight would dishonour his country and disgrace his name. The Dictator was moved; he perceived how heavily his yoke bore even upon those who were most devoted to him. He was induced to hint that the time was not far distant when Paraguay might enjoy some liberty. Imprisonments became less frequent; none but criminals were sentenced to death, and the denunciations of informers were more disregarded: he punished, too, in his army, some instances of oppression and insolence towards the people. In short, Paraguay, from that moment, began to breathe somewhat more freely, and the self-sacrifice of this honourable and heroic youth was at least not made in vain.

The Swiss travellers describe the Dictator as a man of middle stature, with regular features, and those fine black eyes which characterize the Creoles of South America; and as having a most penetrating look, with a

strong expression of distrust. On their first introduction he wore the official costume, which consisted of a blue laced coat (the uniform of a Spanish general,) waistcoat, breeches, stockings of white silk, and shoes with gold buckles. He was then sixty-two years of age, but did not appear more than fifty. At the commencement of a conversation he is haughty and intimidating, but if met with firmness, he softens down, and finishes, when in a good humour, by conversing very agreeably; and he is then perceived to be a man of great talent and extensive acquirements. He is a devoted admirer of Napoleon, whose downfall he always deplores; he contemplated with much interest his portrait when shown to him by the Swiss gentlemen; he had in his possession a caricature of Napoleon, which he had mistaken for a portrait, until his visitors explained the German inscription that was underneath it. They believe that it must have been this caricature that suggested to the Dictator the idea of adding to his costume an enormous badge in imitation of the clumsy star with which Napoleon is decorated in that piece. Francia also showed the strangers his library, which, together with the best Spanish authors, contained the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Rollin, &c. He possessed, also, some mathematical instruments, globes, and maps—among the latter the best map of Paraguay that is to be found in the country. From the knowledge of the constellations, which he acquired by means of his celestial globe, and of the localities of his own territory by the map, it is imagined by the people that he is an astrologer, but he himself does not encourage this notion.

In the last interview Dr. Renger had with Francia, when at the end of six years he and his friend had conceived hope from the English being permitted to depart, and ventured to ask for passports, Francia listened to the request without replying to it, but desired Dr. Renger to go and inspect some forty or fifty recruits who had fallen sick. On his return, Francia asked him several questions about his travels in the interior of Paraguay, and what he intended publishing. He appeared to be very well satisfied with the recognition of the new republics by England, and said, "The French government was wrong not to have been beforehand with the English. The analogy between the characters of both nations, a common religion, and the nature of the produce and manufactures of France, which are better adapted to the wants of these countries, seemed to call for amicable relations, which would have opened new and invaluable channels to French commerce. But that government, instead of signalizing itself by an act of liberality, which was in perfect conformity with the interests of France, has preferred maintaining, by a ruinous expedition, a tottering throne, the fall of which it can only defer, but not ultimately prevent. I should not be surprised to see that government making an attack upon our republics in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh, and that is one of my reasons for not permitting the French who are here to depart. With regard to your request, we shall consider of it." The result of this conversation is known to the reader. One motive for the delay in granting the request was, that the Dictator wished to have appointed Dr. Renger chief physician to the troops, with the direction of a new military hospital he intended to establish.

Francia's household consists of four slaves—a negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. He leads a very regular life—the first rays of the sun rarely find him in bed. As soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water, which is heated in his presence. Francia then prepares with the greatest possible care his *maté*, or Paraguay tea; having taken this, he walks under the interior peristyle that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who manufactures them for him. At six o'clock the barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, but the

only member of the faculty in whom he confides. If the Dictator be in good humour he chats with him, and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects. This barber may be said to be his official gazette (no new incident, by the by, in the annals of history). He then puts on his dressing-gown of printed calico, and repairs to the outer peristyle, where he walks up and down, and receives at the same time those persons who are admitted to an audience. At seven he enters his closet, where he remains until nine, when the officers and other functionaries come to make their reports and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock the principal secretary brings the papers that are to be submitted to his inspection, and writes from his dictation until noon, when all the officers retire, and Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always orders himself; when the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's closet, who comes out and selects what he wishes for his own use. After dinner he takes his *siesta;* on awaking, he takes his *maté* and smokes a cigar, after observing the same precautions as in the morning. From this until four or five he is occupied with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives; the barber then enters and dresses his hair while his horse is saddling. During his ride Francia inspects the public works and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where a habitation is preparing for him. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre and a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols. He returns home about night-fall, and sits down to study until nine, when he takes his supper, consisting of a roasted pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine he again walks under the peristyle, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watch-word, and on returning into the house he fastens all the doors himself.

For several months in the year he resides at the cavalry barracks, which are outside the city, about a quarter of a league from his usual residence; but there his manner of living is the same, except that he sometimes takes the pleasures of the chace. In the apartments that he occupies there are always arms within his reach; pistols are hung upon the walls, or placed upon the table near him; and sabres, the greater number unsheathed, are to be found in every corner. This fear of assassination is also shown in the etiquette prescribed at his audiences: the person admitted must not approach nearer to the Dictator than six paces, until he makes him a sign to advance, and even then he must always stop at the distance of three paces, —his arms must be held close to his body, and his hands open and hanging down, so that it may be evident that he has no concealed weapons. The officers even are not permitted to enter his presence with swords by their sides. He is pleased, however, that the person addressing him should look him straight in the face, and return prompt and positive answers. He told Dr. Renger one day, when about to open the body of one of the natives, to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out. Alas! it was the fetter on the mind, beyond the skill of the physician to remove, that bowed down their necks.

In the foregoing sketch it has been the writer's object rather to excite than to gratify curiosity. It is impossible but that great interest will prevail towards Paraguay on the death of its singular ruler: none can contemplate with indifference the idea of this fine province, with its docile and industrious population, being given up to anarchy, and gradually returning to the waste desert from whence it has been struggling to emerge.

Rio de Janeiro, July, 1834.

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT?

Was I right, or was I not?
The age exact I cannot tell,
But 'twas some time in teens, I wot,
That I came out a dashing belle.
My mother called me "hare-brain'd chit,"
But that I heeded ne'er a jot,
For little Miss *must* flirt a bit.
Was I right, or was I not?

Away I sparkled in the ring;
And soon was known as false and fair.
Oh! 'tis a dear, delightful thing
When first we make a swain despair.
There was young Frederick all on fire,
Who vowed and swore—I know not what—
Of course I left him to expire.
Was I right, or was I not?

Dear me! I felt a trifle sad,
When all cried out "What have you done!"
For, sure enough, I loved the lad:
But who'd take up with number one?
So *vive l'amour!* I gaily cried,
And he, poor wretch, was soon forgot,—
For I'd an hundred sparks beside.
Was I right, or was I not?

Some shook their heads, but I had skill:
Lovers and friends I went on winning.
What will you have? I flirted still,—
Because I flirted at beginning.
A long gay train I led away;
Young Cupid sure was in the plot:
I thought the spell would last for aye;—
Was I right, or was I not?

But now 'tis come into my head
That I must grow discreet and sage;
For there are hints my charms have fled,
And I approach "a certain age."
So the next offer—that's my plan—
I'll nail, decisive, on the spot;
'Tis time that I'd secured my man.
Am I right, or am I not?

But ah! though gladly I'd say "Yes,"
The looks of all the men say "No."
Who would have thought 'twould come to this?
But mother says, "I told you so!"
Friends, lovers, danglers, now are gone:
Not one is left of all the lot,
And I'm a "maiden all forlorn!"
Is it right, or is it not?

Q. Q.

MY HONOURABLE FRIEND BOB.

It was at a public school that I first became acquainted with my friend Bob Burnaby; he was then a little round-faced, curly-pated boy about ten years of age; and I, being two years his senior, and there existing some intimacy between our parents, he was put under my especial protection. Bobby had been a spoiled child (the only one possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby,) and until his tenth year the world had been to him a world of pies and tarts, of comfits and comforts; his *will* had been the regulator of the paternal mansion, and his *pleasure* the main object promoted by his mother.

All this ended (that is, as far as the young gentleman's residence at Burnaby Hall was concerned) in those roots of all evil, idleness and ignorance: and some rash and glaring acts of insubordination having brought upon Bob's head the wrath of his father (whose head, by the by, was more in error than his son's,) the young reprobate had sudden notice to quit; and in spite of the threats, entreaties, and hysterics of Mrs. Burnaby, he was immediately borne off to the academic shades superintended by the Rev. Dr. Rearpepper.

I soon became very fond of Bob; we naturally feel attached to those who cling to us for support, and everything was so new to him, poor fellow, that without me he was miserable. By day and by night he was my appendage; he sat on the same form, at the same desk, casting up his little sums, or writing his little exercises; and at night his little bed was close to mine, and he used to talk to me about papa and mama, and the big dog Pompey, till he talked himself to sleep. At that very early age Bob had acquired a taste for extravagance; his money always burned a hole in his little breeches pocket, and when it was gone many a shilling did he borrow of me, and more did he owe to Mrs. Puffy, the fat vender of pastry, whose residence was "down the street."

These premature extravagances, petty as they certainly were, of course led to little difficulties; and perhaps the worst result likely to arise from early embarrassments is, the habit of fibbing, and making a mystery and a concealment of troubles, which nothing but candour could really remedy. And thus it was with Bob: had I not loved him, and been a real friend, he would have forfeited my friendship a hundred times; so often did he borrow, so often did he promise repayment, and so often did he forget to fulfil the promises he voluntarily made. But no, I wrong him, he did *not* forget; I always saw that he felt infinitely more annoyed than I did, when he stood before me a defaulter, and his flushed cheek and moistened eyes proved that he endured humiliation, and that *at heart* he was even then my *honourable friend*.

At sixteen I left Dr. Rearpepper's establishment, and many were the tears that poor Bob shed at my departure: he said nothing about the nine shillings and fourpence that he owed me, but when I said, "Bob, be sure you write to me," I suspect that he almost expected me to add, "and don't forget to enclose the money."

During my residence at Oxford we never met; at first our interchange of letters was frequent, and the style of our communications most affectionate: but gradually a change came over the spirit of our dream, and for a whole year I heard nothing of him. At length, by the coach came

a splendidly-bound copy of a work which he knew to be my favourite, and in the title-page was written my name, and underneath the words "from his affectionate and grateful friend, Bob."

"Yes," thought I, "as I read the inscription, "and still thou art my honourable friend." Bob, after so long a period had elapsed, was naturally ashamed to send me the few shillings which he owed me; but he could not be happy till he had spent many pounds on a gift which was intended to repay me. With the parcel I received a letter announcing his having entered the army, and adding that he was about to join his regiment, which was then on a foreign station. He entreated me not to suppose from his long silence that he had forgotten me; and in short, there was so much warmth of heart in the whole letter, that Bob was reinstated in my good graces, and I wrote him a most affectionate reply, assuring him that whenever we met he would find me unaltered.

After quitting Oxford, I travelled on the continent for many months, and on my return to England I found my friend Bob at an hotel in Bond-street, and in every sense of the word "a gay man about town."

Ours was more like the re-union of boys after a summer's vacation, than the meeting of men who had seen something of the world; we could talk only of the past, of frolic, and of fun; and while arm in arm we ranged the streets of the west end, we laughed almost as much, and were really nearly as thoughtless, as in the days when together we ranged the playground of old Rearpepper.

Whatever *I* may have been, Bob was indeed unchanged; and not alone in spirits and temper, for I soon found that his old habits had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He still retained his "sweet tooth," and daily did he lead me into Gunter's or Grange's (nay often into both in turn,) and there I saw him indulge, as he used of old in the habitation of Mrs. Puffy; the only difference was that his dainties were somewhat more refined, and more expensive; for, alas! I soon saw that the old injunction, "Put it down to my bill," had by no means fallen into disuse. I also saw, with regret, that all other tradespeople were most impartially dealt with by Bob in the same way; and I saw him take possession of trinkets, coats, hats, and boots, without considering it requisite to take his purse out of his pocket.

Now, I knew that Bob would eventually, in all probability, be exceedingly well off, but I greatly doubted his having it *then* in his power to pay for one-fourth of the valuable articles which I saw him so unceremoniously take possession of. I one day ventured to speak to him on the subject, and from his embarrassed manner, and the deepened colour in his cheek, I saw that he felt the truth of what I said; but I soon found that with the old error, he still retained the old bad habit of fibbing to endeavour to conceal it; and the consequence was that we spent our evening together with much more reserve than usual. The next morning I forgot all that had passed, for Bob ran to my bedside to inform me that he was ordered to India, and must leave London in a day or two: he showed me his letters, and it was evident that he must prepare for his immediate departure. We breakfasted together, and during the repast the waiter was continually presenting him with wafered notes, and it appeared that several persons had called very earnestly wishing to see him. I had my suspicions about these visitations, but said nothing.

Immediately after breakfast Bob took my arm, and requested me to

walk with him; and after passing through several streets and squares in unusual silence, and with an appearance of agitation in his manner, he suddenly addressed me.

"There is no alternative," said he, "I must go."

"You must indeed, Bob," I replied, "unless you are *detained*."

"*Detained!*" said Bob, blushing, "how do you mean?"

"Pardon me," I answered, "but really few young men could go on as you have lately done, and be prepared for a departure so sudden; now, my dear Bob, you know what my finances are; you know I have literally *nothing* to spare, but if knowing this, you think I can be of temporary use to you, command me."

Bob grasped my arm, and his eyes watered, but he was ashamed to own the extent of his incumbrances; he therefore hastily answered—

"This is like yourself, my dear friend, and at the moment you may indeed serve me by putting your name to a bill."

"Not of large amount, Bob, I trust?"

"No—yes—larger, I fear, than ——"

"If it be a large sum, Bob, you know that if your draft is not honoured when it is due I shall go to prison instead of you."

"Never," said Bob, with a fervour and an evidence of deep feeling which I could not distrust.

"Well, then, what is the sum?" said I.

"First let me tell you some circumstances which press heavily on my heart," said Bob; "not here—come with me this way."

And in solemn silence he led me to Park-lane.

"What can all this mean?" said I, at last.

"Hush!" said Bob, "you see that house?"

And he pointed to a very handsome and well-appointed mansion. Two footmen in splendid liveries were standing at the door, receiving cards from the window of a coroneted carriage.

"See the house?" I replied; "to be sure I do; and what then?"

"That house is owned by one of the richest commoners in England."

"I should think so," I answered.

"He has an only daughter," said Bob.

"Has he?" said I.

"His sole heiress," added Bob.

And again I answered, "What then?"

"I am ashamed of having concealed all this so long from so dear a friend," murmured Bob.

"All what?"

"But the secret was not my own."

"What secret?"

"That lovely girl!"

"Upon my word, Bob," I cried, "you put me out of all patience."

"I have won that girl's affections."

"The heiress!" said I.

"She loves me," whispered Bob.

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "this is news indeed. You have no occasion for assistance from a poor fellow like me."

"Oh!" said Bob, "you have not heard all; she loves me—to madness loves me—poor dear girl! But rich as her father is, were he to suppose that I am involved, he would forbid the match."

"A very sensible old man."

"That may be; but there is another obstacle—my rank. Clara will not consent to marry anything below a Captain."

I could not repress a laugh.

"It is a foible perhaps," said Bob, rather piqued; "but it is her only one, and I must humour it; but my promotion depends on my going to India, and——"

"Well, well," said I, "I understand all this; but tell me at once what you wish *me* to do for you?"

"To put your name to a draft for one hundred and ninety pounds," faltered Bob.

"Mercy on me! what a sum!" said I; "however, it must be done, and when the draft becomes due——"

"I will honourably pay it."

"If not, to prison I go; and now let us return to our hotel."

"One moment," said Bob; "I love to look at the house."

"At the casket which contains the gem?" said I.

"Yes, and for your sake too I love to look at it. You see those three windows shaded with sky-blue silk curtains? Oh! such a little room that is! and that room I always mean to be your own *exclusively*, when I am master of the mansion. Such a room! the furniture so exquisite! and such a view of the park! But come, we'll talk all that over while we are at dinner."

Before that meal was half finished, Bob seemed quite to have recovered his spirits; and I could not help suspecting, that as the prospect of an immediate separation did not seem to depress him, he loved the *lady* less than he loved her *gold*.

"I can't imagine, Bob," said I, "when you contrived to win your divinity; you and I have been for months almost inseparable, and——"

"Ask no questions," said Bob; "the secret is not my own."

"Not entirely, certainly," I replied; "so I will not interrogate you farther. Is she to inherit that house in Park-lane from her father?"

"To be sure she is; and such a house as it is! and that room which I mean for you! you are fond of a hot bath?"

"Very."

"There is a sky-blue silk sofa in that room, and when you touch a spring, it flies up (I don't exactly know how), and turns into the most delightful white marble bath!"

"How very nice!" said I.

"Yes, and so very complete! three cocks!"

"Three!" said I; "two you mean."

"No, no, three," replied Bob; "one for hot water——"

"Yes," said I.

"And one for cold——"

"Well, that makes *two*," said I.

"And one," said Bob, "for *eau-de-Cologne*."

In the evening I put my name to Bob's draft, and the next morning we parted with mutual expressions of regret.

I missed him sadly, and it so happened that after he went, many untoward circumstances occurred, which having first materially lowered my resources, next effectually lowered my spirits, and I used to saunter through our old haunts looking like the ghost of his companion.

When he was gone, I became acquainted with many circumstances connected with his expenditure which perfectly astounded me; and at the end of four months (exactly two months before it was to become due), I had every reason to doubt whether the draft for one hundred and ninety pounds would ever be paid. I was conscious of my own utter inability to pay it; and I therefore existed for a week or two in a state of mental excitement not to be described. One day after breakfast I sallied forth more dolorous than usual, and after wandering about for some time, I found myself in Park-lane, opposite the identical mansion inhabited by Bob's intended.

"Ah!" thought I, "were Bob now in possession of that house, all would go well with us; his heart is in the right place, poor fellow, but alas! before he puts me in possession of that sky-blue apartment, with the hot water, and the cold, and the *eau-de-Cologne*, I may be in prison and my name disgraced."

As I looked towards the balcony of the drawing-room, I saw a female watering some geraniums; and suddenly turning her head towards me, she seemed to recognize my person, and gave me a familiar nod.

I soon discovered it was my old friend and near connexion Mrs. Simmons, and beckoning me to the window, she exclaimed, "Oh! I'm delighted to see you—we only came to town yesterday—we are on a visit to Mr. Molesworth—pray come in, and I'll introduce you."

I knocked at the hall door in a state of mind not to be described—the hall door of a house in which I *(by anticipation)* already possessed a room of my own, with sky-blue curtains, and a bath overflowing with eau-de-Cologne! I walked up stairs, and my friend Mrs. Simmons received me at the drawing-room door, and introduced me to Mr. Molesworth (an old gentleman in a pair of gouty shoes) and his only daughter (a lovely fair-haired girl of about eighteen).

In this family I spent many happy days; and being, though unknown to her, so well acquainted with the secret of the young lady's heart, I became more intimate with her than I could have been with any one else without incurring the imputation of "serious intentions." In this instance, however, my knowledge of the fair heiress's engagement to another person made me feel perfectly at my ease; and we became the talk of all our acquaintances, without my being the least aware that we were engaged even in a little flirtation.

To my utter astonishment, Mrs. Simmons came to me one day (it was the day before that on which Bob's draft was to become due), and with a knowing look asked me why I was so out of spirits; I gave an evasive reply, for I did not choose to own the paltry pecuniary difficulty which was threatening to overpower me.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Simmons; "go boldly and make your offer; your connexions are unexceptionable, and whatever your present income may be, your prospects are excellent; besides, *she* has enough for both."

"And pray," I replied, "who do you mean by *she?*"

"Miss Molesworth, to be sure," said my friend, "I am sure she is attached to you, and——"

"You know nothing about it," said I, "for I can tell *you* that——"

I hesitated, for I had no right to betray Bob's secret.

"Well," said Mrs. Simmons, "here she comes, and I will leave you together."

With these words *exit* Mrs. Simmons at one door, and at the same moment *enters* Miss Molesworth at the other.

"What is the matter?" said the young lady, earnestly, "you seem agitated! what has happened?"

"Are we alone?" said I, after a pause. "It is better that I should be explicit."

Miss Molesworth started, coloured, and cast down her eyes. Had I been a favoured lover on the point of making my avowal of attachment, she could not have been more embarrassed.

"Do not be alarmed," said I, "I am Bob's best friend; and I know your secret."

"My secret!" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Yes, dear lady," I answered, "I am, as I told you before, the intimate friend of Bob."

"Of Bob!" said she.

"Yes," I answered, taking her hand, "I'm Bob's old schoolfellow."

"And pray, Sir," said she, withdrawing her hand, "who is Bob?"

"Do not distress yourself," I whispered, "do not think it necessary to conceal anything from me; before he left England Bob told me all."

"All what?" cried Miss Molesworth.

"Your mutual attachment—your engagement," I replied.

Miss Molesworth started up, colouring crimson; at first she could not articulate, but at last she said—"I know not, Sir, to what I am to attribute this conduct. I have been attached to no one—engaged to no one—I know not of whom it is you speak. I had considered you, Sir, in the light of a friend; but now, Sir, now——"

She could say no more, but sank on a chair beside me in a flood of tears. A mist at the moment fell from my eyes; I saw at once the full extent of Bob's unpardonable falsehood, and the distressing certainty flashed on my mind, that his draft would be dishonoured.

Mrs. Simmons entered at the moment, and found us both apparently plunged into the depths of despair. Miss Molesworth was in an instant weeping on her shoulder, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, without my knowing exactly how it happened, I found myself breathing forth vows of love to the young lady, and exulting in my discovery that her engagement to my friend Bob was a fable.

Miss Molesworth referred me to her father, but I read in her large blue eyes that she did *not* dislike me; I therefore retired to my bed that night full of love and hope, and dreamt of driving my wife in a chariot drawn by six dragons, over the mangled body of Bob Burnaby.

The next morning my first thought was of my approaching interview with Mr. Molesworth; but, alas! it was soon followed by my recollection of Bob's draft, and the too great probability that, before night, I should be in durance vile for the amount. My own resources were at the moment inadequate to meet the demand, and could I ask a rich man to let me marry his daughter, and expect that his first act would be to pay one hundred and ninety pounds to extricate me from a prison!

At length I made up my mind to walk to Bob's banker's, and at once ascertain the worst; I did so, and on my arrival I was astounded at being informed by a clerk, that "Mr. Burnaby had provided funds for the payment of his draft."

So far I had wronged my honourable friend; and I was therefore

able to appear in Park-lane in excellent spirits. "The course" of my "true love" did, for a wonder, "run smooth," and all our preliminaries having been finally arranged, the Molesworths left town for the family seat in Wiltshire, and I remained to arrange some legal and other matters which would in all probability detain me for a couple of months. I was sitting in my own room rather out of spirits the morning after my true love's departure, when the door opened, and in came Bob! He was so evidently delighted to see me again, that I could not help receiving him kindly. He spoke of the obligation I had conferred on him previous to his departure; and after frankly acknowledging the gratification I had felt at his punctuality, I said—"And now, Bob, that you have the rank of Captain, nothing can interpose to prevent your marriage."

"My marriage!" said Bob, blushing all over.

"Yes," I replied, laughing *in my sleeve;* "your marriage with the heiress of Park-lane!"

"Oh!" cried Bob, starting from his chair and pressing my hand, "never—never I entreat you mention that subject again."

"Why so?" said I.

"It is all off," sighed Bob.

"Off!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Bob; "the traitress!—but I cannot speak on the subject—never name it again."

I of course promised to obey him, and for some days we enjoyed ourselves very much in the old way. One morning he came to me in real distress, and told me that his tailor had threatened to arrest him for the amount of his bill; I offered to go and speak to the man, and endeavour to persuade him to give Bob time.

"If he will only give me a month," said Bob.

"Well," I replied, "I can but try him;" and away I went.

The tailor was inexorable; but he told me that if I would become responsible for the payment of the debt in a month, he would consent to wait: if not, he was determined to arrest Bob that day. I hesitated for a moment, and then recollecting his prompt payment of the hundred and ninety pounds, I made myself responsible for the amount of the bill, and then returned to congratulate my friend. When I had told him what I had done, he started up and exclaimed, "You do not mean it, you cannot have made yourself responsible for the amount of that fellow's bill?"

"I have, I assure you," said I.

"Then," said Bob, "you will have to pay it; I shall not have the money myself—I never asked you to incur the responsibility—I never expected it, and all I can say is, that you will have to pay."

"My dear Bob," said I, "it will not be in my power—I am peculiarly situated; at the end of a month I shall be most particularly engaged, and paying this will be out of the question."

Still Bob protested that he had never asked me to become responsible, and it ended in his leaving me in a very ill humour. My engagements with legal persons employed me for days together in the City, and I saw very little of Bob. When we did meet, my manner was cold and constrained, and it was not till within a day or two of the expiration of the month that I had time to think of the very inopportune and annoying responsibility which I had incurred. That very day I met Bob, and

spoke to him most earnestly and seriously about the payment; but he sighed most deeply—told me how much he lamented my having engaged to make the payment, and pathetically bemoaned the emptiness of his own pockets. The next morning I called on the tailor, earnestly requesting him to renew the draft for a month, and was then told that my honourable friend had called that very day, and had placed in his hands the sum for which I was responsible!

I went instantly to call upon him, and he received me with laughter, in which I could not resist joining; but I must confess I laughed the more from the recollection that my hour of revenge was at hand.

About a fortnight afterwards (the family of my intended having arrived in town for the wedding, which was to take place the next morning at St. George's Church, Hanover-square,) Bob inquired "*what* it was that seemed to occupy me from morning till night, and *why* it was that we so seldom met?"

"My dear Bob," said I, "it has been a secret, but I will now hide no secrets from you—I am going to be married to-morrow."

"Married to-morrow!" cried Bob; "tell me all about it—who is she? Where does she live? Is she pretty? Is she rich?"

"There is no time," said I, "to answer your questions at present; I dine with the family at six, and I mean to take you with me—go and dress, and in half an hour I will call for you in a carriage."

"Where does your intended live?" said Bob, as we drove along Oxford-street.

"Time will show," I replied.

"Where are we going now?" said Bob, as the carriage made a sudden turn.

"We are in Park-lane," I replied.

"And the lady lives——?" faltered Bob.

"In Park-lane," said I.

Bob sat in a state of evident confusion; and when the carriage stopped at Mr. Molesworth's house, he said, "I deserve this—I am quite ashamed of myself—come, come, turn back, and drive home."

"By no means," I replied, as the servant gave a thundering knock at the door, and then let down the steps of the carriage.

"Why, you won't go in!" cried Bob, as he breathlessly ran up the steps after me, and vigorously pulled at the tail of my coat.

"Go in," said I, "to be sure, and you will meet old friends, and show me the room with the bath, and the——."

"You are going too far," whispered Bob. "I see my error—I uttered what was false—forgive me! But these servants, and the inmates of the house, will think us mad."

"Not at all," I replied; "speak the truth in future, as I have done to you."

I pressed his hand, and led him up the stairs; I saw that he was depressed and humiliated, and when we got to the drawing-room door he murmured, "And do *they* know it? I cannot face them."

"They know *nothing*," I replied, "and shall never know from me anything discreditable to my honourable friend Bob."

"I will never utter a falsehood again," said Bob; and I firmly believe that he adhered to his resolution.

T. H. B.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. IV.

Knowles.—It is strange that Sheridan Knowles should not have sooner made his way as a dramatist, for Kean and Hazlitt knew the man, and reverenced his powers, so also did Charles Lamb, who addressed a sonnet to him. About the time that Maturin's "Bertram" was first talked of, Knowles's name was repeatedly mentioned by Kean, but it fell upon unheeding ears—that name was then unknown, but he did "bide his time" with unwearied patience. "Virginius," first produced at Glasgow, with Cooper for the hero, was transplanted, through Macready, to Covent-garden Theatre; another "Virginius," written by a gentleman named Barlow, was produced at Drury immediately, with Kean as the Roman father—it failed. Poor Kean for years regretted not having had "the first of Knowles's tragedy;" he played the part towards the close of his career, but Macready had set his seal upon it, and the public did not foster Kean's attempt.

Mrs. M'Gibbon and "Jane Shore."—A poor woman, said to be ninety years of age, was waiting outside the doors of the Cheltenham theatre two hours before their opening, having walked eight miles to see "Jane Shore," and having the same distance to walk back after the performance. Mrs. M'Gibbon (who was to have enacted the heroine) deeming such devotion to the drama madness, asked her dresser, who narrated the circumstances, if the poor old creature had her intellects—"I don't know, Ma'am," said the girl, "she's gotten *summut* tied up in her pocket-handkerchief."

[Mrs. M'Gibbon, who is less known to the metropolitan stage than she deserves, was Miss Woodfall, daughter of the publisher of "Junius." She was one of the many persons who were brought to town experimentally, when Mrs. Siddons made that void in the drama that our sons' sons may never hope to see filled.]

The Absent Man.—Old Thornton has been the hero of many a tale; his "absence of mind" was, I am convinced, *not* affected. When from home, he would put on his clean shirts one after another, omitting the customary process of first taking off the soiled ones. As he walked about whilst he shaved himself, it will not surprise the reader to hear that he frequently went forth half margin and half lather. He generally in dressing put both his stockings on one leg, and then wondered where the deuce the other stocking could be. A bowl of negus, with a plug bottom which could be withdrawn at pleasure, was once put before him; he filled his wine-glass but once, when the plug—it having been placed on a receptacle on purpose—was drawn, and the liquor taken away: in a minute or two he was about replenishing his glass, and saw the bowl empty; he paused a moment, then rang the bell to have it refilled; it was, and after he had taken two more glasses full, the trick was repeated: the second time he beheld it empty he gave his nose a long pull, and rubbed his eyes, as if he doubted whether he had slept or not, but he ordered a third, and paid for the three bowls, evidently and entirely unconscious that he had not drank their contents. The last instance I relate on the authority of Richer, the rope-dancer, and others, who were at Dover when it occurred (1800).—Mrs. Thornton was taking a three days' trip to the land of frogs, and T., who remained at Dover, went to the post-office to inquire if there were any letters, when this colloquy occurred—

T.—"Any letters for me, Sir?"

Office-keeper.—"What name, Sir?"

T.—"Dear me, in the multiplicity of my affairs I can't recollect; I'll call again."

Passing down the street, Richer met him, and saluted him with a "How d'ye do, Mr. Thornton?"

"Thank ye, Sir," replied the manager, "that's the very thing I wanted." He went back and claimed his letters.

Quick, the favourite actor of George III.—Many who never saw the original Vortex ("Cure for the Heart-Ache"), and the great Silky on the stage, may yet remember old Quick the octogenarian, with his blue coat and basket buttons, his snow-white waistcoat, black knee-breeches, silk stockings, shoes, and buckles; the latter being on the Sabbath, both at knee and instep, of diamonds—or paste. Quick was a great favourite with George the Third; but his acting went out of fashion when a more intellectual school appeared. Munden knew little, but Quick knew less; noise and extravagance were with him substituted for nature and humour. There is a print often in the old picture-shops of Humphreys and Mendoza sparring, and a queer angular sort of exhibition it is: what that is to the modern art of pugilism, Quick's style of acting was to Dowton's; the latter rounded off the square corners of Quick's old men, and brought them nearer, if not quite, to the standard of truth and nature. Quick quitted the stage in disgust; when he left it he was as capable as he had been for the twenty years previous, and twenty years afterwards he remained as capable as when he left. He drank freely, sometimes six or seven glasses of rum and water in the evening, after dining; and he had in his old age a fancy for all the old houses about his retreat (Pentonville), the Old Queen's Head, built in the reign of Elizabeth; the Vernon Arms, at the corner of Southampton-street, Pentonville (a street now made memorable by an awful murder), where an old tree yet spreads forth the branches under which Quick loved in summer to sit and talk of Garrick and Goldsmith, and what the dramatist said to him (Quick) when he enacted Tony Lumpkin, on the first night of the production of "She Stoops to Conquer." One of Quick's laments was the non-observance of a promise *implied* to him by George the Third. In the early part of that Monarch's reign, Quick was walking in the Park with his infant daughter, when the King, escorted by his Horse Guards, came through; the child, alarmed at the noise and the appearance of the military, ran from her father, and attempting to get through the rails, got fastened between them. Her screams, and her father's endeavours to extricate her, attracted the notice of his Majesty; the carriage was stopped, and the actor presently heard an exclamation, "Quick, Quick, Quick, what's the matter?—head through the rails—bad that—very bad—gently, gently, Quick." Whether in consequence of this advice or not, the child's caput was extracted, and she stood weeping and curtseying before her Sovereign. "Good girl, don't cry, don't cry—be a good girl, and you shall be a Maid of Honour when you're old enough;" so saying, his Majesty returned to his carriage. This, which was a mere passing word to appease a crying child, Quick treasured as a sacred promise, and to his latest hour regretted that he had never had an opportunity of getting King George alone, in which case he said, "She would have been Maid of Honour, and I whatever his Majesty pleased to make me." Quick was one of the vainest of a vain race—he believed in no living actor but himself; the dead he lauded indiscriminately (except Foote, of whom he equally disliked to speak or hear), and the mere mention of the name of a new performer playing one of his original characters would make him silent for the evening. Quick's great parts were Isaac, Tony Lumpkin, Spado, "Castle of Andalusia;" Lapoche, "Fontainbleau;" and Sir Christopher Currey, "Inkle and Yarico." The part that first brought him into notice was Beau Mordecai, in which he appeared as far back as the year 1760; a letter of Macklin's to him, written twenty years afterwards, and contrasting his exertions to obtain fame with his slovenly acting when

once a favourite, is a valuable lesson to any actor. Quick died about five years since, and lies buried in Holloway Church.

John Kemble and Claremont.—King John could joke occasionally; and Claremont was given pompously to recount his provincial triumphs. John entered the green-room as C. was telling an accident that had befallen him (C.) the second time he played Richard at Rochester. "What, my dear Sir," exclaimed Kemble, "did they let you play Richard *twice* in one town?"

The Old Actresses.—I have always made the same exceptions regarding Mrs. Siddons amid actresses that I have respecting Shakspeare amid dramatists; each strode out of all possibility of comparison. In my boyhood the old actors were loud in their praises of Mrs. Bracegirdle. Mrs. Crawford I remember well: "a fine woman, a sweet woman" doubtless she had been,—nay, still was when I first beheld her,—but a *good* actress she never *could* have been. I have heard Quick speak in raptures of Peg Waffington, though she must have been old when he saw her. Mrs. Canning, mother of the statesman, I remember; and though she played Jane Shore once or twice to Garrick, she was not really capable of tolerably enacting Maria in the "School for Scandal." Mrs. Robinson, on the contrary, was a natural actress, and would have become great, independent of her beauty. George Ann Bellamy I also remember; she had a great deal of apparently impulsive force, but was far past her day when I beheld her. From the year 1784 to 1796, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Mountain, Miss Farren, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Esten, and Mrs. Billington, were the toasts of the day, and on two of them, Mrs. Mountain and Miss Farren, the breath of scandal had never for a moment rested. In comedy our actresses have deteriorated dreadfully; in tragedy, with the great exception, I think they remain in *statu quo;* whilst in domestic pathos, or what may be termed the tragedy of humble life, there is an amazing improvement: forty years since such efforts were unknown, and would have been misunderstood.

Mrs. Wallack.—The greatest natural actress perhaps that ever trod the minor boards was the mother of James Wallack, doomed to utter the vilest trash ever offered to the public; forced to fetter her feelings with doggrel such as—

> "Oh! they have torn away my lovely daughter,
> And they will drag her forth to death *and* slaughter."

She yet could create an interest, and stir her auditors with a power comparable only to Kean's. When James was an infant at her breast, she fitted up a cradle bed for him in the drawer of her dressing-place; when off the stage she took her little charge to her bosom—when called to her duties, popped her little hero into the drawer, and rushed forth to fight combats, spout balderdash, and ride chargers in the precious dramas (?) then acted at Astley's and the Royalty. Her daughter, known many years as Mrs. Stanley of the Cobourg, was a feeble type of what her mother had been; in fact, it is not too much to say that Mrs. Wallack was the Siddons of melodrama.

Mrs. Astley.—A minor actress of much merit, wife of the old gentleman called Young Astley, had such luxuriant hair, that she could stand upright and it covered her to her feet like a veil. She was very proud of these flaxen locks, and a slight accident by fire having once befallen them, she resolved ever after to play in a wig; she used, therefore, to wind this immense quantity of hair round her head, and put over it a capacious caxon; the consequence of which was, that her head bore about the same proportion to the rest of her figure, that a whale's skull does to its body, and as she played most of the heroines, the reader may judge of the effect.

Henderson and Costume.—Fifty or five and forty years ago an actor, playing a Roman, would not have bared his throat; black stocks were

then worn round the neck in *all* tragedies. Henderson was one of the first to abolish them, and to effect other improvements; but his example was slowly followed. Some old provincialists still retain the stock, though a more unbecoming adjunct to any dramatic dress can scarcely be conceived. Custom reconciles us to much; Cooke, as Peregrine ("John Bull,") who enters from a shipwreck, having swam upwards of a mile ashore, dressed in a fashionable black coat, and had his hair *curled and powdered*, and the plaited frill of his shirt sticking out three inches before him.

Mathews and Melvin.—Melvin, of whose eccentricities I spoke in my last, ere he had reached the climax of irregularity there detailed, lodged with Mathews in Stone Gate, York, at the house of Mr. Wright, brother of Miss Macauley. Melvin and Mathews slept in adjoining rooms, divided by a thin partition, and it was "their wont" to rehearse their parts by speaking aloud from one room to the other; as they always studied at night, this made it anything but a peaceful dwelling, and when Melvin had at all exceeded in his potations, he would rehearse his combats too, cutting and slashing at everything in the room: at last the lodgers received peremptory notice to quit. Mathews, who at all periods of his life deserved and obtained the respect due to a gentleman, was much annoyed, and demanded the cause. "Why, you see," quoth the Yorkshire landlord, "I dean't mind *your* ducks, and cows, and chickens, and sheep early in the morn, 'cause that's natural like; but Maister Melvin murders *every night* now, and my wife can't stand it."—[In explanation of the first part of this sentence, it may be observed, that Mathews practised his imitations of quadrupeds abed.]

Mathews.—When I first knew him he was subject to fits, and it was the general opinion that he would never reach the age of twenty-five; his nervous irritability was terrible, and he was so sensitive that his existence must have been a torture to him: never was a great man so little confident in his own powers. At York, where he came a lanky boy, he was coldly received; he succeeded Emery, and, for the first year, strange as it may seem, was scarcely endured; his comic songs, between play and farce, first made him valuable to Tate Wilkinson, and Tate soon put the public right respecting his histrionic powers.

Rev. Edward Irving acted in Ryder's company, in Kirkaldy (a few miles from Edinburgh), about twenty-four years since, and was then passionately devoted to the stage. The obliquity of his vision, his dialect, and peculiarly awkward gait and manner, created so much derision, that he left the stage for the pulpit, after about three months' probation.

Tria juncta in Uno.—When Cherry had the Richmond Theatre, three young gentlemen, who were stage-struck, "or moon-struck, or both," wanted to strut their hour on his suburban stage. Cherry was adverse to the amateur system, and as they were really not worth paying salaries to, he compounded with his conscience, and gave the aspirants one guinea per week between them; this getting wind, his new coadjutors obtained the appellation of the three seven-shilling pieces. G. F. Cooke came to play Richard for one night, and these three geniuses played Ratcliff, Tressel, and the Lieutenant of the Tower; as usual something went wrong, Cooke raved, and the poor amateurs were blamed. The piece over, the thing was forgotten, but at the close of the season Cooke was again to visit Richmond, and was arranging with Cherry the cast of characters. "King Henry?"—"Mr. so-and-so." "Richmond?"—"Mr. Brunton." "Capital, that's something like a cast; Catesby, Sir, comes down with me. Tressel and the two others?"—"My three young men." "What, Sir, what? No, by Janus, no! Your three starved, sallow *seven-shilling pieces!* No, Sir, get them changed, or you have no George Frederick Cooke."

A Northern Joke.—The respectably-dressed and well-looking young fellows in comedies are called walking gentlemen, and this is the probationary line of business usually assigned to young actors. When Mr. B—— came to Edinburgh, being then very young and very careless, he incurred divers debts, for which the myrmidons of the law were troubling him; on such occasions it was his wont to run off to a place called the Sanctuary, within the precincts of which a debtor's person is unassailable; scarcely a day passed but Mr. B—— might be seen flying along the streets with an officer after him. All this damnified the respectability of the establishment, and at last the manager told his comedian that he wanted a walking and not a *running* gentleman, and they must part. A man that cannot keep out of debt when he is receiving a good salary, has seldom much chance of doing so when he receives none, therefore poor B—— was soon in such a state that he could not move out of the Sanctuary at all; he applied to the manager to allow him to take a benefit; it was granted, and his creditors consensed to let him remain unmolested until the night was over. The house was well filled, the pieces chosen were "Folly as it flies," and "Catch him who can."—Mr. B—— winding up the joke by absconding the moment the curtain fell. The manager was so annoyed that he paid the amount of B——'s liabilities; but was as much surprised as pleased, a month or two afterwards, to receive the sum per post, with this laconic epistle—

"With the heartfelt thanks and deep acknowledgments of

"The Running Gentleman."

Formation of our Theatres.—All the old theatres were wider *across* than from the curtain to the boxes—all our new ones are the reverse—the old mode bringing the audience nearer the actors was of course most favourable to sight, and I believe not injurious to sound. The theatre in Goodman's-fields, where Garrick first acted in 1741, was as *wide* as the present Haymarket theatre, though in depth from the front of the boxes to the curtain it was *twenty-two feet less* than in that theatre.

	Distance from front of the boxes to curtain.	Distance from box to box across the pit.
Italian Opera-house	90 feet	62 feet
Covent-garden	63	50
Drury-lane	61	50
English Opera	54	42
Haymarket	47	35
Victoria	40	35
Olympic	34	30
Fitzroy (Tottenham-street)	38	22

The Victoria, from its peculiar formation, holds as many persons as Drury-lane; on one occasion 3,800 paid in one night there.

The greatest theatrical season within the last quarter of a century was that commencing September 1810, and ending in May 1811, when Covent-garden Theatre took 98,110*l.*; season 28-29 the receipts at the same theatre were only 41,029*l.*

CHAPTERS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A DECEASED LAWYER. NO. IV.

If we were to hear in the present day that a young gentleman of fortune and rank, in the very heart of England, surrounded by his family, friends, and servants, residing in the mansion of his ancestors, were, in the prime of life, and in excellent health, cut off from the land of the living, and that, too, under circumstances which could not fail to impress on the mind of the most unsuspicious a belief that he had been unfairly dealt by,—we should, I think, be disposed to wonder at the temerity which could hazard the commission of such a crime, from whatever motive it might spring, where the certainty of detection appeared so clearly manifest. But if, in addition to this, we were to be told that the mother of the young man and some of his domestics had witnessed the last agonies of his dissolution, rendered more fearful by the unnatural death of which he died—that facts, which could neither be doubted nor misconstrued, seemed to point to a very near relative as his murderer—that his guardian resided at the distance only of a morning's ride, and his apothecary but two miles from the place of his death—and that no inquiry was instituted into the cause of this unexpected event, but that he was buried just as if he had been visited after the common visitation of all men—and that it was owing to the firmness, and perhaps obstinacy, of a young man, utterly unconnected with him by either acquaintance or blood—that, after he had been consigned to the tomb, the grave was called upon again to resign its tenant, and expose him to the examination of professional skill, to ascertain the cause of his death;—we should, I am persuaded, unless convinced by undoubted testimony, be disposed to fancy that the narrator was trifling with our credulity, by palming upon us the wild and exaggerated picture of his own imagination, instead of giving to us a representation of an occurrence in real life. The facts, however, are perfectly true: they were proved incontestably to the eyes and ears of thousands; and though now remembered by few, are worthy of being brought under the notice of all.

Sir Constantine Barrington was a baronet, of an old family, and considerable fortune, residing on his paternal estate in ———shire. His mother resided with him, as well as his sister and her husband, a gentleman of the name of Morton. Sir Constantine had been educated at Eton, and after passing a short time at Cambridge, was, at the period of a few months before the expiration of his minority, residing with the relatives I have mentioned, at his family-seat. Had Sir Constantine lived to attain the age of twenty-one, he would have had in his own power, and at his own disposal, the whole of an opulent fortune; in the event of his dying before that time, the greater part of it descended to his sister and her husband. About two months before the time at which he was to be of age, he had proposed to spend that interval in a visit to a college friend who resided in Northamptonshire. He had, at the time of which I am now speaking, been attended by his family apothecary for a slight disorder which he had contracted at Cambridge; and on Tuesday evening, the 29th of August, in the year ——, that gentleman had made up a draught, and sent it by a servant of Sir Constantine, for the purpose of its being taken by him on the Wednesday morning.

Sir Constantine had spent the Tuesday evening with some of his men-servants in the diversion of fishing. He returned in good health and spirits, gave some directions about household matters, ate a hearty supper, and retired to bed. He was called by a servant at an early hour on the following morning, jumped out of bed to reach something from a closet in the room, and appeared in perfect health. About seven, Lady Barrington, his mother, got up, and went into his room, as he had before desired her to do, for the purpose of giving him his medicine. He desired her to reach down the draught, which was standing on a shelf—she did so, and poured it into a cup. He had not swallowed above half of it, when he complained that it was so nauseous to the taste and disagreeable to the smell, that he feared he should not be able to keep it on his stomach. This observation led her to smell the draught, *and she described the smell as exactly resembling the taste of bitter almonds.* He swallowed the whole of it, washed his mouth with a little water, and lay down again. In a very few minutes after he appeared to be in a considerable degree of agony; his stomach heaved, and his eyes seemed much affected. These emotions, however, his mother at the time conceived to be his efforts to resist the bringing up of the medicine. She took no further notice at the moment; but as he became more composed, she thought he was going to sleep, and left the room. She returned in about ten minutes, when to her inexpressible horror and astonishment she found her son in the agonies of death—his eyes fixed—his teeth clenched—his stomach heaving violently—and a considerable quantity of foam issuing from his mouth. She instantly called up her son-in-law, Mr. Morton, and despatched a servant for the apothecary.

On Mr. Morton entering the room, she observed, "Good God, what medicine could Mr. Thomson have sent? I am satisfied it would have killed a dog if he had swallowed it." The answer was—"Where is the bottle?" She pointed to it—he took it down, poured water into it, rinsed it, and threw the contents into a bason of dirty water. Lady B. remonstrated upon the impropriety of this conduct, desiring every thing to be left untouched till Mr. Thomson arrived. While the unfortunate young man was lying in the agonies of death, Mr. Morton insisted on the maid-servant taking down the bottle and dirty water, and cleansing the room; and in spite of Lady Barrington's entreaties, this was done. The apothecary arrived shortly after, and Mr. Morton instantly began to explain to him that Sir Constantine had been out late the night before fishing, and had taken cold, and that cold had occasioned his death. Not a word was said about the medicine that had been taken, or its effects—no inquiry was made as to the mode of his death, but Mr. Thomson left the house without the slightest examination, and apparently satisfied with the explanation which he had received.

A letter was written by Mr. Morton to Sir William Archer, the guardian of the deceased, in the following words:—

"Dear Sir—I am sorry to be the communicator of Sir Constantine's death to you, which happened this morning; he has been for some time past under the care of Mr. Thomson for a similar complaint to that which he had at Cambridge. Lady B. and my wife are inconsolable: they join me in best respects to Lady Archer and yourself.

"I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN MORTON."

Nothing further happened to excite observation, until the Monday following the death. The body had been put into the coffin, and soldered down on the Saturday; but on the Monday a letter was written by Sir William Archer to Mr. Morton, stating that a rumour had reached him that Sir Constantine must have died of poison, and requesting him to have the body opened, naming at the same time the medical gentlemen whom he wished to be present. Mr. Morton answered this communication by a note, stating the approbation of himself and the family that the body should be opened, and received in reply a second letter from Sir William, saying, he was happy to find the family in that disposition—that he could not come over himself—and that it would be of no use his doing so, as the medical men were the proper persons to act. The persons named by Sir William, three in number, were sent for by Mr. Morton, and arrived at the house on the Monday evening. On their arrival he showed them the *second* letter of Sir William's, but made no mention of the first. The medical men asked why they were to open the body? To which he answered, that it was for the satisfaction of the family. They were then shown into the room whare the body lay, which, being at that time in a state of putrefaction, and no mention being made of any suspicions as to the cause of the death, they declined meddling with it, as it appeared they could not do so without some risk of personal danger to themselves.

On the next day, a surgeon residing in the neighbourhood, hearing that the body had not been opened, called at the house, and expressed his readiness to open it at all hazards to himself. His offer was declined, on the ground that, as he had not been named by Sir William Archer, and as the other gentlemen had declined the task, it would be unfair to them to permit him to make the experiment. Mr. Morton wrote the same day to Sir William, stating that he had had great pleasure in sending for the medical gentlemen—that he had given them his letter to peruse, and act as it directed—that they had proceeded accordingly, and had fully satisfied the family; and adding a wish that Sir William should hear all the particulars from themselves. The letter then went on to state, that Sir Constantine had used medicines that were likely to be injurious to him, in order to repel a disease which he had contracted. Sir William was satisfied with this letter, feeling assured that the body had been opened; but the next morning learning that that was not the case, he desired that somebody should be sent for, naming the surgeon who had volunteered to open it and another, and that, at all events, it should be opened. When these gentlemen arrived the body was represented to be in so high a state of putrefaction, that it could not be touched without great danger, and nothing was done. Another letter was written to Sir William, referring him again to the first set of medical men, as to the state in which they found the body some days before, and that it was the intention of the family to have Sir Constantine interred on that day at three o'clock, it being the eighth day since he died, but that they would postpone doing so, if Sir William wished anything further to be done, adding, that one of the gentlemen who had seen the body should be sent with the letter, to answer any inquiries that he might desire to make.

No answer being received from Sir William, the corpse was buried between three and four o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon; but by this time reports had been circulating, that Sir Constantine had not

come fairly to his death, and the surgeon who had volunteered to open the body had been loud in the expression of his opinion of foul play having been used, though suspicion was not particularly directed to any one. Several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, being roused by these observations, insisted that the body should be disinterred, and the coroner and a jury be summoned to investigate the circumstances of the death. This was accordingly done. Lady Barrington, Mr. Morton, and indeed the whole family, were examined as witnesses; and when her ladyship was relating the history of her son's death, and had mentioned the fact of Mr. Morton's having washed the bottle in spite of all opposition, he was observed to pull her by the sleeve, as if to check her from giving that remarkable circumstance in evidence. It is not material to state the whole of what took place before the coroner; it will be sufficient to mention that upon the result of that investigation Mr. Morton was committed to —— gaol, to take his trial for the wilful murder of Sir Constantine.

The excitement caused by the trial was of no ordinary kind, and, as usual, men's minds were much divided with respect to the guilt or innocence of the party accused. On the one hand, there were circumstances bearing so strongly against him, that it was thought impossible he could either remove or explain the suspicions which they excited; and on the other, there was such an appearance of integrity in his conduct, such a seeming anxiety to court inquiry as was thought inconsistent with the supposition of his having anything to fear from the result of an investigation. What added to the intensity of the interest was, that as the day of trial approached, it was rumoured that the prisoner had asserted that the real criminal was a person still more nearly connected with Sir Constantine than himself—that letters had been written by him during his confinement in prison, in which this had been—not cautiously insinuated, but boldly advanced; and that he intended to offer to the jury evidence to substantiate the charge. The personal character, too, of the judge who was to try Mr. Morton had no small share, particularly among professional men, in giving rise to speculation as to what his conduct would be on the occasion. Mr. Justice Buller, who in after years attained a reputation almost unparalleled, and especially for his knowledge of the principles of evidence, and their application to the examination of witnesses, was, at the time of which we are speaking, comparatively little known. He was regarded rather as a favourite child of fortune, who had been prematurely elevated to the judicial bench, than as a grave and experienced lawyer, whose knowledge and practice would be sufficient to guide himself, and the jury whom he was to direct to the attainment of truth, amid the jarring elements of discordant science, and the subtle disquisitions of learned disputants. His success at the bar had been very slight; or it would be more correct to say that he had been unsuccessful. A relative and protegé of the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, he had obtained a silk gown at a very early period of his life, in the hope of procuring leading business. In this his expectations had been disappointed; and after waiting a few years in looking for briefs which never came to him, he accepted the first judgeship that became vacant, and was raised to the bench before he was thirty years of age. At the time of Morton's trial, he had been but few circuits, and had had no opportunity of displaying those great powers which afterwards so emi-

nently distinguished him. Conscious of his own deficiencies, he endeavoured to supply them from the resources of another, and he prevailed upon an able physician to sit by him during the trial, whose learning might assist him in understanding the difficulties and confuting the fallacies by which he expected to be assailed. This physician was the late Dr. Vaughan, then practising with the highest reputation at Leicester, the father of the present distinguished President of the College of Physicians, and of four other sons, whose singular praise it has been, by their own talents, unaided either by interest or patronage, to have made ample fortunes for themselves, and four out of the five to have attained the highest honours in their respective professions of physic, divinity, diplomacy, and law.

The trial commenced with the evidence of Mr. Thomson the apothecary, from whose testimony it appeared that he had, about two months previously to the young baronet's decease, attended him for a slight complaint—that for three weeks he had given him simple medicines—had discontinued them for a short time, and subsequently sent to him four other draughts of the same character, the last being on Tuesday, the 29th of August, and being composed of rhubarb and jalap. There was of course nothing in this medicine which could be injurious, nor had it the smell mentioned by Lady Barrington. The servant who fetched the medicine proved that he delivered the same which he received from Mr. Thomson into the hands of Sir Constantine himself. Here, then, it became palpable that, by some means or other, the draught had been changed. What had been substituted, and by whom, and whether the composition so substituted was the cause of his death, were then the important questions. The first would have been at the present day one of no difficult solution—the ingenuity of a modern chemist would have easily discovered its nature—but in those days the knowledge of it was attained by many anxious, troublesome, but at length convincing experiments. It was a distillation of laurel leaves, commonly known by the name of laurel water. So little were its properties understood, that I believe in the whole range of history four instances only could be found in which it had been known to destroy animal life. As soon, however, as the medical men satisfied themselves that they had accurately ascertained the nature of the poison, they applied themselves with unwearied assiduity to investigate the precise quantity which could be taken with impunity, and the exact time necessary to make its deadly qualities appear. A whole hecatomb of animals was sacrificed in the prosecution of this inquiry, the result of which demonstrated that a much less quantity than that which Sir Constantine had taken would be sufficient to produce the effects which his mother witnessed.

Several medical men were called as witnesses: not merely those who had attended the examination of the body, but others who were to pronounce their opinions upon the facts as disclosed in evidence. The result of the *post mortem* inquiry, indeed, produced nothing that could be called satisfactory. Putrefaction had advanced too rapidly to enable any man to offer a confident judgment as to what had been the cause of death. All that appeared was consistent with the supposition that Sir Constantine had died from natural causes: though there was nothing which militated against the belief that poison had been administered to him. This test failing, the only remaining one by which light could be

thrown upon the subject was to be found in the symptoms immediately preceding his dissolution. Upon these, deposed to not only by Lady Barrington, but the two female servants who together with herself had witnessed his last agonies, many individuals, medical as well as surgical, delivered a very decided opinion that poison had caused his death. On their cross-examination by the counsel for Mr. Morton, they remained unshaken: they pointed out the different appearances which would have resulted from epilepsy or apoplexy, the only two natural causes to which his sudden death could be attributed, and united in describing them as varying in most essential particulars from those which they had heard related. These persons, however, though deservedly eminent in their profession, were all of them practitioners residing in the country; and they all admitted that they had never actually seen a human being destroyed by the effects of such a vegetable poison as this was supposed to be. Still their conviction on the subject remained unaltered; and they received all the hypotheses which was presented to them, to account for the death from any other cause, with a smile of incredulity, or an expression of contempt.

In opposition to this testimony adduced on the part of the prosecution, a gentleman was examined on behalf of the prisoner, whose evidence, though unconfirmed by any other witness, and resting, therefore, solely on the character of the person advancing it, was looked upon by many as more than counterbalancing the host that appeared against him. This gentleman was the celebrated John Hunter, then in the very zenith of his fame, the most eminent anatomist in Europe, and probably better skilled in the knowledge of the effects of poisons upon animal life than any man who had ever lived. He had, to make use of his own expression, during thirty-three years dissected many thousands of human bodies, and poisoned still more thousands of animals: he said he had listened with attention and anxiety to the evidence given by Lady Barrington, as well as the opinions of the professional men; and expressed a most decided conviction that, from the symptoms described by her ladyship, no certain inference, upon physical or chirurgical principles, could be drawn to enable any man to pronounce that Sir Constantine's death was occasioned by poison at all. He said that the symptoms of apoplexy or epilepsy *would* have been very nearly, and *might* have been entirely, similar to those which he had heard: that one, upon which considerable reliance had been placed as indicating the presence of poison, the froth or foam issuing from the mouth, was nothing more than a general effect produced in all sudden deaths, where the person dying was previously in a state of perfect health: and that in fact from its appearance, if he were obliged to form a conjecture as to the cause of death, he should be inclined to attribute it to apoplexy. He regretted that the body had not been opened at an earlier period after dissolution, as that would have removed all difficulty and doubt; but without that criterion to guide the judgment, he felt confidently persuaded that all endeavours to ascertain the cause could be at best but idle speculation, without anything like a probability of ascertaining the truth.

Such was the testimony adduced upon two out of the three questions, the solution of which was to decide the fate at least, if not the guilt or innocence, of the prisoner: the remaining difficulty was to ascertain who had placed in the bottle the liquid which had been administered to

Sir Constantine. Upon this part of the case there was not, nor perhaps could there be expected to be, any direct evidence against him. It was proved, however, that for many months preceding the lamentable event, Mr. Morton had been in the habit, both in conversation and writing, of describing the Baronet's health as being in a most desperate condition, arising in a great degree from the incautious use of medicines which he had taken for a disorder alluded to before as having been contracted at the University. He had represented his constitution as undermined, his complexion totally altered, his mental as well as bodily powers nearly exhausted, and his frame as being in a condition utterly incapable of resisting any attack upon it. He had declared to two or three persons that such was the nature of the medicines which Sir Constantine was accustomed to take, that the different members of his family avoided with great caution touching anything which he had touched, or even eating of the same dishes at table. From the account given by Lady Barrington, the whole of these representations were grossly exaggerated, and some of them altogether untrue. The obvious inference sought by the counsel for the prosecution to be drawn from these unfounded representations made by the prisoner, was that by the frequent repetition of these assertions among the friends and relatives of the deceased as well as among strangers, he was gradually preparing the public mind for an event which he had intended to bring about, that when it really did happen, it might be regarded as an occurrence perfec tly natural, instead of being looked upon with suspicion or wonder.

Opposed to these facts, and for the purpose of rebutting any supposition that Mr. Morton entertained designs against Sir Constantine's life, it was elicited from Lady Barrington on her cross-examination, as well as proved by other express testimony, that he had on several occasions interfered, and perhaps succeeded in saving that life, under circumstances when his interference could only be attributed to a motive of regard and affection. It appeared that twice Sir Constantine had been engaged in a challenge; that on both occasions he had sent for Mr. Morton, who had with considerable difficulty prevented a duel from taking place; and that on one occasion matters had proceeded to such an extremity with a French gentleman, a perfect master of his weapon, that the prisoner had succeeded in withdrawing the Baronet from the consequences of a very gross insult which he had offered, only at the expense of being himself involved in a personal contest with his antagonist. It further appeared that Sir Constantine had in a drunken frolic insisted on climbing the steeple of a church in the neighbourhood, and that when he had done so, contrary to the remonstrances of his friends, and was in a situation of imminent peril, Mr. Morton had, at the obvious risk of his own life, succeeded in rescuing him from a danger, the consequences of which, but for his interference, appeared so formidable, that all who witnessed the transaction expressed their belief that his life must have paid the forfeit of his temerity.

There was another circumstance, which at first sight appeared suspicious on the part of the prisoner, but which, when explained, was thought by many to afford no fair argument against him: it was this. A still was produced which he had been accustomed to use, and which showed, therefore, that he was thoroughly acquainted with the mode of preparing the deadly draught. This still he had, shortly before the

death of Sir Constantine, brought into the housekeeper's room, for the purpose of having it dried; it being then evident that it had been very recently used. But upon pursuing the examination on this subject a little farther, it was proved that for some years past Mr. Morton had been in the habit of amusing himself with distilling roses, lavender, and various scented flowers for purposes clearly innocent; that this had been done in the most open and undisguised manner, and frequently in the presence and with the assistance of the various members of the family. It was proved also that on the morning of Sir Constantine's death the prisoner had had a conversation with the gardener, in which he stated that he had long been desirous of being master, that at length he had succeeded, and that the servants should now have a very different place from what they had under their late master. This observation, to say the least of it, was brutal and unfeeling; to say the most of it, was but little more. He had also on the same morning observed to another servant who had seen him go out of the great gates of the house, "*You are my witness.*" As, however, the conversation which immediately preceded this remark was not accurately ascertained, no inference unfavourable to him could be drawn from that circumstance. The strongest fact which was adduced against him was that of his rinsing out the bottle which contained the medicine, and his plucking the sleeve of Lady Barrington when she mentioned this to the coroner. Her Ladyship also added that which she had never stated before, and therefore ought perhaps to have been received with some degree of caution, if not of suspicion, that the prisoner, after they had returned from the coroner's, had said "*he did not know what he should have done, if he had not thought of saying that he rinsed the bottle, in order to taste the contents;*" and she added, that it was not true that he had tasted it, for he had poured the whole of the contents into the basin.

Such were the material points of the evidence in this extraordinary case; and no one can entertain a doubt that it was one in which the inclination of the presiding judge would very greatly, if not altogether, guide the opinion of the jury. It was one in which a cautious man would probably have abstained either from expressing or manifesting a decided opinion one way or the other: he might, indeed, have safely abstained from any strong observations on either side; because the case was one in which the plain common sense of a jury was quite as likely to lead to a just conclusion, as the subtle ingenuity of an acute lawyer. On this occasion, however, Mr. Justice Buller summed up to the jury, in a manner which could leave no doubt on the mind of any man as to what his impression was. It certainly was the speech rather of an advocate for the prosecution, than of a judge. It hardly left to them the opportunity of finding the prisoner innocent, without, at least in his opinion, stultifying themselves. The effect was such as might have been anticipated: the jury in less than five minutes found him guilty, and he was in forty-eight hours afterwards executed; protesting to the last his innocence of the crime for which he suffered. Whether that protestation were true or false will probably now never be made known, until the day on which the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. During the long period of years which has elapsed since the trial, no facts have occurred to strengthen the probabilities on the one side or the other. Opinions have from time to time varied as to his guilt, but they can only be founded on loose and vague speculations.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Speaker—The King's Speech—"Bring me no more Reports"—Violation of Law and Equity—Magisterial Morality—Perilous Politeness—Folly in Court.

THE SPEAKER.—The most important event of the past month is the dismissal of Sir Charles Manners Sutton from the chair of the House of Commons. Although we desire to avoid the discussion of political topics, and to confine ourselves as much as possible to the pleasant walks of literature, there are subjects—and this is one of them—upon which it becomes an imperative duty to offer some comments. The Right Honourable James Abercrombie is now Speaker of the House of Commons; and we must join Sir Robert Peel in congratulating him on his election, heartily wishing, for the sake of his own character, the dignity of Parliament, and the welfare of the country, that his public conduct may resemble that of his predecessor—the more closely the better; that he may also, after seventeen years' service, if his labours endure so long, retire or be rejected, as may happen, without reproach; and that he, like Sir Charles Manners Sutton, may challenge his bitterest foes to charge him with worse crimes than those of having obeyed a sudden summons to attend the councils of his Sovereign—with having subsequently paid a morning visit to the First Minister of the Crown—and with having dined at the house of an old friend, his family physician. If Mr. Abercrombie leaves as few blots upon the records of his life, Mr. Abercrombie's reputation will be an enviable one—that it may be so, we devoutly pray. The Speaker is undoubtedly a gentleman of high character and of considerable talents: if he has held a sinecure, he has only imitated those who have gone before him—picked up a good thing that must have been found by somebody. His temper also—a matter of much importance—is, we understand, gentle and conciliating; and, it is said, he is likely to adopt a course—in which his predecessor was so eminently successful—of stilling angry passions, encouraging the timid neophyte, and listening with impartial ear to arguments from right or left. Time, too, will bring experience—year after year he will gather information as to forms and precedents—and although he is not a young man, he is, we believe, of sound constitution, so that he will be able to endure the long and wearisome confinements in a crowded assembly and unwholesome atmosphere, to which, night after night, and generally until cock-crow, his election has condemned him. For our own parts—but tastes differ—we should be loth to exchange our ease and sofa for his chair and dignity. The Speaker's life is, during the session, one of unmitigated toil—he can neither obtain sick leave nor pair off. Social pleasure and domestic enjoyment are unknown to him—there he sits, in his cushioned seat, robed and wigged, from sun-set to sun-rise, listening to lengthy prosers upon roads, bridges, and parish prentices at noon, and from eve till dawn turning "attentive ear" to dull debaters, and denied, the while, even the privilege of a yawn. This is a self-sacrifice to which, we confess, patriotism could not conduct *us*.

But the topic involves considerations of far higher import. It is not denied that the attempt to unseat Sir Manners Sutton was an attempt to

overthrow the government, at the head of which is Sir Robert Peel. If the question simply regarded the Speakership, it would have mattered little which Right Honourable Gentleman took snuff in the chair, and called "Order, order," to unruly members. The point to be determined is this:—Is Great Britain to be ruled by an administration holding conservative principles, and forwarding every rational plan of reform, or is it to be governed by men who have raised an outcry against moderation, and who are certain to proceed, without considering the results, to introduce sweeping and ill-digested changes into every department of the state? Before this writing is in the hands of our readers, Sir Robert Peel may no longer preside at his Majesty's councils; and though it is improbable that he will be immediately succeeded by a Premier of ultra-radical principles, is it likely that his successor will continue in office without obtaining the co-operation of the extremes of an extreme party? "The rapids are near"—the hand of Providence may guide the state-vessel through the perils that environ it; but he is a bold man who undertakes to point out the human power that can steer it into a safe harbour.

THE KING'S SPEECH.—The Speech from the Throne was delivered on the 24th by his Majesty in person. The King proceeded, with the usual state, from St. James's, and was received with loud and continued cheers by the largest crowd we ever saw assembled in the vicinity of the two Houses of Parliament. The Speech was like all its predecessors—an assemblage of nothings. Such documents for the last century have been studiously framed according to an approved model. They are all of a family, and it would not be a very easy matter to distinguish one from another. The only passage worth extracting is the following:—

"I feel assured that it will be our common object, in supplying that which may be defective, or in renovating that which may be impaired, to strengthen the foundations of those institutions in Church and State which are the inheritance and birthright of my people, and which, amidst all the vicissitudes of public affairs, have proved, under the blessing of Almighty God, the truest guarantees of their liberties, their rights, and their religion."

A long and adjourned debate afterwards took place in the Houses of Lords and Commons; an amendment having been moved in the former by Lord Melbourne, and in the latter by Lord Morpeth. The two amendments being the same in substance, expressing disapprobation of the dissolution of Parliament, and a desire that effectual reform might be introduced with respect to the state of corporations, and to the laws relating to Dissenters—the amendment being, in fact, "as full of nothing" as the Speech. Occasion was however given to Sir Robert Peel to state the grounds on which he expected the confidence of the country, and the support of its representatives. The Right Honourable Baronet delivered as sound, and as eloquent an address as was ever heard within the walls of Parliament, and announced a variety of rational and practical reforms, contemplated by Government, which cannot fail to satisfy the nation, and to restore our hopes of tranquillity and prosperity, under a wise, an energetic, and a prudent administration. The debate is not likely to conclude before it is too late for us to record the result. We trust it will be such as to enable Sir Robert Peel to mature the many and vast improvements of which he has given notice—and that a *factious* opposition will not prevent him from redeeming the pledges he has given.

"BRING ME NO MORE REPORTS."—His Majesty's faithful reporters have assembled for the Session in a new gallery, built expressly and exclusively for their reception. The duty of a reporter was and is to hold the mirror up to Parliament; and this duty he generally discharges with so much precision and fidelity, that any false reflection or broken image which may occur at rare intervals in the glass, from an unlucky shake of the hand that holds it, is sure to set the eyes and (alas!) the mouths of several millions of people wide open. We remember the day when a reporter was regarded as a fallible human being,—a creature liable to mistake and error,—an animal with only one pair of ears, and hands to match. Nothing was looked for from him beyond the ordinary performances of uninspired mortality. He was not supposed to possess preternatural powers: perfection was not required of him. He needed a no more extraordinary set of faculties, a no larger capacity and understanding than sufficed for a Member of Parliament. He was not required to be a greater genius than the Minister of the Crown. He stood excused in those days for not hearing what was inaudible,—for not setting down in his report what the speech-maker never said,—and for not omitting what the speech-maker (upon reflection) wished unspoken. He passed without accusation of breach of privilege, though he failed to make the classical member's broken metaphors whole, or to correct his much-applauded misquotation of Horace. Nay, it was no sin to be innocent of the knowledge of persons, or deaf to particular voices,—to allude to Sir Robert Peel, perhaps, as "an honourable member whose name we could not learn," or to describe the late ex-member for Preston as the utterer of some remarks "which were *inaudible* in the gallery." How differently are they now judged! Since that day—to use a Parliamentary style of figure—short-hand has taken long strides; and burdens too heavy for porters have devolved upon reporters. People now-a-days require them to be composed of the quintessence of dust; they are nothing if not perfect. They must be all-accomplished, ever-active, ever-knowing, free from bias, and superior to the vulgar influences of sleep. They must comprehend all opinions, and have none of their own; respect all principles, but those that come most home to their own convictions. They must be prodigies.

To the conduct of the reporters in this first session of the second Reformed Parliament we look with the deepest anxiety. The eyes of Europe are upon them, as they sit with their ever-pointed pencils in their new gallery,—one of the most conspicuous features of the new house. The spirit of the whole people "gets upon its legs," and conjures them to be *brief*. The one petition of the three kingdoms is, for a return to the good old *short*-hand system. The "Mirror of Parliament" just out is an awful volume. Three thousand, four hundred, and eighty closely printed folio pages, of the sayings of a single session! Whatever the doings of the new House may be, let us hope that it will say less about them. Five columns per diem, the session through, is really too much for the most talkative; and the reporters will think so, unless their ears be as long as the speeches of the orators.

Already there has been a furious and protracted discussion out of Parliament on a reported expression of Sir C. M. Sutton's; and we observed a few others that seem to have escaped by miracle. One in an evening paper, where the reporter made Lord Francis Egerton allude to "the two Houses of Parliament, *which* had lately been destroyed by

fire, and *which* he regarded as a great national calamity." There are Lords and Gentlemen in existence who would work a monstrous libel-case out of this, or bring an army of editors and publishers to the bar of the House. All praise to Lord Francis for his forbearance.

Violation of Law and Equity.—The records of two of our Courts, this month, contain accounts of as singular violations of the sanctity of the tribunals before which they occurred, as the march of moderation and morality ever brought to view. The Court of King's Bench and the Vice-Chancellor's Court are those to which we allude.

In the first of these, O'Gorman Mahon (who calls out every man that calls him "Mr.") performed an exploit which, as he was once member for Clare, may be thought to qualify him for the representation of Clare-market. Being defeated in an action which he had brought against a Mr. Wigley, and inflamed by some abusive language that had been *indulged in* (to use the expressive term common in these cases) by the parties at the close of the trial, he struck Mr. Wigley a violent blow, and dislocated his jaw. This was almost within the eye, and absolutely within the hearing, of the Court. The new judge, Mr. Justice Coleridge, would have possessed far more philosophy, and far less poetical justice, than his illustrious namesake, had he passed a milder sentence upon the law-and-jaw breaker than three days' imprisonment. It is not a little extraordinary that the learned Judge himself has not yet been called out for differing in opinion with the honourable ex-member concerning the propriety of the assault;—O'Gorman having, if we read aright the Irish correspondence of one of the morning papers, lately compelled some-body to fight a duel with him for presuming to doubt that the gentleman who married the charming Mary Anne Tree, of Covent-garden theatre, was Bradshaw the *regicide!*

In the second of these Courts, the Vice-Chancellor's, a professional gentleman complained a few days since to his Honour that, while conversing with counsel on the subject of some suit in Court, he felt his pocket attacked, and immediately discovered that, though his property was safe, his coat had been cut with a sharp instrument. His Honour communicated this circumstance to the Court, as he had previously done to Sir F. Roe, with an appeal for protection; observing that the "frightful extent to which the robberies in the Court had increased called loudly for some very powerful remedy." A solitary police-constable is the very powerful remedy which the reader would be prompted to prescribe in such a case, and one such protector would be enough in any other Court; but in this!—Mrs. Partington herself labours not so hopelessly. Why, the "Times" assures us that a system of successful and uninterrupted plunder has been going on here for months, by an organised gang of active and undaunted rogues. They compose, we suspect, a Thieves' Union. No class of individuals, we are told, has escaped the general plunder—counsel, solicitors, clerks, *clients*, reporters, short-hand writers, students, and spectators, have all in their turn been victims. We can readily conceive that the clients are plundered. Though numerous the victims, they are not more various than the valuables purloined. "Hats, coats, cloaks, umbrellas, &c., have been stolen, without detection, from the very sides of their owners; jewellery has been taken from the persons, as well as money and *silk* handkerchiefs from the pockets, of those who happened to be off

their guard or professionally engaged." Well may a court, wherein such vice is practised with scarce a chance of detection, be called the Vice-Chancellor's Court. But was there ever anything so mysterious? If our suspicion be correct, Sir F. Roe may as well

> " ——— ——— be set
> To catch the nimble wind, or get
> Shadows gliding on the green."

Magic must be at the bottom of it, or there must be something in the very air of the place that breeds the roguish propensity, and wafts the indulger of it out of reach. These can be no human robberies. The hands that can perform such feats must have heels to match their fingers, and be light-footed as Mercury. They must be fairy thieves. Can it be possible that the ghost of some old lawyer, who practised as counsel in the Court years and years ago, has returned to the haunts so familiar to it in the flesh, and thus resumes its worldly occupations on a smaller, but not less successful scale? Can the spirit of some long-departed occupant of the judgment-seat be thus employing itself in interpreting and illustrating the law, which, as we are reminded by Mr. Jonathan Wild, happily settles the otherwise endless disputes between *meum* and *tuum* by converting both into *suum?* Or, which is far more probable, and indeed well worthy of belief, are these pilfering pranks the work or pastime of deceased clients, whose apparitions daily assemble on the spot where they met the mortal blow in beggary or a broken heart; and, out of a spirit of retaliation, help themselves to whatsoever they may find? We will not decide; but we warn and advise the barristers in this *Vice*-Chancery Court to wear guards to their wigs as they do to their watches, and to chain the pens and ink to the desk as they chain the knives and forks at certain dinner-tables for mixed company in the metropolis.

Magisterial Morality.—Not a day passes without presenting more than one police-office scene, which, however little the reality—from frequent repetition, or hard, relentless prejudice—may affect the beholders of it, would, if translated into fiction upon the stage, startle the imagination and shock the sensibilities of a whole audience. We do not refer to the cases of the guilty, but the innocent; not to the wilful, but the unconscious offenders; not to the morally depraved, but the merely poor; not to the heartless, but the hungry and the homeless. We are disposed to make every possible allowance for the perplexities of the magisterial position, and for the impossibility of administering some of our existing laws, without dealing a harsh and heavy blow where a wise spirit of justice would award a healing and generous balm. We are aware, too, that a constant exhibition of the worst features of depravity, an hourly experience of the craft of low hypocrisy, a revolting insight into all the inner workings and promptings of ignorant and brutalized natures, must almost of necessity obliterate from the mind the finer discrimination that may be natural to it, and dry up the springs of pity and tenderness in the heart. The administrators of police law are thus liable to be insensibly led on to confound the squalor of misery with the loathsomeness of guilt,—to mistake the lines of want and suffering in the face for the stamp of plodding vice, or the workings of remorse; and, knowing well how poverty generates crime, to treat innocent wretchedness with the same severe and uncommiserating regard which is turned upon the hardened guilt that may be its offspring. They treat houseless innocence

as the "serpent's egg," and "kill it in the shell," because experience whispers them it will become mischievous.

That a few of our metropolitan police-magistrates are humane and enlightened men we will not for an instant dispute: that many of them have wholly lost whatever fitness for their high offices they originally had, no reader of the daily papers can deny. In this last and most numerous class are some that are noticeable only for want of temper, want of feeling, and want of knowledge of everything but the sharp, hard points of the law, and of the most skilful and dexterous mode of dragging their helpless victims over them,—

> "Tearing their pleasures with rough strife
> Thorough the iron gates of life."

The sins of the police, in exercising the fiercest rigour against the labouring poor—the cheap fish or apple vender—may be laid, in numerous instances, at the magisterial door; from which, after some cold-hearted and tyrannical exploit, they generally issue with commendation instead of rebuke. How shocking to every man who has a regard, not for the higher humanities, but the mere ordinary decencies of society, was that capture of the basket of a poor fruit-woman seized at the same time with the pangs of labour! with the subsequent exclamations, by way of moral, of the magistrate—"She has got her basket back again, hasn't she?—*the fruit is eaten!*" And there was a case the other day, where a poor creature's stock in trade was seized or upset, because she had set it upon the edge of the pavement for a minute or two, *while she suckled her child*. These gratuitous outrages would not be perpetrated if there were not certain magistrates to smile complacently upon them.

We pass over, however, the numerous examples to be found in the past month's records of what Leigh Hunt has most touchingly and truly pourtrayed, in the expression of "flush-cheeked famine, door-pillowed despair," for the purpose of placing before the reader one of the most remarkable specimens of "question and answer" ever heard in a police-office. It occurred at Hatton Garden, in a case of assault committed by a brutal fellow upon his wife. An old woman was called as a witness. Upon receiving the Bible to be sworn, she curtsied reverently, and the magistrate was informed that she was a Catholic. Being questioned upon this point, she confessed "she was a kind of one." The following then ensued:—

"Mr. Laing.—What do you mean by a kind of one? Are you a Catholic?

Mrs. Shea.—If I am, *I am a very bad one.*

Mr. Laing.—What were you brought up to?—what is your belief?

Mrs. Shea.—My belief is that he kicked her.

Mr. Laing.—What is your religion?—are you a Catholic?

Mrs. Shea.—Well, well, don't hurry me. I am a——I am not a Catholic.

Mr. Laing.—Why are you not a Catholic?

Mrs. Shea.—*Because I never attind to it*, and I am willing to confess that I have done very bad things, and things which I ought not to have done, and were better left alone, yer wertchip."

Here, at least, is a conscientious and self-rebuking feeling displayed, which a high sense of the charities of religion would see something to respect and raise up from its misgiving. How does Mr. Laing treat the candid culprit who confesses to him? He does not spare her:—

"Mr. Laing.—Do you believe in future rewards and punishments?

Mrs. Shea.—Faith, I don't know. I believe in the present.

Mr. Laing.—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Mrs. Shea.—Arrah, to be sure, isn't it *to spake the truth;* and isn't it for that thing I came here?

Mr. Laing.—Is it a good or bad thing to tell lies?

Mrs. Shea.—Och! indeed, then I believe it is *bad.*"

Mrs. Shea's moral creed, it may be seen, whatever her religious one is to be called, has its redeeming points. Mr. Laing, however, is unmerciful in his zeal for investigation into the awful mysteries of her belief. She says it is a bad thing to tell lies, and he rejoins that "he must treat her as a *child.*"

"Mr. Laing.—I see we must treat you as a child. Where will you go to if you tell lies?

Mrs. Shea.—Faith, then, I don't know.

Mr. Laing.—Where will bad people go to after their death?

Mr. Shea.—Where will bad people go to after death? Why, I suppose where God A'mighty plaises.

Mr. Laing.—What punishment will befall you after death, if you do wrong in this world?

Mrs. Shea.—I lave that all to God A'mighty himself."

The conclusion of all this was, that Mr. Laing ordered the witness to stand back, observing that he "certainly should not receive the testimony of such a woman!"

It is far from us to mingle with our feelings, upon such grave matters as these, a spirit of levity; but an intimate knowledge of the principles and practices of their metropolitan worships almost disposes us to ask seriously, with the laughing Olympic dramatist, "How can a sitting magistrate be an upright man?"

Perilous Politeness.—The first time we go into the city, and have occasion to employ a hackney-coach, we shall look out for John Dixon, No. 1007. This worthy person was actually brought up before the Lord Mayor the other day, on a charge of continually obstructing the highway; and the complainants attempted to aggravate the case by dwelling on the "*uncommonly polite manner in which he received the threats and censures of the inhabitants.*" His practice was described in the following terms:—"Whenever any serious stoppage took place, he was sure to be seen at the head of it, *bowing and scraping*, while waggon drivers and carmen, and the mass of other people on business, were *cursing and swearing* at the delay." This is really too bad. A civil hackney-coachman objected to! a conspiracy to make John Dixon vulgar! This is evidently the whole thing; for what is half an hour's obstruction in a case of this sort to a dozen words of civility? Truly

"An ounce of sweet is worth a pound of sour."

Only think of the great *example* John Dixon holds forth. A little leaven leaveneth the mass, and another Dixon would probably effect a revolution—we should have all hackney-coachmen polite. To inflict an injury on such a civil curiosity is to retard the progress of the moral world, that a few fat citizens may get up Cheapside a little faster. This is one of the cases in which the "outward show elaborate" is worth far more than the "inward less exact."

But let us go on with this case. The Lord Mayor is stern, John Dixon calm and equable. The envious complainants, surly fellows every one we dare be sworn, push the charge. Mark now the dialogue. Lord Mayor Winchester, gruffly—"I fine you 10*s.* and costs, and the next

time you act so politely I shall fine you 20*s*." John Dixon, hackney-coachman, with a sweet smile—"*I return your Lordship many thanks. I know I deserve it all, and much more*, but I hope your Lordship will give me a little time to pay the money." The rejoinder of the magistrate will be scarcely credited—"Come, will you pay, *or go to prison?*" In this trying position John Dixon does not desert himself. We have no idle or impudent affectation, nothing of the dashing bravura style. Courteously, and with the air and manner of a Chesterfield, he merely remarks, "Please your Lordship, *I'd rather save your Lordship and your officers as much trouble as I can, and I'll pay the fine with the greatest pleasure.*" "He then," says the reporter, who is evidently moved himself by the suavity of the whole proceeding, on the part of Dixon, "*most respectfully* put the amount into the hands of the officer in waiting." If ever there was a man who deserved encouragement, we again say it is this martyr—John Dixon. Observe how consistent he is to the very last. On leaving the office, we are told, he expressed his thankfulness to the Lord Mayor, as if he had received a present instead of a castigation at his Lordship's hands, and retired, *declaring that* "*he would give twice the money for the honour of a little more conversation with his Lordship.*" This it is to play the part of a philosopher. To resign one's self to injuries is much, but how much more is it to turn them, as Jack Falstaff says, and John Dixon does, "into commodities?"

Folly in Court.—A case which occurred the other day in the Insolvent Debtor's Court has affected us. We will quote it precisely as it appeared in the papers:—

"George Folly, *a curious-looking personage, dressed in the old style, whose age was upwards of seventy*, applied upon his petition to be discharged. His appearance occasioned some laughter; he was, it appeared, imprisoned for a sum of 6*l*. 10*s*. due for rent; *he owed but a few shillings besides.*

Mr. Commissioner Harris.—Well, what is your name, Folly or Polly? (*His face resembling the contour of the chattering bird.*)

Insolvent.—*Why, Folly, to be sure.* (Laughter.)

Mr. Commissioner Harris.—I see you have paid your tradesmen well; you only owe a few shillings besides your rent. You have never been used to read or write, have you?

Folly said he had not: *when he was a child people did not send their children to school.*

The insolvent was discharged.—*He had on a pair of buckskin breeches he had actually worn for upwards of twenty years.*"

We have him before us—

"The manners and the pomp of elder days"

become a shadow, or a thing to laugh at! Folly, *we* will not laugh at you. You represent the past, and are a thing respectable, though now, finding yourself six pounds minus in the balance of the great worldly ledger, you have found yourself therefore shut up next door to a felon. When this is so, shall we not ask with you, why the world has gone to school since your youth? Wherefore do they pique themselves on being better for their Knowledge? Truly they have meddled with its "beams" only to scorch themselves and others. History is a mere matter of dry dates and dead intrigues, till we see it illustrated in this way. Folly is a living page of the past, and, let us add, a living reproach to the present.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Two Friends: a Novel. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols.

Our lighter literature owes much, of late, to the pens of female writers. We have at this moment before us four works of fiction; one by Miss Pardoe, "The Mardens and the Daventrys,"—one by Lady Stepney, "The Heir Presumptive,"—one by the author of "Selwyn," and one by the Countess of Blessington; and it is but recently we have been called upon to notice volumes by Miss Landon, Lady Morgan, the lady-author of "Marston," Mrs. Bray, Jane Porter, Mrs. Gore, and Miss Edgeworth: we perceive also that a novel, "The Outlaw," is announced by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and that the Hon. Mrs. Norton is about to enter her name in the list of writers of works in three volumes. To each and to all we heartily wish success. We have been indebted to them for much enjoyment; they have employed their time wisely and profitably; they have not only wrought for our amusement, but they have laboured, and successfully, for our information.

"The Two Friends" is not only a novel that will be eagerly and profitably read for the interest of its story and for the excitement that good works of fiction rarely fail to produce, but it has claims upon our attention of far higher order. Lady Blessington has had ample opportunities of searching into human character, and her naturally strong mind has enabled her to turn those opportunities to account. She has lived in the *best* society—we do not use the term exclusively in reference to that class which is high in rank and which leads in fashion; but we allude chiefly to that "society," which, both in England and abroad, includes the learned and the scientific, and which gives to "mind" its fitting station. If Lady Blessington feels and writes as a woman, it is as a woman who can think, and who has not frittered away time in frivolous amusements, or in company still more frivolous. There are, in all she does, frequent outbreaks of genius; but good practical sense is the leading characteristic of the productions of her pen; and, although she looks upon human-kind with a gentle and womanly feeling, as loth to depict what is unworthy, but anxious to display in its most attractive form all that is excellent, she finds it difficult to prevent her remarks on the world and its ways from assuming now and then a severe tone, almost approaching to satire. She is, however, always on the side of virtue and truth, and there is a fine and forcible moral inculcated by her work; there is no weak and sickly sentiment that succeeds, no bad principle that triumphs, no talent if it be not well applied, that obtains reward—no rank that claims honour, if it be unaccompanied by integrity. She has evidently seen both the bright and the dark side of human life; but she has noted the one with regret, and the other with enjoyment. We trust that this addition to our literature will be followed by many others from the same accomplished pen;—it is with a just and reasonable pride that we claim for the "New Monthly" the merit of having been the first channel through which the valuable productions of her ladyship were made known to the public.

The two friends—Desbrow and Arlington—have, of course, their two "loves." The interest of the story mainly rests on these heroes and heroines,—but there are a variety of characters introduced, both in England and on the continent, which, while they are ably, and, at times, humorously drawn, make us acquainted with the peculiarities of John Bull and his neighbours, male and female. The novel is by no means to be ranked with those that have been distinguished as "fashionable," although the scenes and personages are generally of the higher class. It touches upon points and people that are to be found in every place and station where Nature has

influence; and its several chapters contain so many passages of sound wisdom, that we might select a few pages, which would read as extracts from sermons, if taken apart from the gaiety of the remarks, the brilliant anecdote, and the illustrations of character by which they are accompanied. We have entered into no detail of the plot, and have but glanced at the *dramatis personæ*. The reader must make acquaintance forthwith with the two friends, Lord Scamper, Madame De la Rue, &c. &c. The work will be appreciated by all classes—the fashionable as well as the general reader—those who resort to fiction for amusement, and those who desire at the same time to acquire knowledge, and seek it out where the actual is blended with the imaginative. Truth is not the less truth when she puts off her more sombre garments, and dons a robe that has been trimmed and decorated by the hand of fancy.

Pantika; or Traditions of the most Ancient Times. By William Howitt. 2 vols.

We rejoice to find the name of this admirable writer affixed to volumes that we may read, admire, and praise. Two other publications from his pen were sent to us some months ago; we suffered them to remain unnoticed, because it would have been painful to have severely censured an author who has done much to delight us, and much to instruct us. It was sad to see one who is both of the race of poets and of the society of "Friends"—from taste and habit, therefore by right, gentle and peace-loving—misdirecting his strong and finely-toned mind into the rough, and crooked, and uncheering paths of political controversy. We hail with exceeding pleasure his return to the more graceful and gladsome ways of literature, and look forward with the hope of obtaining still greater pleasure from the perusal—the study we will say—of a work announced by him,—in which it is intended to describe English country life.

The volumes now before us consist of tales founded for the most part on incidents which occur, or customs to which reference is made in the Old Testament; and the author has prefaced his publication by some remarks in proof that fiction suffers nothing in consequence of the ground-work being laid in remote ages, or distant countries. We fully agree with him, and may hereafter instance his work in support of his theory. We question whether some readers will not be startled by the mingling of enchantment with miracles,—the blending of infernal rites with sacred subjects. Several of his traditions are built upon this plan; and, at the first glance, it appears objectionable. Scripture, however, leaves us perfectly free upon the point; and Mr. Howitt is unquestionably justified in adopting this mode of interesting and exciting us. The stories that please us most are Beeltuthma, the Valley of Angels, and the Avenger of Blood,—the latter is our especial favourite. It describes, in a strain of rich poetry, the happy home of an ancient dweller in Israel and his virtuous family, whose repose is destroyed by the introduction of a human demon, who, although unsuccessful in working out the ruin of the old man's daughter, destroys her life. The brother pursues him, and slays one of his followers. The villain pursues him to "a city of refuge;" and here we have the useful mingled with the attractive. The usages and customs of the Jews are described. Solomon the King becomes one of the dramatis personæ, and the story closes with some exquisite verse. This tale—and the observation will apply to several others in the collection—is finely and vigorously penned; it will be read with deep attention and exceeding delight: but it has higher merit,—it tells us, in such a way as to impress the memory, much that is peculiar and interesting in the history of the Jewish people—a people who were so long the "chosen of God," and to whom we are in-

debted for the most glorious of all our privileges, although prejudice and superstition have kept them as outcasts and set them apart from the privileges of freemen. Again we thank Mr. Howitt for a very rich treat, and trust his book will be so popular as to encourage him to similar labours, so that he may find neither time nor thought for less valuable and less pleasing occupations.

Selwyn in Searth of a Daughter, and other Tales. By the Author of "Tales of the Moors," &c. &c. 3 vols.

We venture to assert that though four-fifths of the reading public have heard of "Selwyn in Search of a Daughter," not a tithe of it is aware that the work has heretofore existed only in the pages of a periodical publication. It is now for the first time printed in a form worthy of it; and the author publishes with it a series of tales that have made her name famous —in the south as well as in the north. The author is known to be a lady —a lady of high station in Scotland—one who has employed her time and rare talents in benefiting her kind, and whose pen has been long busied in disseminating principles that produce happiness to rich and poor. The first volume contains the far-famed collection of letters under the title of "Selwyn;" the object being to afford pictures of scenery and sketches of character in Switzerland and Italy, the more dry details of which are beautifully relieved by the weaving-in of a sweet and interesting story—the story of a father in search of his daughter; why this search is rendered necessary we shall leave the reader to discover. It is full of pathos, and written with a kindly, but at the same time an accurate acquaintance with human nature.

As a book of travels it is also valuable, although the author's visit to the scenes described was paid several years ago, and although other seekers of the picturesque have seen and issued their accounts in every shape and form to which print and paper can be applied. Still there are few if any at once so graphic and so interesting. When the author of "Selwyn" visited the south of Europe, the inhabitants had not become familiar with the curious or the learned of other lands. They were therefore seen to greater advantage—as more natural and true. Now-a-days, strangers are as common as snow in winter; and those who write find it difficult to tell us a new thing. To the young especially this volume will prove a rare acquisition, because of the knowledge it displays and the virtue it inculcates. The second volume contains "Tales of the Wedding," the scenes of which are laid in various countries, and the incidents in which are as varied as human character; thus we have a wedding in hospital, a wedding in court, a wedding at college, &c. &c. "Rencontres on the Road," which follows this series, consists of several amusing or striking circumstances, wrought up to points of high and exciting interest: one of them, called the "Dead Alive," is a fine and forcible story. The third volume contains the "Bachelor's Beat,"—being chiefly delineations of Scottish character and scenery; and there are many who will consider this the most valuable portion of the work. Altogether the volumes may be classed among the most useful, interesting, and attractive of modern times; they are such as merit and will obtain a place in the libraries of all families who desire to encourage and inculcate lessons that produce good results, and at the same time blend amusement with improvement.

Young's Lectures on Intellectual Philosophy.

It is impossible to read this production of an elegant and energetic mind, without a feeling of regret that talents, from the continued exercise of which so much might be expected, should have been obscured by death

at a period when the reflective faculties are, generally speaking, in full vigour, and when the powers of the judgment derive sufficient aid from the lingering influence of imagination to render its inferences attractive without any danger of its being led astray from the path of strict argument and impartial investigation, by that subtle and fantastic mental agent. Dr. Young, after satisfactorily fulfilling the duties of his important office as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Belfast for some years, died in 1829, at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, leaving among those who had benefited by his instructions a feeling of lasting respect for his memory; and by the public at large, that testimony of his extensive information and acute powers of discriminative and inductive reasoning contained in the pages before us. The lectures which bear his name were not originally intended to meet the eye of the public, and we are indebted chiefly to Mr. Cairns, a fellow-labourer in the same field, for their preservation; who, in undertaking the task of editing and preparing them for publication, has rendered an essential service to the student in intellectual philosophy, in addition to erecting, by this means, a monument of the most durable materials to the talent of his deceased friend. The work may be considered a complete compendium of the most popular systems of mental science, explained with perspicuity, and examined without prejudice. Dr. Young was the champion of no single school; and in passing through his course of lectures, it is highly gratifying to observe him constantly steering with a steady hand between the errors of pure materialism on the one hand, and those of the mere idealists on the other. His ambition was not so much to found a new system of mental philosophy of his own, as to extract all that could be established by reason and experience from the labours of others, and to place the results in a connected form before the eyes of his pupils; acting in this respect in perfect conformity with a conviction every day becoming more generally prevalent,—that it is not so much the business of the metaphysician at present to aim at the discovery of principles hitherto unrevealed, as to detect and rectify the partial errors and misrepresentations of those who have preceded him in the same path. The result of the exercise of so much ability, united to so much sound judgment is, that we have presented to our notice a book, which every person capable of appreciating its merits will regard as admirably adapted to further the improvement of intellectual science, and which will, in all probability, take its place as a standard work in that branch of English literature devoted to the abstruse subject on which it treats. It would be almost invidious to point out any particular instances of excellence; yet we venture to suggest that the student will find the chapters on Association, Cause and Effect, and the knotty point of Personal Identity, worthy his attentive consideration and frequent reperusal. We have also to observe, that many of the striking ideas contained in the works of the late Dr. Brown will be found to bear a strong resemblance to passages in Dr. Young's lectures, delivered previously to their publication; and that this circumstance will entitle the latter author to at least some share of the commendation for originality and just thinking, which has been long deservedly bestowed upon that acute and able mental analyst.

History of England by Hume and Smollett, with a Continuation, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Valpy's edition.

This publication is now complete,—that is to say as far as it is the work of Hume and Smollett. We shall next month be called upon to notice the continuation by Mr. Hughes. That gentleman has undertaken a difficult task; but, from the well-known skill and abilities of Mr. Valpy, we look for competency in the person he has selected. Of the parts already published, we have only to say that they are very beautifully and accurately

printed, that they have an elegant appearance, and are issued in monthly volumes at a cheap rate. Indeed, there is now no excuse for any Englishman who is without this history of his country. It appears from the Prospectus, that Hume and Smollett may be purchased without the continuation. We shall wait and ascertain whether we may recommend our readers to procure them together; but certain we are, that if Mr. Hughes performs his part anything more than respectably, Mr. Valpy will have done good service to literature, by enabling us to procure so useful a work in so agreeable a form, and at so moderate a price.

The Picture. The Prosperous Man. 3 vols.

These stories are of varied degrees of excellence, or, perhaps, we should rather say of interest, for there can be but one opinion as to both possessing the highest claims to the best recommendation we can give them. The first tale displays a quick and accurate perception of the shades and modifications of human character, a truth and occasional brilliancy of touch, by which the spell is worked out in an instant, and the mystery is either woven or unravelled by a lucky expression. The oddity of the uncle, the enthusiasm of the nephew, and yet the perfectly natural feelings and habits of both, are happily contrasted, and yet harmonize together—a beautiful first and second, from the beginning to the end. The political blundering of the younger Mr. Masborough ought to be a capital lesson to gentlemen not to sport their opinions when they "go a-wooing," without first knowing what side their fair ones will take.

"The Prosperous Man" is so totally different from "The Picture," that we should not have recognized it as the production of the same pen; it is a painful story, and one that, despite the vigorous and powerful writing, leaves a sad impression upon the mind. The fact of a man guilty of all sorts of enormities prospering, and triumphing from first to last, even unto the tomb, is a sad subject to think upon. Such things do sometimes occur, but we truly believe not so frequently as to warrant their being dragged forward as specimens of the every-day occurrences of life. A few pangs—a few grey hairs—do not render to such as "the lady's groom" poetical, much less moral, justice for a life of crimes. The story, nevertheless, is good, better as a literary production than its predecessor, though not by many degrees so well calculated to please or to amuse: the one is written as with a sunbeam, the other with a poisoned arrow: this at all events gives choice of subject to the reader, and we shall be but too happy to meet the author again, when we hope he will blend the "grave and gay, the lively and severe," in one story. With his racy and original humour, and quick perceptions, it is his own fault if his pen be not at all times successful. He has in him, at least, the elements of greatness—a fine taste—an enlarged knowledge of human nature—a happy mode of arranging and working out a story—great skill in the display of character—and an easy and graceful style of composition. His volumes are deeply interesting and highly attractive.

A Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body. By Joseph Swan.

This work was published some time since in several magnificent folio parts; and the author, finding that the price of this costly edition precluded many of his professional brethren from profiting by his labours, has most patriotically submitted it to the public in a cheaper form.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to record such an instance of noble public spirit, or to witness such evidence of a generous and independent mind. Mr. Swan must have known there was little chance of an extensive sale in its

original form, yet he persevered, and, at a severe pecuniary sacrifice, produced a work such as Britain may long be proud of, and our continental neighbours well may envy; and now, for the advantage of his medical compeers and society at large, he diffuses his information with scarcely a chance of pecuniary reimbursement.

We very much regret the non-existence of a fund to offer some substantial reward to scientific and literary men for such sacrifices to the public weal: we cannot but think this an instance well deserving especial notice from some of our medical corporations.

Certain are we that Mr. Swan deserves the warmest thanks of the profession he is attached to, as well as the kindest patronage and encouragement from his countrymen at large.

We are at a loss which to admire most, the industry and talent of the author, the skill of the dissector, or the correct, the faithful delineation of the artist. As a work of art, it indeed deserves the highest praise; never do we recollect a series of anatomical plates so true to nature or so creditable to the skill of the engraver. We could wish to point out particular plates possessing peculiar excellences, but it is difficult where the labour of the anatomist, the faithfulness of the draughtsman, and the masterly graphic powers of the artist, meet one in every sheet. We, nevertheless, cannot avoid mentioning the clear delineations of the nerves and anatomy of the shoulder, neck, upper and lower extremities in plates 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, and 25. Those also of the tongue, face, and pharynx deserve especial notice and consideration.

The descriptive portion of the work merits equal commendation, and indicates the possession of perfect knowledge of the subject with a similar power of communication.

We strongly recommend all our medical readers to possess themselves of this work, if they be desirous to perfect their knowledge of the anatomy of the nervous system. To the wealthy we say you are bound to patronize and support the author by ornamenting your library with the splendid folio edition; while the more humble members and students may obtain the drawings, unimpaired either in accuracy or clearness, by purchasing it in its present reduced form. To the liberal patrons of science and the fine arts we say this volume deserves their support as a publication worthy of, and creditable to, an enlightened nation.

The drawings are, we observe, by West, and the engravings from the well-known hand of Finden. Mr. Swan has, we understand, more recently published a work on diseases of the nerves, of which we shall take early notice.

Sketches in Prose and Verse. By G. F. Richardson.

This is a pleasant and may be a profitable volume. Mr. Richardson is advantageously known in the world of literature as one of the earliest translators of the works of Körner; his present publication contains also some stories and poems from the German; they have been "done into English" by a skilful hand, and display much natural taste and judgment, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the language. The papers that are original are written with considerable talent, and although many of them are old acquaintances, having appeared in various periodical works, we rejoice to meet them again. The volume is dedicated to the Duchess of St. Alban's.

LITERARY REPORT.

The publication, in monthly Parts, of Sir Jonah Barrington's popular History of the Irish Union is continued in regular order by the issue of the Third Part, in which the Portraits, by the spirited hand of the elder Heath, consist, among others, of Arthur O'Connor, the Earl of Moira, Mr. Butler, &c.

The third monthly volume of the new, revised, and beautifully-illustrated edition of Colburn's Modern Novelists, comprises Lady Morgan's national Irish tale, "O'Donnell," complete in a single volume, with a Portrait and Vignette.

Mr. Valpy has announced for publication on the 1st of April next, a new and illustrated edition of Pope's Works; to be edited by Dr. Croly, with a new Life, Notes, and Critical Observations on each Poem.

A new romance, by the Author of "Rookwood," entitled "Crichton," founded on the adventures of the celebrated Scottish poet and scholar, the Admirable Crichton, is expected to appear in a short time.

Early this month will appear, in a single volume, "Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions."

"The Sketch-Book of the South" is in the press.

Mr. James Fennell is preparing a work in which he proposes to display Shakspeare's knowledge of Natural History, Medicine, Chemistry, and other sciences.

A novel, by the late William Godwin, jun., entitled "Transfusion," with Biographical Introduction and Notes, by William Godwin, Esq. and Mrs. Shelley, is in a state of forwardness.

A Neapolitan romance, by James Boaden, Esq., called "The Doom of Gialio," is in preparation.

The following works are likewise announced as in the press:—

The History of our Municipal Institutions, by Mr. Sergeant Merewether and Mr. Stephens, of the Western Circuit, is on the eve of publication.—Washington Irving's Tour in the Prairies, over the Hunting Grounds of the Osage and Pawnee Indians in the far west, on the borders of Mexico.—Vols. II. and III. of State Papers of the time of Henry VIII.; published by the royal commission.—The "Wasps" of Aristophanes, by T. Mitchell, Esq.—Featherstonhaugh's Excursion to the extreme Southern and Western States of North America—Hase's Popular Antiquities of France.—The Marriage Almanac; or, Lady's Calendar.—An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages, by G. C. Lewis, Esq.—Testimonies of the Fathers of the first four Centuries to the Constitution and Doctrines of the Church of England, as expressed in the XXXIX Articles, by Henry Cary, M.A.—A Course of Modern History, from the French of Professor Guizot.—The Comedies of Aristophanes, translated into English, with explanatory Notes.—The History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Dr. Henry Ritter.—The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages, an Historical Romance, by Agnes Strickland.—A Journal of a Seven Years' Residence in New South Wales, by J. W. Ord, Esq.—Poems by Richard Hatt; to be published by Subscription.—Illustrations of Cassiobury Park, by John Britton. A Selection of Games at Chess, played in England by Philidor and his Contemporaries. Now first published from the original MSS. by George Walker, author of several works on Chess.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Two Friends, a Novel, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. small 8vo., *1l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Colburn's Modern Novelists, Vol. II. (Pelham, Vol. II.) 12mo., 5*s.* cloth.

Burke's History of the Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland, Part VIII. (completing the 2nd Vol.), 7*s.* 6*d.*

Barrington's Memoirs of the Irish Union, Part III. (with 5 Portraits), 8*s.*

Revealed Characteristics of God, by G. B. Kidd, 8vo., 10*s.*

Memoirs of a Sergeant, late in the 43rd Regiment, royal 18mo., 3*s.*

Essay on the Birds of Aristophanes, by J. W. Suvern, translated by W. R. Hamilton, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Sketches of a Sea-Port Town, by H. F. Chorley, 3 vols. post 8vo., *1l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Fragments from the History of John Bull, 12mo., 5*s.*

Letters to a Friend on Objections against the Church of England, by the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, 12mo., 5*s.* 6*d.*

Domestic Life in England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, 12mo., 5*s.*

The Sees of England, Wales, Ireland, and the Colonies, by T. Sepping, 12mo., 4*s.*

Sketches of Scenes in Scotland, drawn in outline, by Lieut.-Col. Murray, 4to., 21*s.*

History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain, by E. Baines, Jun., 8vo., 15*s.*

Lewis's Plates of the Muscles of the Human Body, 4to., 15*s.*

Outlines of Botany, by G. T. Burnett, F.L.S., 2 vols. 8vo., *1l.* 14*s.*

Parliamentary Test-Book, 18mo., 3*s.*

Facts, Laws, and Phenomena of Natural Philosophy, from the French of Quetelet, 12mo., 6*s.*

Life of T. Linacre, M.D., by J. N. Johnson, M.D., edited by R. Graves, 8vo., 9*s.*

Hennebon, or the Countess of Montfort, and Bertha of Burgundy, 3 vols. post 8vo., *1l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Lives of the most Eminent Literary and Scientific Men, by R. Southey, James Montgomery, &c. &c. Vol. I. (forming Vol. LXIII. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia), 6*s.*

Grammar of Entomology, by E. Newman, 12mo., 8*s.* 6*d.*

Summary View and Explanation of the Writings of the Prophets, by John Smith, D.D., 12mo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

PERHAPS the exhibition of the present year is not, on the whole, so attractive as have been some that preceded it; but we meet fewer old acquaintances than usual, and undoubtedly a vast majority of the works it contains are highly creditable to British art. Portraits are, as our readers are aware, excluded from this gallery; and the consequence is, that although the arrangement increases its general interest, many of our most eminent painters are absentees. The institution is a very beneficial one to artists; it was established mainly to promote the sale of their productions, and visiters go there to *buy* as well as to see. The immense increase of similar institutions in the provincial cities and towns have certainly lessened the importance of the annual "show" in Pall Mall: our painters have discovered that it is more to their advantage to exhibit in the country than to expose their pictures a second time in town; and happily a taste for art is now so widely spread, that they more readily find purchasers abroad than at home. Still, the exhibition at the British Gallery will be always, as it has always been, of high merit and interest; and it has largely contributed to encourage that appreciation of art which every year strips the metropolis of its rarest productions.

The old favourites we recognize are, as we have said, few. Among them are Hilton's two noble pictures,—one of them "The Finding of the Body of Harold," the other from Spenser. It is sad that no purchaser has been found to remove them from the artist's studio. A very beautiful painting by that always admirable painter, Collins, is in the collection,—but only one. A small copy of Uwins's "Last Embrace," Jones's "Burial of Sir John Moore," Briggs' "Romeo and Juliet," and Patten's "Cymon and Iphigenia," are also again exhibited. With these, and a few other exceptions of less importance, the works are all before us for the first time.

The artist who has contributed most largely, and with the best effect, is Callcott. He has not confined his pencil to the class of art in which he so much excels, but has painted works distinguished as historical, with almost equal success. Turner's picture of the "House of Lords on Fire" is an amazing production. It may be called too red and too yellow by those who know little about the matter, but it is unquestionably *true*. Etty exhibits one sweet picture, and one that is not to our taste—"The Lute Player" is seeking to enchant a lady of surpassing ugliness. Parris has a sweet group, and a fanciful assemblage of fairies, the subject of which is from Chaucer. E. Landseer's "Sleeping Hound" is a splendid work, such as only the master-hand of a great genius could produce. "The Appointed Hour," by Herbert, is a striking picture, and will raise the reputation of an artist with whose name we are but slightly acquainted. Rothwell's "Roman Street" is a finely painted picture, in which the work of nature is more conspicuous than that of art, for the street attracts far less of our notice than the figure that occupies so largely the fore-ground. Inskipp has contributed but one picture—and that is exquisite, as is all he does. The work of M'Clise is of the highest merit,—a very noble picture representing Salvator bargaining for one of the immortal creations of his pencil. Hancock is a large contributor; three of his productions are among the more attractive of the rooms. Webster is also fortunate in his choice of subjects; one of his pictures—a boy too late for school—is admirable. Fraser's picture of "Robinson Crusoe"* is a splendid production. Stark exhibits some exquisite landscapes, and maintains his high character in this department of art. But we must direct attention to

* We understand this picture has been purchased by Messrs. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, who mean to publish an engraving from it.

two works by Mr. E. W. Cooke (a son we believe of the late eminent engraver),—"Tourville" and "Fishing-Smack entering the port of Havre." They are of rare excellence, and afford ample proof that the young painter is destined to obtain the highest honours the profession can confer upon him.

Our space will not permit us this month to enlarge our notice; and we must content ourselves, for the present, with this brief enumeration of the more attractive works.

At a general assembly of the Academicians of the Royal Academy of Arts, held at their apartments in Somerset-house, Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., and William Allan, Esq., were duly elected Royal Academicians, in the room of Philip Reinagle and Thomas Stothard, Esqrs., deceased.—The selection of these two accomplished artists and excellent men cannot but give general satisfaction. We venture to assert that if the votes of all the artists in Great Britain had been taken, the choice would have been precisely that which the Academy have made. It is gratifying to the public and honourable to the Academy.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

Mr. Jerrold has resumed his place here, to the great advantage of the manager, who has had sense enough at last to see what his advantage is. Good original dramatic writing was never so scarce as now, and Mr. Jerrold's writing is always good, and can always be relied on as original.

"The Hazard of the Die" is not, it must be confessed, a pleasant subject; but there is great power in it, and its power is all brought into full play by the dramatist. One or two touches, too, there are, which redeem, and grace, and render useful the suffering.

We must tell Mr. Jerrold, however, that he does not do himself justice in the selection of such subjects. He is able, we believe, or we have watched his talent to little purpose, to try his hand on a comedy of manners. Let him do this, and we are very sure that the result will, at the least, compensate him for the trouble of the trial.

We should add that, in this "Hazard of the Die," there is too ready an opportunity (we must also say too readily taken advantage of) for censuring what is still "liberty," though excesses may have been committed in its name. Mr. Jerrold's bitterness is not always wisely restricted, nor is his railing always charitable. No man knows, we are sure, better than he that the terrors of the first revolution of France were merely the counterpart of the excesses that had preceded them; that the squalid horror of the later time proceeded naturally out of that previous disregard of suffering which was only more frightful. The finery and haughty airs of aristocracy surmounting the destitution and starving wretchedness of the *canaille*, is a thing more horrid to reflect on, and appears to us far more squalid and more humiliating to our nature than the most terrible exhibition of the guillotine. But Mr. Bunn, we have no doubt, was delighted to hear the bitterness, and thinks the author meant far more than he does. The manager of the patent houses has reason to abhor everything that is low.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

"The Schoolfellows," by Mr. Jerrold, is a piece we could dwell on with far greater pleasure, if we had space or time; but we have neither, and can only leave the reader to a visit to this pleasant little theatre, in which, we promise him, he will be amply repaid.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Sir Henry Halford read a paper on the deaths of some eminent persons. He alluded to the attention with which his paper on the deaths of some illustrious persons of antiquity had been received, as the motive for selecting his present subject, and laying before the meeting some details connected with the decease of some distinguished men of more modern times.

The learned President began his narrative by some remarks upon the monarch in whose reign the College was founded, referring to the pictures of Holbein in illustration of King Henry's manly beauty, and to the remains of him which he had seen in his coffin, and to his large arm-chair at Windsor, in proof of his stature. The state of his health in more advanced life, when he became corpulent and unwieldy, made Henry the Eighth a great dabbler in medicine. In fact, he not only prescribed, as opportunity occurred, but compounded the drugs himself, as appears by a volume in the British Museum, containing a large collection of royal *recipes*. The Monarch, however, could not avert from himself the evils of mortality, and died, at the age of fifty-six, dropsical, and covered with sores.

To Wolsey the King gave some excellent instructions how to avoid the sweating-sickness; but the Cardinal, who escaped that epidemic, died of a malady which the royal physician might more easily have prevented had he chosen—a broken heart, to which was added, in his last hours, an attack of dysentery. The Earl of Shrewsbury, at whose house he had been on his road from Yorkshire, encouraged his distinguished guest to think more favourably of his health; but the Cardinal, in reply to his cheering speeches, assured the Earl that he could not live—discoursing learnedly about his ailment, which, he said, within eight days, if there were no change, would necessarily produce "excoriation of the entrails, or delirium, or death." This was on the eighth day, when he confidently expected his death, and expired after the clock had struck eight, according to his own prediction—"the very hour," says Shakspeare, "himself foretold would be his last."

Edward the Sixth was carried off by disease of the lungs, having had measles, as well as small-pox, the preceding year, which left an obstinate cough behind. He was put under the care of an ignorant woman by the Earl of Northumberland, by whose treatment his end seems to have been much accelerated. Sir Henry paid a high tribute to the memory of this intelligent and amiable young King, whose bodily powers bore no proportion to the extraordinary energies of his mind; in this respect reminding the learned author of many examples he has met with, where ill health in young persons had led to great powers of reflection, the precocity of their intellectual development "compensating them for the brevity of their earthly existence."

Oliver Cromwell, in his last illness, one morning asked a physician who had sat up with him why he looked so sad? and being answered that it became any one to look grave who had the care of *his* life to answer for, immediately replied, "Ye physicians think I shall die: I tell you I shall not die this time; I am sure of it. Do not think I am mad; I speak the words of truth upon surer grounds than your Galen or Hippocrates furnish you with. God Almighty himself hath given that answer." Under this confident expectation of recovering, Cromwell allowed himself to be removed from Hampton Court to London. On the following day he became worse—grew lethargic—then delirious—and died September 3, 1658. The spleen was much diseased, and filled with matter "like lees of oil." It is difficult, continued Sir Henry, to read the history of this period without

entertaining a strong suspicion that Cromwell used those solemn aspirations—that affected intercourse with the Almighty—hypocritically, and with political views. Archbishop Tillotson has remarked that the above is a specimen of that enthusiasm which superseded hypocrisy with Cromwell; but in modern days, when we meet with such allegations in our intercourse with patients, and find them influencing their conduct, we think ourselves justified in applying to the Lord Chancellor for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo.*

King Charles II. (according to the account of his physician, Sir C. Scarborough) had just risen from his bed when he experienced an unusual sensation in his head, shortly after which he fell down speechless, and without the powers of motion. An army surgeon, who happened to be at hand, bled him to the extent of sixteen ounces; after which, on the arrival of the royal physician, his Majesty was cupped, and other remedies used—such as an emetic, purgatives, &c.; but he expired on the fourth day. "Had there been safety in a multitude of counsellors, the King's life must have been preserved; for," added Sir Henry, "I perceive the signatures of not less than fourteen physicians to one of the prescriptions." Among the remedies prescribed when he was sinking, was the *spiritus cranii humani*, twenty-five drops, which certainly has been improved upon in our modern preparations of ammonia. The learned baronet here mentioned that he had lately seen a prescription in which a portion of the human skull was ordered, in a powder, for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. It was dug out of the ruins of a house in Duke-street, Westminster, which had belonged to Oliver Cromwell's apothecary. On examining King Charles's head, a copious effusion of lymph was found in the ventricles and at the base of the cranium; from which Sir Henry is disposed to think that he might have been still further bled with advantage; adding, that the result of his experience had convinced him, that, if large depletion be not adopted in the first instance, everything else attempted afterwards will be unavailing. It is quite evident, from Sir Henry's account, that Charles II. died of apoplexy, and consequently that his indifference to the solicitations of those about him, on religious matters, can only, with charity, be attributed to the effects of his disease.

King William (the Prince of Orange) had a weak frame, and was asthmatic, with a constant cough. He died, at length, of an enormous secretion in the lungs, which first embarrassed, and ultimately prevented respiration. The lungs were adherent to the *pleura costalis;* and a fall from his horse, which he had shortly before met with in Hampton Court Park, and by which he had broken his collar-bone, had detached a portion of the adhesion and excited inflammation.

Mary, the consort of William, died of small-pox; and it is remarkable that Bishop Burnet blames Dr. Radcliffe in rather harsh terms for his treatment of her case. The learned prelate mentions that Marshal Schomberg advised him never to give an opinion upon a military subject; and "I wish," said Sir Henry, "that he had received similar counsel from a physician, and had abstained from remarking on medical affairs." The censure of the Bishop seems to have been quite uncalled-for.

Dryden died of ossification of the arteries of the extremities, such as produces mortification. His body "lay in state, in the College of Physicians, during ten days, and was then conveyed to Westminster Abbey with great ceremony."

The disease which occasioned Dean Swift to expire "a driveller and a show" was of a paralytic nature; to which circumstance Sir Henry is inclined to attribute that aberration, not to say depravity of mind, which has excited so much scandal.

"Now, I believe," said he, "this irritability was bodily disease; and so far from considering the unsocial and untoward mind as influencing the body to its detriment, I would contend that the corporeal distemper was the

cause of the perverse and unhappy state of the mind; that Swift's irritability was of that peculiar nature which accompanies palsy, the seat of which is generally in the brain. Swift was in the habit of suffering severe attacks of headach, and of dizziness, and occasional deafness when young; even so early in his life as during his sojournment with Sir William Temple. In process of time there ensued that plethoric state of the vessels of the brain which required frequent cupping; and at length the obstruction became so great as to occasion an effusion of water into the ventricles, and the loss of his faculties by apoplectic pressure. This appeared on examination of the head after death. No doubt this effusion had been preceded by inflammation of the membranes of the brain, and by phrenzy. Under these attacks of inflammation and phrenzy, he dealt forth his angry denunciations largely; and probably it was in one of these unhappy moments that he composed the epitaph so injudiciously inscribed on his tombstone in St. Patrick's Cathedral."

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A paper was recently read, being "Extracts from the Journal of Mr. Oldfield, surgeon to the Niger expedition, on board the Alburkah." Messrs. Lander and Oldfield started on the 2d August, 1833, from the Niger to go up the river Tchadda, which empties itself into the former. Our adventurers were out until the middle of the following October, having proceeded as far up as Dagboh, a distance of 104 miles, and perceiving an evident disinclination to trade on the part of the natives, they returned. In such a journal as this no satisfactory analysis can be given; instead, therefore, of attempting it, we prefer the simpler process of presenting extract as a sample of the whole.—"August 12, at forty minutes past five, came to an anchor at a part of the river which was not more than three hundred yards wide. For the two last hours we have been running between two low islands, having, by mistake, left the main branch: the river in some places is only sixty yards wide, and bears a greater resemblance to a creek than to a river: the prospect around is extremely wild and dreary, not a canoe or native visible. The only living creatures we saw were a few birds and some baboons—the latter chattered, grinned, and leaped from bough to bough, in evident terror and surprise.—August 15, at twenty minutes past eleven A.M., got under way, soundings two fathoms: the river to-day has gradually increased in width as we have proceeded. At four o'clock we again got into the main branch, to our no small satisfaction. All around us continues to wear a dismal and gloomy appearance. Since yesterday we have only had a glimpse of one small canoe. Our provisions have failed, and we have neither rice, yams, nor plantains on board; neither is there a prospect of any town where we may obtain a supply. Saw an immense number of alligators swimming around us in all directions. The river has taken an ample sweep to the southward: we have passed some palm-trees. The *Kroumen* went ashore for wood; the natives opposed their landing, and they crossed over to the opposite side of the river. The interpreter was despatched ashore to procure a supply of provisions. On his return he stated, that we were contiguous to two towns, Dagboh and Obōhboe, but at neither of them could he procure any food or information. He likewise informed us that the chief had fled on the first approach of the vessel. The chief of the smaller town was afraid to venture on board himself, but sent his daughter, a girl of ten or eleven years of age. She was entirely destitute of clothing, and wore nothing but a few strings of beads secured round the loins. The natives, being suspicious, kept a fire burning all night." A little farther on we find Mr. Oldfield thus noting: "We are still destitute of yams, rice, &c. In the afternoon Lieut. Allen, Capt. Dean, and myself went ashore. A footpath from the waterside leads one to the village of Obōhboe; we saw plenty of goats and fowls; a number of girls, with no cover-

ing, were occupied in grinding down corn, which they did by bruising it between two stones, or slabs of dried clay. The natives appeared very shy, and evinced great timidity. As we approached the town of Dagboh we observed several of the natives retreating to the hills; to one whom we met I presented my hand, but he shrunk from it with horror." Ultimately the party returned, without being able to effect any good.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At a recent meeting a paper was read by Mr. Vardon, on the Parliamentary Representation of England and Wales.

From this statement, affording as it does many curious and interesting particulars, we learn that the Parliamentary representation of England and Wales in the Commons House of Parliament in 1831, consisted of 513 members. By the Act known as the Reform Bill, this number was reduced to 500, thus divided:—

53 Counties, (the Isle of Wight being for this purpose reckoned as one) sending	160 Members.
203 Boroughs, Cities, Cinque Ports, Universities, &c., sending	340 ditto.
Total . .	500 Members.

Of the places previously entitled to return burgesses fifty-six were entirely disfranchised, and thirty deprived of one of their two representatives; while, on the other hand, forty-three new boroughs were created—twenty-two of them returning two members, and twenty-one one member each. The same Act also deprived the borough of Weymouth and Melcombe Regis of two of its former members. The basis of the disfranchising clauses was formed on a report made of the number of houses, together with the amount of assessed taxes for the year ending April, 1831.

It further appears by this statement, that in the fifty-three counties there are 370,379 registered electors returning 160 members, and in the 203 boroughs, &c., 285,958 registered electors returning 340 members; therefore the total 656,337 electors return 500 representatives, being an average proportion of nearly 1313 votes to each member. This account could not be safely taken as a partial basis in regard to the formation of any returns of population, because, although the calculation as to voters is as perfect as the present system of registration will allow, yet as many voters are registered for more than one place in the same county or borough, the exact number of *persons* having the suffrage of electing representatives to Parliament cannot be accurately ascertained; but they must be considered as being considerably within the number above stated. We find that the expense for registering the votes of 203 boroughs in England and Wales was 10,512*l.*, or an average of about 52*l.* for each place, varying from 609*l.* for the city of London, and 395*l.* for Bath, to 10*s.* for Great Marlow: and dividing the total amount among the 285,958 electors, we get an average charge of about *nine-pence* for each voter! While, again, the legal charges of returning the 500 members for England and Wales in 1832, averaged about 114*l.* to each member. Any other expenses (shrewdly observes the compiler of these tables, in conclusion) attendant on the return of members to Parliament are beyond the province of Statistics.

VARIETIES.

Unrolling a Mummy.—Two newspapers, the "Belfast News Letter" and the "Guardian" have been kindly forwarded to us, in both of which an account is given of the unrolling a mummy, brought to this country and presented to the Natural History Society of Belfast by Mr. Greg. So

many mummies have of late been unrolled, and the results have been so uniform, that we shall, on this occasion, confine ourselves to a general notice of such facts and discoveries only as appear to have been peculiar. According to the interpretation given by the Rev. Dr. Hincks of the hieroglyphics on the coffin, the body was that of an unmarried female of the name of Kabooti, the daughter of a priest of Ammon, whose parents were dead at the time of her decease; but there was no legible part of the inscription which gave any precise information respecting the era when she lived; which, however, is presumed to have been about 2000 or 2500 years ago. According to the "Guardian," on unrolling the body sundry porcelain tubes, about three quarters of an inch in length, were found, through which some filaments of the cotton had been passed: these the 'News Letter' seems to describe as part of the ornaments of the outer shawl in which the body was enveloped. In the course of unfolding the numerous wrappers, various dead insects (and one living one! described as about the size of—query, was it not?—a flea) were found, and on approaching the mummy these became more numerous, and the chest and the parts connected with the abdomen, says the "Guardian," had been either completely decomposed or devoured by insects, the space being occupied by large quantities of their larvæ. "The cloth," observes the "News Letter," "had evidently been perforated by them in many places, and an immense multitude of either dead larvæ, or not improbably the exuviæ of the beetles, were discovered within pledgets of cotton. One leg, the arms, the upper part of the breast, and the head, were now entirely exposed to view, and an examination of the body itself soon commenced. The hair was in excellent preservation, being very fine, about three inches and a half long, forming ringlets like those of children, and of a deep auburn shade, with not the slightest appearance of wool—the eyes were replaced by balls of cotton—the lips, cheeks, and sides of the head had suffered much from the attacks of the insects, many of which were found deeply imbedded in the round holes which they had perforated in the flesh—the teeth were white, regular, and very pretty, and with one single exception not an unsound one could be seen—the appearance of the dentes sapientiæ proved the age of the body at death not to have been less than twenty, or more than thirty. The foot was particularly small and beautifully shaped. The body was five feet and one inch long." Afterwards some minor mummies were examined. "Two of these," says the "Guardian," "turned out to be the remains of snakes, and in an earthen jar, supposed to contain the mummy of a sacred Ibis, the egg of one of these birds was found enveloped in numerous folds of cotton cloth, of a much softer nature and looser texture than that in which the body of Kabooti was wrapped."—*Athenæum.*

Church Reform (*Non-Residence*).—The following are some of the pleas for non-residence (admitted by the present Act, 57 Geo. III. c. 99, sec. 15), which appear most especially to demand revision in the expected measure of Church Reform:—"1. Serving as stipendiary curate of another parish. 2. Being master or usher of any endowed school. 3. Being master or preacher of any hospital or incorporated charitable foundation. 4. Being endowed lecturer of any other place, or chaplain of any endowed chapelry, or preacher of any endowed preachership. 5. Serving as preacher in any proprietary chapel. 6. Being chaplain of any garrison; of the Military Asylum; Military Academy; Military College; Greenwich Hospital; Chelsea Hospital; Haslar Hospital; Plymouth Hospital; Naval Asylum; Navy; Newgate; Penitentiary at Milbank; or any British factory abroad. 7. Being teacher at the Military Academy. 8. Being principal surrogate or official in any Ecclesiastical Court. 9. Being librarian of the British Museum or Sion College. 10. Being one of the trustees of Lord Crewe's Charity."

The Capybara.—One of these rare and singular animals has been forwarded to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, from Bristol, where it arrived from South America, having been taken on the banks of the Amazon, where it is called the River or Sea Hog. It is a thick-set, clumsy animal, the head and neck singularly large, and is remarkable for being devoid both of the tail and clavicle, which striking characteristics caused Cuvier to form his genus Hydrochœnus. They take up their abode in the extensive forests of South America, in the neighbourhood of water, concealing themselves in burrows. They swim and dive exceedingly well, and their habits and modes of living strongly resemble those of the beaver. The present specimen is quite tame and domesticated, and will no doubt be an interesting object to the visitors of these gardens.

Parhelia (or Mock Suns).—Two of these rare phenomena were observed at South Clifton, Notts, by J. Woolfit, on the 15th ult., 11h. 10m. A.M. The parhelion to the west of the sun appeared at first like a roundish and not well-defined light; it afterwards became better defined, and exhibited a true image of the sun, rather tinged like the rainbow. The other parhelion then appeared to the east of the sun, at about the same altitude as the former, and both rather higher than the sun. A few minutes afterwards a whitish halo surrounded the sun at a considerable distance, and passed through each of the parhelia: shortly they were all lost by a thick dense cloud. Parhelia are supposed to be occasioned by the rays of light acting on congealed drops of vapour in the atmosphere, and are frequently succeeded by a fall of rain, which was the case on this occasion. They have been observed by the ancients as well as moderns, and are more frequent in America and Holland.

New Ball Projector.—A French agriculturist, of the name of Billet, who has assiduously cultivated the mechanical arts, has invented a machine which will discharge 2000 balls, each eight ounces in weight, per minute, or 120,000 in an hour, and this without the slightest intermission. The action of this formidable machine may be arrested or continued at will; the balls are discharged from four different muzzles, which may be directed upon objects at a less or greater distance from each other, or they may be brought to bear simultaneously on one and the same point. Billet's machine, however, is not capable of carrying such balls a greater distance than 100 metres (about 110 yards); but he asserts that he can improve it, so as to impel the same balls a distance of 450 yards, and with a velocity scarcely inferior to that imparted by gunpowder. In this case, he adds that he will be obliged to increase its weight from 80 to 310lbs. He does not employ either air, spring, or combustible matter in this new projectile; and his name is of some note among French mechanics, as the inventor of two new levers, which are to be seen in the collection of the "Société d'Encouragement" at Paris.—*U. S. Journal.*

Returns in 1829 give about 26,000 independent schools in the United Kingdom, in 14,500 of which the interrogative system of questions *without* answers appeared to be more or less introduced. Returns made up within 1834 make the schools above 23,000, and indicate that 16,700 now use the system in some of its subjects; or, in other words, teach some of the liberal branches of knowledge. The Independent Schools are, to the Foundation Grammar Schools, as 50 to one, and they educate 65 times as many children.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Pompeii.—Naples, January.—The excavations at Pompeii have again produced very important discoveries. In the house called that of Ariadne a magnificent sacrarium has been found. The niche for the image of the tutelary divinity is at the back. On the sides are paintings of a Leda and a priestess, who is in the act of offering a sacrifice, assisted by a girl, who has the sacred utensils in her hands. Some ornaments, in a very elegant and delicate style, of a yellow colour on a red ground, are introduced as borders in the intervals of these representations. In the house called that of Dædalus, the walls of a garden have been discovered. They are covered with magnificent landscapes. The first gives the prospect of a temple—which is extremely interesting on account of its details, and which seems to be dedicated to Apollo, whose statue stands near the entrance. On one side is a pond in which many wild ducks are swimming; and on the other a river in which are seen some cows. The second landscape is a delicious marine view in Sicily. Polyphemus is on the shore. Galatea, seated on a dolphin in the midst of the waves, seems to be listening to the singing of the Cyclops. A combat of wild beasts in an amphitheatre is painted in large dimensions. A majestic bull is running from a lion which pursues him, but a tiger, more swift, has already seized him under the belly. Meantime a courageous *bestiarius* strikes with his lance a wild boar upon the snout, from which the blood spouts up. A little farther off, a second huntsman has laid at his feet a bear, in whose body a spear remains, while another bear is flying in terror. Two stags are standing still, as if contemplating the destruction of their enemies. The compartments between the landscape and the hunting-piece are filled with figures of helmets, drums, and two small palms. The top of the wall is finished with some cornices of stucco, of elegant workmanship, and painted with various colours, which produce a wonderful effect.—*Literary Gazette.*

Embalming.—On the 6th of March last, Professor Franchina, of Palermo, embalmed a body in the anatomical theatre at Palermo. On the 14th of May, consequently more than two months afterwards, this new mummy was again examined in the presence of several hundred persons. The features of the deceased had undergone no alteration—the body was perfectly flexible—the flesh had the natural hue of death, but not the slightest smell of putrefaction was perceptible. The viscera, which, according to this new method, need not be removed, were well preserved, especially the lungs, which were found, on examination, in the most perfect state. The means employed by the Professor are not stated—indeed, it appears that he makes a secret of them. Larrey, the surgeon in chief of the French army, employed for this purpose sublimate of mercury, which has lately been applied by Kyan to the prevention of the dry rot in timber. The body was laid in a solution of the sublimate, which was kept of equal strength, by small bags of the sublimate suspended in it. "I have myself seen," says Dr. Nürnburger, the writer of the article from which this paragraph is translated, "a body treated in this manner, which was carried through the New Mark (of Brandenburg), after the battle of Eylau, and which was in perfect preservation: but the bowels, as well as the eyes, had been taken out." Franchina must therefore be acquainted with some other process.

Rail-roads in France.—The following is a list of the rail-roads already existing, or in the course of construction, in France:—From St. Etienne to the Loire; from St. Etienne to Lyons, by St. Chamond and Givors; from Andrezieux to Roanne; from Alais to Beaucaire (about to be commenced); and from Epinal to the Canal de Bourgogne (in the course of construction). Among the projected rail-roads is that from Paris to Orleans. The pre-

paratory works for this rail-road are in a very forward state—from Paris to Pontoise, and from Paris to Havre. It is also in contemplation to form a rail-road between Calais and Paris; and according to the latest accounts received, a new company is being organized, the object of which is, to form a rail-road from Paris to Lille, with branches to Calais, Boulogne, Douai, and Valenciennes, and thence to communicate with a rail-road, which is projected, from the frontiers of France to Brussels. Now allowing that all these schemes may be judicious, and ultimately profitable, where is the capital to come from which must necessarily be embarked in them?

The German Press.—The following statement exhibits the number of the towns in each German State which possess printing-presses:—In Prussia, 64 towns; in Bavaria, 21; in Saxony, 11; in Austria, 7; in Wurtemberg, 7; in Hanover, 6; in the Grand Duchy of Baden, 6; in Electoral Hesse, 5; in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, 4; in Grand Ducal Hesse, 4, &c. It thus appears that Austria, with its eleven millions of inhabitants, has only one-ninth of the number of towns with printing-presses which Prussia, with nearly the same population, possesses—only one-third the number of Bavaria, the population of which is three-fifths less—about one-third less than the number in Saxony, the population of which is but one million and a-half—and not more than Wurtemberg, which has about the same population as Saxony. Of all the cities in the States of the Germanic Confederation it is Leipzig that supplies the most books; after that city comes Berlin, and then Stutgard, which furnishes one-third more than Vienna.—*Litt. Zeitung.*

Professor Seyfarth, speaking of the result of his gleanings last year in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Turin, observes, the most important discovery he made has been an outline of Egyptian history, described on each of the closely-filled sides of a papyrus, between fourteen and eighteen feet long, and two feet broad. It corresponds with the customary chronological accounts, by dating its narrative from the times of the dominion of the Pagan deities. The first sovereigns of Egypt were Ammon, Vulcanus, and Ammon Sol; then follow their successors until the days of Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Thouth, Anubis, and Horus II.; the whole comprising an interval of thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventeen years, and corresponding in this respect with Manetho's testimony.

Interesting Antiques.—In digging lately at Kertch, in order to make a new pavement, a coffin was discovered of rather an ordinary description, made of freestone, about two archimes long, one wide, and one thick. On opening the coffin, a superb black urn was found, of the Etruscan form, and of large dimensions, ornamented with bas-reliefs, and gilt in some part. It was placed at the feet of the corpse, upon whose head was a golden laurel crown, beautifully executed, and weighing thirty-six zolotnitks, or about thirteen ounces of the purest gold. Near to one of the shoulders, a round piece of gold was found, bearing some resemblance to a medal, having on one side the figure of a woman in relief, and on the other that of Mercury clothed as a shepherd. There were also in the tomb a strigil of iron, and another object of the same metal surrounded by copper rings. Upon the coffin-lid there was a common urn of potter's clay, full of the bones of birds, which had probably been sacrificed to the manes of the deceased. These discoveries were made under the superintendence of M. Kareicha, who is occupied in making archeological researches for the Emperor of Russia. This gentleman caused the ground in the neighbourhood to be examined; and after some hours' research, a second coffin was discovered, similar to the first; but it contained a much greater number of objects, and of very superior workmanship to the first.—*Journal d'Odessa.*

Sphygomètre.—At a recent sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Majendie gave, in his own name and that of M. Serres, a report on this instrument, which, as its name indicates, is intended by the inventor to measure the pulse, and also to make known those differences of circulation which the physician now studies most generally by means of the touch. It is the opinion of M. Majendie and M. Serres that, at least, there is as much practice necessary to use this instrument properly as to learn to feel the pulse in the ordinary way, and that the results are not more precise. They caused two persons, both skilled in using the sphygomètre, to apply it successively to the radial artery of the same individual, and to write down separately the indications given by the instrument; the results obtained differed materially.—*Athenæum.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The reports from the different counties of England all concur in stating that the elements have never been more favourable to vegetation, and, indeed, to the performance of all the works of agriculture, than during the past winter. And if there was previously a dearth of rain, which was felt in the want of water for the stock in the high, and dry, and light districts; if the wheat, upon the strong and richer soils, had shot out too luxuriantly, and demanded a check, lest the vigour of the plant should be exhausted upon the straw, rather than the ear; if, we say, these things formed a ready subject of complaint to a race proverbially very apt to complain—even these are now removed; first, by the few days of slight frost and snow which we have since experienced, and by the copious rains which have fallen towards the middle of the present month. The turnips, thus uninjured by weather, promise to hold out well, and seasonably and completely to supply the deficiency in last year's hay-crop. The rye for spring feed (now a common resource) will obtain a more than usually luxuriant growth; the grass and the tares will come into earlier use, and the spring, in general, be forward and favourable. Barley sowing, too, may commence very early under the happiest prospects, if no very violent quantity of wet comes; and thus, so far as the elements are concerned, nothing can promise more prosperity to the farmer, or generally, to the subsistence of the country.

But the farmer's trade is not prosperous! and why? Aye, there's the rub; because, says the farmer, the price does not *remunerate* us. If that irksome monosyllable, with its little crooked appanage that asks questions, why? be repeated, it will drive the discussion to very perilous extremes. For there can be no such result to a permanently disadvantageous commerce (if any such could be permanent at all), without some gross error in the way of conducting it. This error the land-owners load upon low price, as if low price were artificial, and as if low price would not, nay, *must* not, always produce a corresponding drop in the expenses. Herein lies the error. An artificial price, by which we mean a price sustained by adventitious circumstances, or by provisions contrary to nature and the laws by which all trades are governed—such as war, protecting duties, &c. &c.—has so long obtained, that the most difficult thing in the world is perhaps to persuade those connected with land to look at the case in the true light, and open their eyes upon the facts. Of late, the country has been amused with the introduction of supplies through the Channel islands, and heaven knows how, sufficient to account for the depreciation of the price of wheat. We verily believe that, taking the *whole course of foreign importation*, it has never at any time been of importance enough, *greatly* to affect the price; and if it ever have, it constitutes the exception,

not the rule. For to what degree can an *average* annual importation during about forty years, of 500,000 quarters, depress price in a kingdom where the consumption *now* amounts to about seventy times that quantity, and has always been annually increasing by a growing population? It must be apparent to the judgment, calmly exerted upon the large and comprehensive materials of the case presented to our view, that the domestic supply (we of course include the growth of Ireland and the British colonies) comes so near to the demand, together with the certainty of the warehoused accumulation both in England and on the Continent, that, in spite of the protecting law, price begins to approximate to its natural level, by which is to be understood that amount which corn would obtain were the trade perfectly free and open. It forms, indeed, one curious item in the statement, that, for the last two years at least, wheat has fallen and remained below the price Mr. Jacob (to say nothing of the famine he prophesied from gradually decreasing stocks) pronounced it could never reach, and in which opinion he has been corroborated by the great modern Economist. So much for speculations upon a subject too wide to be embraced with the certainty of the exact sciences. It would be far more to the purpose, and of the farmer especially, if, instead of suffering himself to be amused, and not unfrequently cheated by such fallacies, he were to lay it down as the law of his, as well as other trades, that the expenses must be regulated by the produce; and that his contract for rent, tithes, labour, general charges, &c., must all have reference to the probable price of his commodity. The protecting duty, on the contrary, continually holds out to his deluded vision the hope of a factitious *minimum*—eighty, or sixty shillings, or some nominal amount—which never is, nor ever can be sustained, and rarely approached. His error begins in paying a rent above the real value, and all other things have relation to that item. Thus he is the dupe of a factitious system, though it must be admitted that the competition for farms, owing to the limitation of the area of cultivation, while the population to be employed and fed is indefinitely increasing, tends very much to perpetuate his disadvantage.

We have said thus much, to endeavour to prove that no such single cause as the importation of an article of such bulk through a few small channels, nor, indeed, through any channels, can affect the universal laws which govern price; and to induce, if we can, a more enlightened manner of looking at the whole of the agricultural question. The cry is now, however, turned to the repeal of the malt-tax, which is to be the panacea, the cure for all agricultural ills. Now were the malt-tax repealed (which we think it soon will be, to a greater or less extent), it would tend little to the removal of the *farmers'* evils; observe, we say, the farmers, implying thereby the tenantry. For let us examine the facts in detail. A larger consumption of barley would be the first consequence: ergo, a better price, quoth the farmer. Well, be it so. For how long will the tenant reap the advantage? Just so long as the landlord shall remain unable to advance his rent. For is it not clear that the interests of the landlord have suffered exactly in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining tenants? If a farm is to be let at a fair rent (nay, we may say at a high rent), such is the competition there is no lack of offers. And how is rent estimated and tried? Why, simply by these offers. When it is so high that an occupier cannot be had, the sum is lowered, till a tenant is found. Again, we perceive that the home growth is *not* adequate to the consumption. What follows? Importation. Is there any difficulty in getting supplies? Not the smallest. And what would be the first, and almost lasting consequences (commercially and agriculturally speaking), of an augmented demand? At first price would rise, and as immediately measures would be taken to meet the demand by an increased growth both at home and abroad, the one would soon balance and compensate the other. We do not therefore perceive, according to the general laws which must regulate demand and supply,

that *the tenantry* of the country can be much or long advantaged by a repeal of the duties on malt, beyond those necessary results from a reduced taxation, which apply to all alike. *Morally* speaking, we believe the benefit must be great and universal, and *that* is the argument for a repeal upon which we should principally dwell and insist.

While we have thus discussed the wider merits of the question, we must not overlook those which are now opening immediately before us—the almost ascertained facts of a short supply. That the foreign growth must be resorted to, seems to be settled; the choice lies between trusting to the chances of the market, and preventing or influencing them by speculation and hording. Difficulties of no small amount seem to surround this necessary decision; for if the quantity be insufficient, the quality is so various that it is likely to affect the averages, and of course the duty. As thus: if a large quantity of low quality at a comparatively low price be speedily introduced, the average will be low and the duty high; consequently, the object of importing with a view to sale when a high price shall have opened the warehouses, may be indefinitely postponed; and to this belief there is much to lead us. Those foreign barleys which, up to this year had been most esteemed in the market, have turned out far below the customary excellence; the Saale and Bohemian, for instance, which are represented as being hard, steely, and fit only for home consumption; those from Silesia and Pomerania as light, and those from Mecklenburgh are also inferior. At Stettin, the price forbids purchase; and all through the shores of the Baltic and Russia, the crop is too deficient to allow the hope of any large supply. Such is the aggregate result of the best accounts. The probability still is, that the article will be scarce and high till the malting season is over.

The market for wheat has not become firmer, notwithstanding the increased consumption of the article which so low a price must cause. There appears to be no desire to speculate, nor any vivacity of trade evinced. The supply is large and steady—the price, perhaps, a shade lower. Wind and water are short, yet flour supports its price with great difficulty. The trade in oats is brisk, and also in seed-barley; but for other qualities, the demand is of late more slack than might be expected. Malt is steady.

Sales of wool from the colonies, Germany, and Odessa, occupied the middle week of the month, and the effect has been to establish a firm market, especially for those from Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales. Many buyers from the manufacturing districts were present, and they purchased freely. The best qualities, *relatively speaking*, were most generally bought, and at the highest prices. About 4800 bales were sold, 2500 of which were from the two colonies above named. The best fleeces brought from 3*s*. 1*d*. to 3*s*. 1½*d*. per lb.; the second sold readily at from 2*s*. to 2*s*. 10*d*. per lb. The German amounted to about 500 bales, and sold fairly at from 1*s*. 5*d*. to 2*s*. 0½*d*. The Odessa were from 400 to 500 bales, and realized from 2*s*. 2*d*. to 2*s*. 10*d*. Goods from Italy, Turkey, the Cape, St. Helena, were offered, but not much noticed. Near 500 bales of Spanish were offered, and sold with animation at 1*s*. 11*d*. to 2*s*. 4*d*. Upon the whole, the wools equalled the October sales for the better samples, though the lower must be esteemed to have a little depreciated in price. The entire results speak equally well for the state of the manufactures, and for the dealers in the raw commodity.

In connexion with this subject we must add, that the lambing season has begun, and is going on most auspiciously. The dry weather and the state of the land is very propitious to their fattening for market, since they are neither wet on the back, nor loaded with mud under the belly. The fall, it is probable, will be decreased by few losses, for there is neither cold nor wet to struggle against; thus the flock-farmers are by far the most advantageously circumstanced, for the markets for larger cattle scarcely pay, if they do pay at all, for the feed, when the prices at which the lean stock has been bought are fairly estimated.

RURAL ECONOMY.

The Potato.—Mr. Hickley has communicated to the "Irish Farmer's Journal" a very singular and successful experiment tried upon the potato in the county of Dublin:—A gentleman, who holds a farm of 150 acres, planted in the usual manner 34 acres under potatoes in 1832; the result was, a complete failure of the crop. This induced him to try many experiments upon the root, all of which failed except the following:—He took six potatoes and divided them into twenty cuts; he then got a large basin of water, into which he put a cupful of salt and a piece of blue stone about the size of a walnut. He put ten of the cuts into the basin, and let them remain there one entire night. On the following day he procured a very strong microscope, through which he examined the entire twenty cuts. On the ten cuts which were not immersed in the basin he could distinctly perceive many small white particles like eggs; and those cuts which were immersed presented no such appearance whatsoever. This discovery urged him to follow up the examination attentively; and every day, for a short period, he continued to watch the appearance of the aforesaid matter. The result was, that those white globular particles were animalcula, for in a few days they became quite visible to the naked eye in the form of worms or maggots. The cuts that had been steeped never showed the slightest appearance of any such thing, and they retained their solidity and firmness when the other ten cuts were completely decayed and rotted. Still unwilling to believe without further proof, he tried the experiment five or six times, and planted them, distinctly marking a division between those cuts which were steeped and those that were not. The consequence was, the almost total failure of the one kind and the complete success of the others placed the question beyond the possibility of a doubt. He considers that the air has a powerful effect upon the potato, and may sometimes impregnate it with this destructive matter.

Cottage Allotments.—From Mr. Loudon's "Gardener's Magazine," a valuable periodical which contains many new and profitable suggestions in every branch of useful, scientific, or ornamental culture either of gardens, farms, trees, or exotics, we select the following, as being more calculated to benefit the great mass of the community than many of its more curious contents:—

"As a sincere well-wisher to the labouring classes, I, of course, take an interest in the success of the cottage-allotment system, which is especially calculated to increase the comforts of the poor. Hitherto, I believe, the system has succeeded; and, should it fail eventually, the failure will arise, I think, from the impoverished state of the soil, which is cropped annually without the necessary dressing of manure. In most places the cottagers cannot procure animal manure beyond what is produced in their own pigsties, and the little they can collect on the roads; and this will be found insufficient to afford a slight dressing to the garden and allotment every alternate year. How, then, is this deficiency to be supplied? I answer, principally by good management, which will often do as much as money; and, with respect to management, the labouring classes are, in too many instances, lamentably careless and ignorant. But a sensible cottager will generally take a hint from a superior in rank and information; and those who wish well to the allotment-system will promote it most effectually by hints as to management, and by pressing upon the occupiers the necessity of collecting every description of manure, if they would be certain of remunerating crops. To show what may be done in this way by a little management, I will instance a garden I am well acquainted with, which is made almost to manure itself; and I believe I may safely assert that, for the last twenty years, it has not had the benefit of a single cartload of yard or stable dung; yet the crops are abundant, and the vegetables of good qua-

lity, though the ground is cropped thickly, and seldom has a third part vacant during the winter months. It is managed in this way:—All the refuse of the garden, such as cabbage leaves and stalks, bean and pea stalks, weeds (which are removed from the ground before they seed), leaves, rubbish, and flower stalks from the flower beds, mowings of grass plots, &c. &c., is carefully collected in a heap; and to this is added the soot from the chimneys, lime rubbish should there be any, the contents of a drain from the kitchen sink, and the scrapings of about 200 yards of a frequented road. Upon this heap the chamber slop pail is emptied daily; and the whole is repeatedly mixed and turned over till it is thereby decomposed; and it is then fit for use. The garden I allude to has a good dressing of this compost once in the year; some parts of it twice a year. The ground is dug deeply, and the few vacant spaces are thrown up into ridges during the winter. The result is an abundant crop of everything. The vegetables are of a good size, and generally free from canker, and as well, or, perhaps, better, flavoured, than those produced in gardens which are constantly dressed over with stable manure. It may probably be imagined that this sort of compost will increase the crop of weeds; but this is not found to be the case, as the weeds are generally hoed up before the seed is formed. The mixture of flower stalks in the manure causes a few flowers to grow among the crops as weeds; but most of the flower seeds perish during the process of decomposition. Now, why should not every cottager thus make his garden produce its own manure? I can speak confidently of the success of the plan, having observed it, in the case alluded to, for the last five years; and I strongly recommend it to the attention of those who have the management of cottage-allotments. Were this plan adopted for the garden, all the straw dung produced in the pigsty might be laid upon the allotment, and there would probably be sufficient to give the whole a tolerable dressing every alternate year. The land would thus be kept in a productive state, and abundant crops would remunerate the labour of the industrious occupier. I, of course, suppose the cottager to be never without a pig; that he does not sow the same sort of crop on the same plot two years following; and that his ground annually produces some kind of grain, besides a crop of potatoes."

Vittoria Wheat, yielding Two Harvests in the Year.—Loudon's horticultural and agricultural notices, last autumn, gave satisfactory accounts of the experiment tried in Somersetshire, of planting this valuable present made to his country by Sir Robert Ker Porter, our consular resident in that part of South America where it is a native of the soil. Loudon reports it to have given great promise, both from its spring and summer sowing. In Warwickshire, we ourselves know that it succeeded so well as to produce a fine crop in July last year, though, by an accident, it had been planted a month too late; and it yielded a particularly sweet and well-tasted flour, from which excellent bread was made. The proper times for sowing are February (which gives its harvest in June) and in June (which yields its harvest in October). February being now at hand, we send forth this little memorandum to any of our agricultural readers who may be in possession of a sample of these valuable seeds.

A writer in the "British Farmer's Magazine," Mr. Peter Cowan, attributes the failures of last year in the potato crops to the want of liming the seed before being planted. He experimented with four bushels limed and four not; we give the result in his own words—it was this—"Among the limed sets there was scarcely a failure; among the unlimed sets there was scarcely a plant, and the ground had to be sown with turnips." The kind of the potato from which the experiment was made was the black seedling.

USEFUL ARTS.

A New Invention.—The' 'Taunton (Mass.) Whig" states, that a gentleman in Boston, who owns a large chemical establishment, has discovered a new species of fire, which produces a most intense heat. It is produced by the mixture of tar and water. With this kind of fuel a steam-boat can pass the Atlantic with the greatest safety. The discoverer declares that he can carry a steam-boat from Providence to New York, by using this fuel, for five dollars. It is said that the invention of the cotton-gin doubled the value of every acre of land in the Southern States; and we are of opinion that the discovery above-mentioned will double the value of the steam-engine. It will be especially important to the engines which are employed upon the rail-roads, and will remove one of the greatest obstacles to the general use of locomotives upon common roads.—*New York Booksellers' Advertiser.*

Quicksilver versus *Steam Power.*—The Earl of Dundonald (better known as Lord Cochrane) was examined last Session before the Commons' Committee on steam navigation to India. His Lordship, among other matters, said he had projected "a substitute for steam," as well as "a new mode of propelling vessels." The substitute for steam is quicksilver; and he employs it "to produce power by exhausting one vessel and compressing air in another, thus forming an atmospheric *plenum* and a *vacuum*, which will produce the same effect as the plenum and vacuum formed by the generation of steam and its condensation." This plan (superseding the necessity of carrying coals) he added, is peculiarly adapted to agitated water, like the sea. The plan may be wholly worked without fuel. The evidence and papers are too long for extract, but his Lordship concludes this part of his evidence with stating, that "vessels filled with quicksilver apparatus might be provided with sails of the usual kind; there would be no smoke nor any fire, and there need be no indication from their external appearance that they are equipped in any other manner than as sailing vessels. As to the method of propelling *without paddle wheels* (his Lordship says), I should be happy to lay it before the Committee, were my patent right secured."

NEW PATENTS.

To Andrew Smith, of Princes-street, Haymarket, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of a new standing rigging for ships and vessels, and a new method of fitting and using it.

To James Stewart, of George-street, Euston-square, in the county of Middlesex, piano-forte maker, for his invention of improvements on the mechanism of horizontal, grand, and square piano-fortes.

To Alex. Shanks, jun. flax-spinner, in Arbroath, in the county of Forfar, in North Britain, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for preparing and dressing hemp and other fibrous substances.

To James Cherry, of the city of Coventry, painter, carver, and gilder, for his invention of certain improvements on bedsteads or apparatus applicable for the ease and comfort of invalids and others.

To William Houston, of Fleet-street, in the city of London, printer, for his invention of certain improvements in type founding.

To John Streets the younger, lace manufacturer, and Thomas Whiteley, mechanic, both of Nottingham, for their invention of certain improvements applicable to that class of machinery commonly called or known by the name of warp machinery, employed in the manufacturing of lace and other fabrics.

To John Jervis Tucker, of Trematon Hall, in the county of Cornwall, Esq., for his invention of certain improvements on urns to be used for tea, coffee, and other purposes.

To John Day, of York Terrace, Peckham, in the county of Surrey, Gent., for his invention of an improvement or impovements in the construction of rail-ways.

To John Budd, of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, merchant, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in printing silk, cotton, calico, or other fabrics, and in the manufacture of blocks, cylinders, or rollers, used for such purposes.

To Isaac Dodds, of Horsley Iron Works, in the parish of Tipton, and county of Stafford, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting and shaping wood and other materials, part or parts of which machinery are applicable to other useful purposes.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JANUARY 27, 1834, TO FEBRUARY 20, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 27.—P. HARLEY, New-street, Newington, Surrey, baker. J. F. D. STEWART, River-street, Pentonville, coal-merchant. H. W. WILLIAMSON, Balsham-House, Cambridge, horse-dealer. T. WALKER, Fort-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. W. H. CLARKE, Castle-court, Budge-row, City, wine-merchant. H. HAVERS, Hadleigh, Suffolk, linen-draper. J. B. FOSTER, Lower-road, Islington, brick-maker. T. and T. JENNINGS, Kensington, livery-stable-keepers. S. BOND, Westmoreland-street, Marylebone, wine-merchant. Rev. T. and Rev. J. FISHER, and MARY SIMMONS, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, bankers. W. JACKSON, Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. W. BATCHELOR, Portsmouth, grocer. R. JOHNSON, Byker, Northumberland, merchant. J. COLLINS, St. Within, Worcester, linen-draper. G. FORSTER, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, edge-tool-manufacturer.

Jan. 30.—T. BANKS, Cheltenham, linen draper. W. JACKSON and G. LONGSTAFF, Bermondsey, leather dressers. W. LEADER, Wells-street, Oxford-street, coachmaker. J. H. FISHER, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross, scrivener. J. BOOTHBY, Brewer's-green, Westminster, victualler. G. BAKER, High Hill Ferry, Upper Clapton, dyer. J. TOMBS, and T. TOMBS, Emerson-street, Southwark, builders. S. J. TAYLOR, Fleet-street, tobacconist. R. BLAIR, Hook, Kingston, coal dealer. R. GREY, Liverpool, commission agent. H. INGO, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance broker. W. CROSLEY, Leeds, Yorkshire, cloth merchant. I. MILLER, Liverpool, merchant. W. OWEN, Manchester, glass dealer. W. MARTIN, Doncaster, gas-fitter. J. W. PHIPSON, Northfield, Worcestshire, dealer in metals.

Feb. 3.—J. PAGE, Hayes-court, Greek-street, Soho, newsvender. J. CRISP, Sydney-alley, Leicester-square, hosier. J. CALLOW, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, victualler. J. WOOD, Castle-street, Holborn, flannel dealer. J. MARTIN, Steel-yard, Upper Thames-street, wine merchant. W. LANGHORNE, Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. J. OLDHAM, Friday-street, City, laceman. M. A. PHILLIPS, Dorset-square, Marylebone, schoolmistress. G. TUCK, Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, grocer. H. HARBEN, High street, Bloomsbury, cheesemonger. G. J. KAIN, Blackheath-park, coal merchant. R. GOUGH, Newbury, corn factor. T. SMITH, Stroud, Gloucestershire, earthenware dealer. D. BENNETT, Walcot, Somersetshire, spirit merchant.

Feb. 6.—W. BAKER and T. LITTLE, Leadenhall-street, woollen drapers. J. BARBER, Hungerford-market, victualler. S. J. BARNES, Jermyn-street, St. James's, mercer. J. EAGLESTON, Manchester, publican. S. WILLINGTON, jun., Shirehampton, Gloucestershire, innholder. J. LAWES, Wick and Abson, Gloucestershire, miller. J. WILLIS, Liverpool, merchant. T. GASKELL, Bootle, near Liverpool, hotel keeper. J. WALKER, jun., Wortley, Yorkshire, woollen cloth manufacturer. H. WEST, Aslacton, Norfolk, shopkeeper. W. PENNY, Bristol, brewer. R. WILLIAMS, Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, innkeeper.

Feb. 10.—W. CAIRNS, High-street, Whitechapel, saddler. A. H. SMITH, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer. R. STIRLING, High-street, Poplar, brewer. T. POTTER, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, carpet manufacturer. W. WILSON, Leeds, Yorkshire, woollen draper. W. OKILL, Liverpool, commission share broker. J. M. MULLINER, Northampton, coach-maker. G. WESTON, Nottingham, joiner. P. WETHERELL, Shouldham, Norfolk, grocer.

Feb. 13.—W. M'NAMARA, Houndsditch, plumber. J. EBERS, Old Bond-street, bookseller. E. PARR, Off-alley, Villiers-street, Strand, furniture broker. W. ECCLES and J. STALMAN, Hatton-garden, tailors. F. S. ARGENT, Fetter-lane, painter. T. BROTHERTON, Bradford-moor, Bradford, shopkeeper. J. T. RIGBYE, Tarlton, Lancashire, coal merchant. W. EDGSON, Irchester, Northamptonshire, butcher. W. HUMPHREY, Taunton, Somersetshire, chemist and druggist. J. WATSON, Tynemouth, Northumberland, painter.

Feb. 17.—S. J. KNIGHT, Lower Belgrave-place, Pimlico, ironmonger. H. WRIGHT, Old Broad-street, City, merchant. D. W. STEPHENS, Emsworth, Hampshire, wine merchant. A. RITCHIE, Carey-street, victualler. J. S. AGAR, Hammersmith, engraver. T. GARDINER, Hunter-street, Borough, leather seller. G. DAVEY, Gwinear, Cornwall, miller. J. DICKINSON, Nottingham, lace manufacturer. W. GAUDERN, Earl's-court, Northamptonshire, feltmonger. W. SATCHER, Great Saffron-hill, licensed victualler.

Feb. 20.—L. BLADON, Hanway-street, tailor. S. KING, Kinnerton-street, Knightsbridge, baker. T. AYRES, Tooley-street, Borough, silversmith. W. S. SMITH, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. H. NIXON, Warwick-lane, carpenter. J. DORRINGTON, Fordingbridge, Southampton, plumber. C. HAWKESLEY, Liverpool, merchant. J. VOSS, Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, Dorsetshire, grocer. G. LOCKWOOD and W. WILSON, Liverpool, merchants. T. WHITEHOUSE, Balsallheath, Worcestershire, brickmaker. S. JACOBS, Manchester, merchant. W. H. DAKIN, Heigham, Norfolk, innkeeper. J. KING, Cambridge, grocer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the high degree of political excitement which still pervades all classes of the community, the termination of the elections has restored to the manufacturing and retail trading interests the activity which had been in a state of suspense during the prosecution of those contests. The Woollen Manufactures of Yorkshire are now in brisk demand, and again furnish full employment to a numerous class of operatives; and the cotton works of Lancashire continue their labours with incessant energy. There has been some heaviness in the market for manufactured Silks; but the approach of spring cannot fail to bring with it a renewed activity in this branch of industrial employment.

The Market for West India produce has been considerably depressed of late, but this temporary depression arises from a cause so favourable to the permanent interests of the Colonies, that it is impossible to view it with regret. The continually improving accounts from the most important of those Colonies, from which the stain of slavery has recently been removed, leave little room to doubt that the emancipated labourers are rapidly coming to a sense of the value of the new position in which they are placed, and are daily acquiring an increased disposition to obtain the fruits of cheerful industry. The expectation that there would be a short supply of the produce of those Colonies in our Market is consequently much weakened, and prices of West India Muscovades have fallen to 3*s.* per cwt. below the late highest prices.

In Mauritius Sugars, the depression has amounted to 2*s.* per cwt.: the prices realized by public sale lately have been for low grey, 51*s.* 6*d.* to 82*s*; strong grey, 53*s.* to 54*s.*; and yellow, 54*s.* 6*d.* to 58*s.* 6*d.*

East India Sugars have suffered less alteration; Bengal, low to middling white, bring 30*s.* to 31*s.* 6*d.*; Siam, low to good white, 27*s.* to 30*s.*; fine yellow, 27*s.*

In Foreign Sugars there is little business doing, the holders not being yet disposed to accommodate prices to the state of the Market in other descriptions. 36*s.* is now asked for white Havannah, and 29*s.* 6*d.* has been refused for fine yellow.

There has been great activity in the Refined Market, and fine crushed at 33*s.* 3*d.*, short price, has been rapidly cleared off.

British Plantation Coffee has been steady for some time, with an inconsiderable demand, and particularly for inferior and unclean qualities. The favourable accounts from the Continental Markets have produced a marked effect in East India and Foreign Coffees, both as to the extent of the transactions, and the improvement in prices. Brazil, good and fine ordinary, are quoted at 51*s.* 6*d.* to 52*s.*; St. Domingo, 51*s.* to 52*s.*; Ceylon, 53*s.* to 54*s.*; Sumatra, 37*s.* to 40*s.*; Mocha has recently sold by auction at 88*s.* 6*d.* to 92*s.*

Brazil Cocoa has evinced some disposition to improve, purchases having been made at 27*s.* to 27*s.* 6*d.*; in British Plantation Cocoa little doing.

With the other descriptions of Colonial produce, Rum has become heavy in the Market, but without any material alteration in price; Jamaica, 31 overproof, has brought 3*s.* 4*d.* per gallon; and a small parcel of peculiarly fine quality, 3*s.* 10*d.*

At the recent public sale of free-trade Teas, chiefly from the Cape of Good Hope, the following were the prices realized:—Bohea, 1*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.*; Congou, 1*s.* 5½*d.* to 2*s.* 6½*d.*; Souchong, 2*s.* 5½*d.*; Hyson Skin, 1*s.* 11¾*d.* to 2*s.* 2*d.*; Strong Hyson, 2*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* 7*d.*; Young Hyson, 3*s* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.*; Gunpowder, 3*s.* 9½*d.* to 5*s.* 8*d.*

The present apprehension and anxiety under the unsettled state of public affairs has in some degree affected the Cotton Market; not so far as to reduce the price, but to cause a degree of hesitation in buying beyond the immediate want. The spinners are however in full activity, and orders are transmitted in abundance from the Continent; so that the interruption of the previous activity can be but of short duration. The quantities and prices of the sales of the last week were:—

60	bales	Bengal, good	7¾ to 7¾
2060	„	Surat, ord. to fine	5¾ to 8¼
680	„	Madras, mid. to good	6¾ to 7¼
50	„	Pernam, mid.	12¼
150	„	Bahia, &c. mid.	11¾
70	„	Dowed, fair	9¾

In Mark-lane, business has been latterly extremely dull; the supplies of Wheat and Flour have been very extensive. In Barley, the arrivals were not large, but the demand was still less; and Malt has suffered a depression of 1*s.* per quarter.

The English Funds had been remarkably steady during the month, until the approach of the opening of Parliament, when the uncertainty as to the course to be pursued by the Ministers, and the firm demonstration of hostility on the part of the Opposition, produced a feeling of anxiety by no means favourable to the maintenance of the high quotations at which the Funds had arrived. In the Foreign Funds, Spanish Bonds had rapidly and extensively improved, until they reached the quotation of 59, and the premium on the new loan had risen to 6 per cent.; the same cause, however, which wrought the depression in our own Securities produced a like effect in all Foreign Stocks. The Share Market, too, which was acquiring a degree of activity bordering closely upon morbid excitement, has been equally arrested in its course.

The last prices of Securities, in chief demand, at the close of the Market on the 23rd, are subjoined:—

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 222 4—Three per Cent. Reduced, 91 ⅛ ⅜—Three per Cent. Consols, 91½ ⅝—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99⅝ ¾—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99¼—Long Annuities, expire Jan., 1860, 17⅛ $\frac{3}{16}$—India Stock, 255½ 6½—Ditto Bonds, 18 20—Exchequer Bills, 1000*l.*, and Small, 37 9—Consols for Account, 91¼ ⅜.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 8, 9—Bolanos, 127½—British Iron, 31 2—Brazilian, Imperial, 36 9—Canada, 41 3—Colombian, 14 16—United Mexican, 4¼ ¾.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 101¾ 2¼—Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 83¼—Chilian, 6 per cent. 43½ 4—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 35¾ 6¼—Danish, 3 per cent. 77¼—Dutch, 2½ per cent. 55⅜ ½—Ditto, 5 per cent. 702⅛ ⅜—Mexican, 6 per cent. 41 2—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 28 9—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 90½ ⅝—Ditto 1834, 6 per cent. 98½ 9—Russian 0*l.* sterling 5 per cent. 109½ 10—Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 57¼—Ditto 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 4⅛ ½.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Whitehall, Feb. 3, 1835.—The King has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, appointing his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst (Lord High Chancellor), his Grace the Archbishop of York, the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, the Right Hon. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, the Right Hon. Henry Hobhouse, and the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner, Knight, his Majesty's Commissioners for considering the state of the several dioceses in England and Wales, with reference to the amount of their revenues, to the more equal distribution of episcopal duties, and to the prevention of the necessity of attaching, by *commendam*, to bishoprics benefices with cure of souls; also for considering the state of the several cathedral and collegiate churches within the same, with a view to the suggestion of such measures as may render them most conducive to the efficiency of the Established Church, and for devising the best mode of providing for the cure of souls, with special reference to the residence of the Clergy on their respective benefices.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Feb. 19.—This day having been appointed for the meeting of Parliament, the House of Lords met at twelve o'clock. The Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Rosslyn, the Earl of Jersey, and Lord Wharncliffe, took their seats as Lords Commissioners. After

the usual preliminary business, the Lords Commissioners proceeded to open the Parliament; and the Commons having been summoned, the Lord Chancellor stated the command of his Majesty that they should proceed to the election of a Speaker forthwith. The Commons then withdrew.

Feb. 20.—The Usher of the Black Rod having been commanded to summon the attendance of the Commons, in a few minutes returned, attended by the Right Hon. J. Abercromby and an immense number of the Members. The Right Hon. Gentleman, who was supported on his right and left by his proposer and seconder, announced to the House the selection the Commons had made in the appointment of a Speaker.—The Lord Chancellor, as one of the Lords Commissioners, said they had it in command from his Majesty to assure Mr. Abercromby that his Majesty had felt reliance on his fidelity, and that he duly appreciated his zeal for the public service, and that his Majesty did most readily concur in the selection of his faithful Commons.—The Right Hon. Gentleman said that he most humbly submitted himself to his Majesty's will and pleasure. The usual privileges were then claimed by the Speaker for the Commons and their servants, which being assented to by the Lords Commissioners, the Speaker and the Commons, having bowed, withdrew.

Feb. 24.—This being the day appointed by his Majesty to open the New Parliament in person, every preparation was made in the House of Lords for the accommodation of the Peeresses, and the few persons admitted by special tickets from the Lord Chamberlain, in consequence of the smallness of the building. The day was unusually fine, and the crowd of spectators was immense.

His Majesty having taken his seat on the Throne, the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod was ordered to command the immediate attendance of the Commons. Shortly after the new Speaker (Mr. Abercromby) and the Gentlemen of the House of Commons attended at the Bar.

The King, from the Throne, then delivered the following Royal Speech.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I avail myself of the earliest opportunity of meeting you in Parliament, after having recurred to the sense of my people.

"You will, I am confident, fully participate in the regret which I feel at the destruction, by accidental fire, of that part of the ancient Palace of Westminster, which had been long appropriated to the use of the two Houses of Parliament.

"Upon the occurrence of this calamity I gave immediate directions that the best provision of which the circumstances of the case would admit should be made for your present meeting, and it will be my wish to adopt such plans for your permanent accommodation as shall be deemed, in your joint consideration, to be the most fitting and convenient.

"I will give directions that there be laid before you the report made to me by the Privy Council, in reference to the origin of the fire, and the evidence upon which that report was founded.

"The assurances which I receive from my Allies, and generally from all Foreign Princes and States, of their earnest desire to cultivate the relations of amity, and to maintain with me the most friendly understanding, justify, on my part, the confident expectation of the continuance of the blessings of peace.

"The single exception to the general tranquillity of Europe is the civil contest which still prevails in some of the northern provinces of Spain.

"I will give directions that there be laid before you articles which I have concluded with my Allies, the King of the French, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, which are supplementary to the treaty of April, 1834, and are intended to facilitate the complete attainment of the objects contemplated by that treaty.

"I have to repeat the expression of my regret that the relations between Holland and Belgium still remain unsettled.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I have directed the estimates for the ensuing year to be prepared, and to be laid before you without delay.

"They have been formed with the strictest attention to economy, and I have the satisfaction of acquainting you that the total amount of the demands for the

public service will be less on the present than it has been on any former occasion within our recent experience.

"The satisfactory state of the trade and commerce of the country, and of the public revenue, fully justifies the expectation that, notwithstanding the reductions in taxation, which were made in the last session, and which, when they shall have taken full effect, will tend to diminish the surplus of the public revenue, there will remain a sufficient balance to meet the additional charge which will arise from providing the compensation granted by Parliament on account of the abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions.

"I deeply lament that the agricultural interest continues in a state of great depression.

"I recommend to your consideration whether it may not be in your power, after providing for the exigencies of the public service, and consistently with the steadfast maintenance of the public credit, to devise a method for mitigating the pressure of those local charges which bear heavily on the owners and occupiers of land, and for distributing the burden of them more equally over other descriptions of property.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—The information received from the Governors of my Colonies, together with the acts passed in execution of the law for the abolition of slavery, will be communicated to you.

"It is with much satisfaction that I have observed the general concurrence of the Colonial Legislatures in giving effect to this important measure; and notwithstanding the difficulties with which the subject is necessarily attended, I have seen no reason to abate my earnest hopes of a favourable issue.

"Under all circumstances, you may be assured of my anxious desire, and unceasing efforts, fully to realize the benevolent intentions of Parliament.

"There are many important subjects, some of which have already undergone partial discussion in Parliament, the adjustment of which, at as early a period as is consistent with the mature consideration of them, would be of great advantage to the public interest.

"Among the first, in point of urgency, is the state of the tithe question in Ireland, and the means of effecting an equitable and final adjustment of it.

"Measures will be proposed for your consideration, which will have for their respective objects to promote the commutation of tithe in England and Wales—to improve our civil jurisprudence, and the administration of justice in ecclesiastical causes—to make provision for the more effectual maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline—and to relieve those who dissent from the doctrines or discipline of the Church from the necessity of celebrating the ceremony of marriage according to its rites.

"I have not yet received the report from the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Municipal Corporations; but I have reason to believe that it will be made, and that I shall be enabled to communicate it to you at an early period.

"I have appointed a commission for considering the state of the several dioceses in England and Wales, with reference to the amount of their revenues, and to the more equal distribution of the episcopal duties—the state of the several cathedral and collegiate churches, with a view to the suggestion of such measures as may render them most conducive to the efficiency of the Established Church, and for devising the best mode of providing for the cure of souls, with reference to the residence of the clergy on their respective benefices.

"The especial object which I have in view in the appointment of this commission is to extend more widely the means of religious worship according to the doctrines of the Established Church, and to confirm its hold upon the veneration and affections of my people.

"I feel it also incumbent upon me to call your earnest attention to the condition of the Church of Scotland, and to the means by which it may be enabled to increase the opportunities of religious worship in that part of the United Kingdom.

"It has been my duty, on this occasion, to direct your consideration to various important matters connected with our domestic policy.

"I rely with entire confidence on your willing co-operation in perfecting all such measures as may be calculated to remove just cause of complaint, and to promote the concord and happiness of my subjects.

"I rely also, with equal confidence, in the caution and circumspection with which you will apply yourselves to the alteration of laws, which affect very exten-

sive and complicated interests, and are interwoven with ancient usages, to which the habits and feelings of my people have conformed.

"I feel assured that it will be our common object in supplying that which may be defective, or in renovating that which may be impaired, to strengthen the foundations of those institutions in Church and State, which are the inheritance and birthright of my people, and which, amidst all the vicissitudes of public affairs, have proved, under the blessing of Almighty God, the truest guarantees of their liberties, their rights, and their religion."

At the evening sitting the Lord Chancellor read his Majesty's Speech, which was afterwards read a second time by the clerk at the table.

The Address.—Earl Hardwick then rose to move that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, thanking him for his most gracious Speech. He never remembered a Speech from the Throne so likely to prove satisfactory to the country as the one their Lordships had just heard read. The statement it contained relating to the friendly connections of his Majesty with Foreign Powers, must be highly satisfactory. The state of the finances of the country and its commerce must also give great satisfaction. Whilst, on the other hand, his Majesty's anxious wish for the happiness of his people, and his strongly expressed desire to improve the institutions of the country, must give universal satisfaction. At the time, however, that his Majesty expressed a desire to improve the institutions of the country, it was most gratifying to know, that under no circumstances would his Majesty consent to those ancient institutions being destroyed. The Speech breathed throughout the deepest anxiety honourably to fulfil all engagements, and to listen with attention to the wants of the people.—Lord Gage seconded the Address. He contended that if the present ministers could not satisfy the people, he was sure that nothing short of revolution would do so.

Lord Melbourne then rose, and, after remarking upon the nature of the Speech, he said that from that Speech no one would have gathered that any change of administration had taken place; and never had their been a Speech in which events of such magnitude had been passed over without comment. He had nothing to say in reference to the late change, in addition to what had been already stated. Whether that change was prudent it was not for him to say; but when he considered the position in which the country was placed, and its prospects, he saw nothing to justify the prudence and discretion of that change. He then proceeded to allude to the holding of different offices by the Duke of Wellington, which he said was completely incompatible with the constitution of the country, and it was for the noble Duke to show the emergency of the case which rendered such an act necessary; and it ought even then to be specially mentioned, to prevent the case from forming a precedent in future. The dissolution took place at a time when the country was in a state of perfect tranquillity, and some notification of it was necessary. The Speech expressed reform, but reform was utterly inconsistent with the former character and professions of those in power. He had no hopes of success; but, for the purpose of doing his duty, and to give their Lordships an opportunity of showing their views, he would move an amendment. He then moved an amendment, expressing disapprobation of the late dissolution of Parliament, and a desire that effective reforms might be introduced with respect to the state of corporations, and the laws relative to Dissenters.

The Duke of Wellington said, the principal point upon which the Noble Viscount had attacked him, was his responsibility for the King's dissolution of the late Government. He was not responsible for that dissolution. That which dissolved the late Government, was the absolute impossibility that it should go on any longer after the Noble Earl (Spencer) had been removed from the House of Commons to the House of Peers. It was perfectly well known to his Majesty, that the weight of the Noble Lord in the other House of Parliament, the influence which he there exercised, was the foundation of the then existing Government, and when that Noble Lord was removed the Administration fell as a necessary consequence. Under

these circumstances, his Majesty thought proper to send for him, and he was very happy to find that all the histories and stories which Noble Lords had heard of respecting a Court intrigue—that all those histories and stories had now been entirely laid aside, and that it was fully admitted that nothing of that sort had ever taken place. He (the Duke of Wellington) was then down at his own house in Hampshire, and it was there that he received his Majesty's command with great surprise. He might have come to town to take upon himself permanently the very situation which he temporarily filled. But what did he do? He recommended to his Majesty, not that which would have gratified his own personal ambition, but that which he thought most advisable for the service of the country—to wait for the return of a Right Hon. Gentleman whom he thought the most fit and most capable to be the head of the Government. That Gentleman was at the time in another part of the world, and, being at such a distance, it did appear to him, and to his Majesty, that some measures should be in the meantime adopted, by which they should take possession and be enabled to carry on the Government. He felt that it was absolutely necessary that any person who was so to carry on the Government, should exercise no patronage and take no step whatever, which could impair the authority and power of the Right Hon. Gentleman when he should appear to take the station assigned to him. Under these circumstances he advised his Majesty to adopt the measure which he did adopt, namely, to put him at the head of the Government, and appoint him Secretary of State for the Home Department, and First Lord of the Treasury. But he had exercised no more authority in those departments, than if he had held the seals of the Home Office alone. He recollected a precedent in the case of Mr. Canning, who, from the 12th of April till the 30th of that month, was First Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. The Noble Viscount had thought proper to blame him for having attended his Majesty when required to do so, and for having assisted his Majesty in the arrangement of the new Government. This was the more extraordinary, as the Noble Viscount had himself brought to town his Majesty's orders on the subject. The next charge which the Noble Viscount brought forward in his speech was, that his Majesty's present Government had advised his Majesty to dissolve Parliament. Why, the Noble Viscount himself, in speaking of the dissolution of Parliament which had taken place while the late Administration were in power, maintained that the measure was justified by the success which had attended it. Now, in the present case, there had been no opportunity of ascertaining whether or not the dissolution had been successful for the object which it had in view. He (the Duke of Wellington) trusted that it would prove so. In giving the advice which he had given to dissolve the late Parliament, he had done that which he felt to be correct and justifiable; and he trusted that when the new Parliament saw the nature of the measures which it was the intention of his Majesty's Government to propose, that Government would have its support.

Lord Brougham attributed the breaking up of the late Ministry to the Duke of Wellington, and not to the loss of Lord Althorp in the House of Commons. The dissolution of Parliament was for no other reason than because the late Ministers continued favourites with the House of Commons. And what had been the result of that dissolution? Ministers were defeated in the most remarkable manner upon record, on the very day of the return of the writ. The Noble and Learned Lord then adverted to the changes of opinion which had characterised many of the members of the Administration, denied that they had the confidence of the country, and expressed his conviction that the Reform Bill was not safe in their keeping.—The Lord Chancellor, in reply, defended the Government from the charge of inconsistency, justified their proceedings, maintained the honesty and sincerity of their intentions, and expressed a confidence that the measures in contemplation would meet the approbation of their Lord-

ships and the Commons.—Lord Mulgrave denounced the dismissal of the Melbourne Administration as an unconstitutional exercise of the prerogative.—The Earl of Ripon would vote against the amendment, but was not prepared to support the measures of Government, unless they followed up the great principles of reform. He thought they had been right in dissolving the Parliament.

The amendment was negatived without a division.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Feb. 19.—The Members having assembled, Lord F. Egerton proposed that Sir C. M. Sutton should take the Chair. He supported this motion by adverting to the great experience of that Right Hon. Gentleman, and to the testimony of the present Opposition, they having proposed him for the Speaker of the first Reformed Parliament.—Sir C. Burrell seconded the proposition.

Mr. Denison moved, as an amendment upon this motion, that Mr. Abercromby do take the Chair. He defended this proposition on the great principle that the Speaker ought to represent the sentiments of the majority.—Mr. Orde seconded the amendment.

Sir C. M. Sutton then claimed the attention of the house while he entered upon some of the charges which had been made against him. The charges against him in the abstract were, that being Speaker, he busied himself in other matters; that he assisted in the formation of the present Ministry, and counselled and advised the dissolution of the late Government. Now these were the three points affecting his public character, and peculiarly affecting it as the Speaker of that house, who, to a certain extent, must be indebted to the existing Government, and would, therefore, be guilty of lending a hand to the extinction of that body to which he owed his own pre-eminence.—[The Right Honourable Gentleman here entered into a very minute detail of the circumstances attending his interviews with the King subsequent to the burning of the two Houses of Parliament.]—He declared that he had no anticipation of the dissolution of the late Ministry, and that the first intimation he received of it was an article which he read in the morning papers. The next charge which he had seen brought against him was, that he had busied himself in the formation of a new administration, and the only overt act which was alleged against him was, that he attended the Privy Council meetings. He did attend them, and the first was on the Monday following the resignation of the late ministry. But on no occasion was the business which was transacted other than of a formal nature. The statements, that he had made constant visits to the Home Office, and had been continually with the Duke of Wellington before the return of Sir R. Peel, were totally false. Now with respect to the formation of the present ministry, he would boldly say, that with the exception of his Right Hon. Friend Sir R. Peel, the Lord Chancellor, and the Duke of Wellington, he never had advised, never suggested, never counselled, and never knew of the appointment of any one individual, till it had taken place. So much for that charge. He would now come to this—namely, the dissolution of the last Parliament. It had been said that he assisted at the Council where that measure was resolved upon. It was not true. He never did advise, never did counsel, never was consulted, and never had anything to do with the dissolution of the last Parliament. So little did he know of it, that it was by accident, purely by accident, that he became acquainted with it. He knew nothing of the fact till it was announced in the "Gazette." With respect to who was the best person to fill the office of Chairman, he was sure that the House would concur with him, and he meant no disparagement to his Right Hon. Friend (Mr. Abercromby) in saying so, that at the present moment, from peculiar circumstances, it would require great

experience, and great knowledge of the business of the House, in order to discharge the duties of Chairman. Whether he was elected or not fell to nothing when compared to this. He had the highest respect for the Right Hon. and Learned Gentleman who had been proposed in opposition to him, and he hoped he would believe that he spoke with perfect sincerity when he said that no man rated his talents higher than he did; and he felt that it was no disparagement to him to say, that even he would feel great difficulties in filling the Chair of this House. He would now conclude; but before he sat down, perhaps the House would permit him to express a wish —it was the one uppermost in his mind—that whatever might be the determination of the House upon the present occasion, they might form a sound judgment in electing him as their Speaker who would discharge his duties most usefully to the country, most acceptably to the House, and most satisfactorily to the public at large. The Right Hon. Gentleman concluded amidst very loud cheers.

Mr. Abercromby expressed his gratitude for the manner in which his name had been introduced; but felt that he was indebted for it rather to the partiality of his friends than to his own merits.

Lord Stanley strongly supported the re-election of Sir C. M. Sutton.

Lord J. Russell defended the amendment; and contended that the late Speaker had so mixed himself up with the recent changes as to compromise the dignity of the House and of the office he then held.

Sir R. Peel strongly supported the motion, and maintained that in so doing he was following the precedent set by the first Reformed Parliament, a fact that ought to be decisive with those who opposed the motion. There was not any good ground for opposing it, while every argument and feeling were in its favour.

Mr. Cobbett said he would not vote for Mr. Abercromby, because he would do nothing tending to bring the late Ministers into office again, and because that gentleman had voted for the Poor Law Bill.

After some further discussion the House proceeded to a division. The numbers were—for Mr. Abercromby 316, and for Sir C. M. Sutton 306, being a majority of 10 in favour of Mr. Abercromby.

Feb. 20.—The House having been summoned to the House of Lords, they proceeded attended by their Speaker; on their return, the Speaker took the chair, and briefly stated that he would do all in his power to merit the approbation of the House.

Feb. 24.—An Amendment, the same in substance as that in the Lords, was moved,—the motion was continued by adjournment on Wednesday and Thursday.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

Barbadoes papers of the 14th of December contain the memorial of the Council and Assembly of that colony in answer to the Colonial Secretary's objections to the supplementary bill to the Abolition of Slavery Act, passed by the Legislature of Barbadoes. It goes very fully into their subjects of complaint, while it admits generally the fairness of spirit in which the Act of Parliament is framed; regrets the honest endeavours of the Council and Assembly to co-operate with Parliament in bringing the mighty experiment to a happy issue have not succeeded; and after taking up the various objections of the Colonial Secretary, concludes by expressing, on behalf of the Legislature, the deep sense of the serious responsibility of their situation; and adds, that nothing but a firm conviction of the overpowering mischief of the regulations could have induced them to endanger the

claims of the island to a participation in the compensation fund, by offering opposition to the wishes of his Majesty's Government.

Demerara papers to the 17th of December describe the negroes as still remaining in a state of idleness. Every kind of produce was advancing in price; and the colony was in a very distressing state. The conduct of the Lieutenant-Governor was the subject of much animadversion, and a memorial on the subject had been prepared and signed by upwards of eleven hundred of the colonists. The memorialists state their firm conviction that the colony can never know peace, nor enjoy the benevolent intentions of his Majesty's Government, while it remains under the course of policy adopted by his Excellency Sir James Carmichael Smith; they therefore solicit attention to the document accompanying the memorial, and pray that their grievances may be redressed, ere the system of misgovernment shall have involved all in ruin.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.

The Governor of Prince Edward's Island had issued a proclamation for the assembling of the Colonial Legislature for the dispatch of business on the 26th of January. An Order in Council had been published, annulling an Act passed by the Colonial Assembly, authorizing an issue of notes from the Treasury for 5000*l.*, to meet the increased expenditure of the colony, which, in 1833, amounted to 13,759*l.* The refusal of his Majesty to sanction the Act had created some surprise in the colony, especially as the large expenditure of 1833 was occasioned by matters of an urgent nature, in building a bridge, and making other public improvements; but besides the authority of the Colonial Act, notes had been issued, and his Majesty's Government had directed them to be immediately cancelled. The subject would occupy the attention of the Legislature on its assembling.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Papers from the Cape of Good Hope, to the 6th of December, state that the first day of freedom was honoured in Cape Town by many expressions of joy and gratitude. "The Meteor Flag of England" was unfurled on the Commercial Exchange, on the tops of several private houses, and on some patriotic ships in the bay. Several gentlemen gave entertainments in honour of liberty and Old England to large parties of all ages and classes; and in the evening the same "Noble Britons"—chiefly merchants—who celebrated the resurrection of freedom in France, and the renovation of the British constitution by a Reform in the House of Commons, assembled, and in the true English style expressed their gratitude for the crowning mercy. Both in the town and its vicinity all things were tranquil and satisfactory on the occasion.

A school-room, as a monument to commemorate the abolition of slavery in that colony, was about to be established by subscription.

The Committee for promoting the emigration of females to the Australian colonies, where there is a great disparity between the sexes, have been authorized by Government to grant a free passage to females. The Committee formerly only allowed 12*l.* to female emigrants, who had to pay 5*l.* to make up the deficiency. The new ship Canton, 510 tons, has been taken up to convey those who may wish to avail themselves of the bounty of a free passage, and will sail from Gravesend on the 30th of April. Servants accustomed to the duties of a farmhouse in England are particularly recommended to emigrate, the colonial farmers being in great want of young women of steady and industrious habits to fill situations in their families.

FOREIGN STATES.

UNITED STATES.

The Committee appointed by the Senate in consequence of the President's Message, and especially of that part of it which relates to the dispute between the United States and France, have given in a Report, which is strongly pacific. It comes to the following conclusion, after a detailed review of the question between the two Governments, and of the different negotiations to which it gave rise:—

"The President seems to have been aware of the possibility of a misinterpretation of his Message, and he has sought to guard, the Committee hope with success, against its being viewed in the light of a menace. But if his recommendation be followed up by the passing of a law of reprisals in Congress it is much to be apprehended that our purpose might be supposed to be one of intimidation. France would look to our acts, not to our protestations. And, in a reversal of situations, Congress would hardly consider it consistent with its dignity, its independence, and the freedom of deliberation, to pass an act of appropriation for a Foreign Government, with a measure of self-redress, denounced and suspended over its head by that Foreign Government. If Congress shall decline authorizing reprisals, France will have no right to impute to the Government of the United States any design to appeal to her fears, and will be deprived of any such pretexts for refusing to execute the Treaty. In that event, the Message of the President will be regarded as the manifestation of a lively sensibility to the honour and interests of his country; but his recommendation not being adopted by the only department of the Government competent to carry it into effect, it could afford no apology to France for disregarding the obligations of national faith and justice."

Finally, the Report recommends to the Senate the adoption of the following resolution:—

"Resolved—That it is inexpedient at this time to pass any law vesting in the President authority for making reprisals upon French property in the contingency of provision not being made for paying to the United States the indemnity stipulated by the Treaty of 1831, during the present Session of the French Chambers."

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

We are concerned to state that the Earl of Darnley, who met with an accident by a blow from an axe which separated two of his Lordship's toes, died in consequence at his seat at Cobham Hall. It appears that tetanus was induced from the effect of the wound. His Lordship expired in the 40th year of his age. He succeeded to the title not quite four years since; was married to the second daughter of Sir H. Parnell; and has left five children, the eldest son, now Earl Darnley, being in his 8th year, having been born April 16, 1827. This excellent nobleman was highly respected. His politics were liberal, and his manners kind and conciliating, and his beautiful demesne, Cobham Hall, and superb collection of pictures were accessible to the public, at stated periods, for their amusement. His Lordship had also a fine collection of pictures at his mansion in town, and the whole collection was estimated to be worth 50,000*l.*, being choice pictures by

the best masters. His Lordship was the fifth Earl of Darnley, of Athboy, and Baron Clifton, of Rathmore, in the county of Meath, in the peerage of Ireland, and of Leighton Bromswold, in England. He was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Meath, and Hereditary Steward of Gravesend and Milton. In 1829, during the life-time of the late Earl's father, a petition was presented to the King, claiming the Dukedom of Lennox, in the peerage of Scotland, as heir of the line of Charles, sixth Duke of Lennox, and fourth Duke of Richmond. The petition was referred to a committee of privileges of the House of Lords, and no decision has hitherto been made. Cobham Hall, near Gravesend, came into the family through the Stuarts, having been granted by King James I. to James Stuart, first Duke of Richmond, after the attainder of Henry Lord Cobham, for his participation in Raleigh's conspiracy.

THE CATHOLIC PRIMATE.

The Most Rev. Thomas Kelly, Catholic Primate of Ireland, died of fever. He studied at Maynooth, where, having been ordained on the 23d September, 1820, by the Archbishop of Dublin, he was appointed Junior Dean, an office which he filled with zeal and discretion, until, after the consecration of Doctor Mac Hale, as Coadjutor of Killala, he succeeded that illustrious prelate in the chair of Dogmatic Theology. Having discharged the arduous and important duties of Senior Professor for little more than a year, he was, on the 16th June, 1826, appointed Bishop of the then vacant See of Dromore, and consecrated in the chapel of Newry by the Archbishop of Dublin, on the 27th of August following, just six years after the completion of his collegiate studies, and his ordination to the ministry of the Catholic Church. His Lordship was, on the 23d December, 1828, made Coadjutor of Armagh, with future succession to the late venerable Dr. Curtis; and on the 26th July, 1832, succeeded that truly apostolic Prelate, to whom, in all things, he proved a worthy successor in the primatial chair. Doctor Kelly possessed talents of the very highest order. In college he was a most distinguished student—as a clergyman he was zealous—as a bishop, the head of the Irish church; his conduct was characterized by prudence, mildness, and temperance. Though constantly obliged to mix in public, he led the austere and mortified life of a cloister. His Grace could have hardly reached his fortieth year, and in that short span he grew old by self-denial.—*Dublin Evening Post.*

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES FITZGERALD.

This gentleman died at Booterstown, at the advanced age of 93. He was called to the Irish bar in 1769, and in a space of time inconceivably short attained the highest professional honours. In 1784 he was promoted to the dignity of the King's Prime Sergeant, which office he held till the Union. He then resigned his office of Prime Sergeant, aud never after accepted office. He became a member of the Irish Parliament in 1772, in which situation he continued till its destruction by the Union. He was the first man who had the liberality to propose, in the Irish Parliament, a bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, which he successfully carried; by this they were freed from some of the severest restrictions of the penal code. He was returned five successive times to the Imperial Parliament as the representative of Ennis. He has lived a long, consistent life—the principles he embraced in his youth he cherished in his age, and thus he lived respected, and died regretted, by every Irishman. His eloquence was of the purest style, and the tone of his voice so melodious, that he has been deservedly styled the "silver-tongued Prime Sergeant."

BARON DUPUYTREN.

This distinguished man died at Paris on the 8th of February, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. In November 1833, Baron Dupuytren was struck with paralysis; from this, however, he recovered sufficiently to

travel to Rome, whence he returned in the following spring; but he was subsequently attacked with pleurisy, and sunk under his sufferings as above stated. William Baron Dupuytren, was born at Pierre Buffiere, in the department of the Haute Vienne, on the 5th of October, 1778. According to the French journals, and a letter from our correspondent, his parents appear to have been in humble circumstances, and not very careful of him, for he was allowed to play somewhat *en vagabond*, in the streets of his native town. The child was thus engaged, when he got entangled among the feet of an officer's horses; the officer picked him up, became interested in him, and took him to Paris. This was in the year 1790; and officers were still at that time men of rank and influence—hence young Dupuytren was not sent to the stables, but to school, where he displayed peculiar aptitude for learning, and fortunately added to the number of his friends, for the officer who had at first kindly aided him soon disappeared in the turmoil of the revolution. M. Thouret, a rising physician, was the second patron of Dupuytren, and undertook to teach him medicine; the youth applied himself with zeal to the practical part of the science, and soon distinguished himself as an anatomist. In 1803, he became surgeon-doctor, and from this period rose gradually, till in 1815 he was nominated chief surgeon of the Hôtel Dieu, and in 1818, Member of the Institute. It was fortunate for Dupuytren, that he was preceded by a man of science like Bichat, in whose steps he might tread, or rather upon whose shoulders he might climb; for it is doubtful whether he, the first of operators, had naturally a scientific mind, though he knew well how to avail himself of the light thrown on science by his predecessor, and to seize on hints and suggestions, and develop them. He has left a fortune of 300,000*l.* sterling, the greater part of which goes to his only daughter, Madame de Beaumont. He has, however, according to report, bequeathed 8000*l.* either to endow a Professorship of Pathological Anatomy, or, as our correspondent says, to found an asylum for twelve aged and reduced physicians.

PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

In recording the death of this distinguished gentleman, which took place at his residence at Brighton, on the 22nd of December, our recollections are called back to the literary history of the last half century, during which, either by his connexions with authors or with artists, or by his own numerous publications, his name continually occurs to our memory and respect. He was born at Bath, in 1755, and in his father's studio he began his career as an artist; thence he came to London as a pupil of the Royal Academy, and afterwards continued his education by visiting Rome (1776), and had there as fellow-students, Fuseli, Northcote, and other painters, who became celebrated. On returning, in 1780, to England, he devoted himself for awhile to the practice of his profession in London; but ill health compelled him to relinquish the arts, in which he would otherwise probably have risen to eminence. On the recovery of his health by the fine climate of Lisbon, he directed his talents to dramatic composition, and with such success, especially in small afterpieces, that many of them still retain their original popularity. The farces of "No Song no Supper," "The Prize," "My Grandmother," "Lock and Key," "Three and the Deuce," &c. &c., from their simple and natural humour, have secured a constant repetition on the stage. Mr. Hoare produced many dramatic pieces which were never printed; but the more successful of some of the comedies and operas were published at the time. The effects of his early education, and the natural refinement and delicacy of his taste, could not be overlaid by this exercise of his talents for the stage; and the publication of "The Artists," in 1809—a periodical work, in which he was assisted by many eminent painters and authors—as well as his "Epoch of the Fine Arts," 1813, and other similar productions, show that his nature possessed

all the finest sensibilities, as well as the broad apprehensions of comic and humorous incidents; indeed, that tone of delicate and moral sentiment seems to have been the essence of his character, for in his last publication, the "Life of Granville Sharpe," he has manifested a gravity and seriousness of feeling which has made the work not only a display of his friend's character, but of his own. Mr. P. Hoare's last publication was a brief Essay, published not long since by the Royal Society of Literature (in the formation of which Society he had greatly assisted), on the moral power of Shakspeare's dramas. With this elegant and thoughtful paper he closed his literary career, establishing, by arguments and facts, the indispensable union of moral truths with dramatic and all literary excellence.

With these various intellectual endowments, it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Hoare was benevolent and charitable in his life; and the sincerity, integrity, and kindness of his character, and the mild and gentle beauty of his manners, gained him the respect and delight of that refined and enlightened class of society among which he was so well and extensively known.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.]—At St. George's, the Rev. Charles Martyn, to Clarissa, daughter of the late Sir Charles Flower, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Pierce Somerset Butler, Esq., eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Pierce Butler, M.P., of Ballyconra, in the county of Kilkenny, to Jessy Anne, relict of P. A. Warren, Esq., of Lodge Park, in the same county.

The Baron Paul Louis Jules de Peyronnet, only son of the Count de Peyronnet, to Georgiana Frances, second daughter of the late George Whitfield, Esq., of the Islands of St. Vincent and Grenada.

Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, Esq., of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn, to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Joseph Glossop, Esq., of Berkeley-street, Piccadilly.

At Balcaskie, Fifeshire, Captain Somerville, of the Scotch Greys, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B.

At Abergeley, North Wales, the Right Hon. Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, to Georgiana Frederica, daughter of Peter Fitz Gibbon Hinchey, Esq., of Merrion-square, Dublin.

At Hartburn Church, Northumberland, by the Rev. John Hodgson, (having been previously married according to the rites of the Roman Catholic religion), Henry Montonnier Hawkins, Esq., eldest son of the late Anthony Montonnier Hawkins, Esq., M.D., of the Gaer, Monmouthshire, to Jane, only daughter of James Fenwicke, Esq., of Longwitton Hall, Northumberland.

Died.]—At Bantry House, in the county of Cork, in the 56th year of her age, Margaret Anne, Countess of Bantry, eldest daughter of William Earl of Listowell, deeply regretted by her family and friends.

William Montague, youngest son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Montague Burgoyne, Bart., of Sutton Park, in the county of Bedford.

At her residence, Alverston, Warwickshire, the Hon. Louisa Barnard, relict of the late Rev. Robert Barnard, of Lighthorne, in the same county, aged 65.

At Earl's Court, Brompton, the Hon. Georgiana Lady Ponsonby, widow of Major-General the Hon. Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B.

At Ramsgate, Mrs. Carleton, widow of the late General Carleton, aged 83.

At Warwick House, Worthing, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Jones, K.C.B., late of the Hon. East India Company's Service, in his 83rd year.

In South-street, aged 86, Mary Lady Affleck, widow of Richard Passall, Esq., and subsequently married to the late Sir Gilbert Affleck, Bart.

In Montagu-square, Judith, relict of the late Rear-Admiral Manby, of Northwold, Norfolk, in the 47th year of her age.

In Norfolk-street, Park-lane, Henry Trail, of Dairsie, in the county of Fife, Esq., in the 80th year of his age.

In Edward-street, Portman-square, in the 97th year of her age, Catherine, relict of the Hon. General Simon Fraser, eldest son of the last Lord Lovat.

At Uxbridge, Thomas Avery, Esq.

John George Donne, Esq., jun., of Whitlands, Devon, the only son of John George Donne, Esq., of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square.

At Winchester, Lady Rivers, relict of the Rev. Sir Peter Rivers, Bart. in the 86th year of her age.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Twopenny Post-Office.—The following new regulations, which have been for some time in progress, have been issued by command of his Majesty's Postmaster-General, the Right Hon. Lord Maryborough:—

"The principal office is at the General Post-Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, where letters may be put in one hour later than at the receiving-houses; but, for the accommodation of the public at the west end of the town, letters will be received at the office at Charing-cross, corner of Craig's-court, and at the office in Regent-street, near Langham-place, half an hour later at each dispatch than at any of the other receiving-houses. There are now six deliveries and six collections of letters in London daily; and by this new regulation, the seven o'clock delivery has been extended to all places in the environs of town within the circle of three miles from the General Post-Office, most of which at present will have five deliveries and five dispatches daily. The country delivery of the Twopenny Post has been extended from nine miles to a circle of twelve miles from the General Post-Office.

"The following is the time letters should be put into the receiving-house for each delivery of the day in town, and that by which they are dispatched. If put in at eight, ten, and twelve in the morning, two, five, and eight in the afternoon, they are sent for delivery at ten and twelve in the morning, two, four, and seven in the afternoon, and eight o'clock next morning. Letters can be put in one hour later than the above at the General Post-Office, and each delivery should be completed generally one hour or one hour and a half after they are dispatched. From London to the country, if put in by eight o'clock in the morning, two or five in the afternoon, they are dispatched at ten o'clock in the morning, four and seven in the afternoon. To places having but two deliveries a day, letters are sent off at the above hours, of ten in the morning and four or seven in the afternoon. Those that go off at ten o'clock are delivered at noon; those at four are delivered the same evening; and those at seven o'clock are delivered early next morning. To places having only one post a day they go off at ten o'clock, and are delivered the same day at noon. Letters from the country to London, if put into the post in time for the morning dispatch, they arrive in town between ten and eleven o'clock, and are sent out for delivery at twelve o'clock; if the afternoon dispatch, at seven o'clock. The postage of each letter or packet passing from one part of the three-miles' circle to another is only twopence. To all places beyond this circle (being within the limits of this office) it is threepence.

"The postage of this office on each general or foreign post-letter or packet, to or from places beyond the three-miles' circle, is twopence, in addition to the general or foreign post-rate. Newspapers, if put into any Twopenny Post-Office within the circle of three miles from the General Post-Office, will pass to the country districts of this office, if in covers open at the ends, for one penny each; but from one part of the circle to another, or from the country to any part of the circle, or one part of the country to another, the postage is the same as for letters. No letters or packets exceeding the weight of four ounces can be sent by the post, except such as have first passed by, or are intended to pass by, the general or foreign mails. To prevent delay, the public should be very particular with letters intended to pass through the Twopenny Post, that they are put into the proper receiving-houses, as it too frequently happens that letters are put into a general-post receiving-house by mistake, whereby they are unavoidably delayed in their delivery."

The Benchers of the Inner Temple, on the suggestion of the present Attorney-General, have adopted a resolution, and recommended it for the adoption of the other Inns of Court, by which the advantages given to graduates of the English Universities and of Dublin over persons who have not graduated at those Universities are repealed. When the example set by the Inner Temple has become general at the other Inns of Court, and has been adopted by the College of Physicians, the only ground of complaint, it is said, which the Dissenters had at their exclusion from the Universities will be removed.

HAMPSHIRE.

The Southampton Railway is proceeding with as much success as can be expected in this dead time of the year. The works at Shapley Heath, near Hartley Row, are beginning to attract notice; for there the Company have attacked a mountain of sand, removing it into the adjoining valleys, which is performed by carts running on temporary wrought-iron rails. They are also proceeding with the removal of a sand hill at Elvetham, and in a few weeks the works will be progress through Frimley, where they will cut into two parts the Oasis Farm of John Richard Birnie, Esq. That this undertaking will be of great national importance will be seen by the single fact, that a vessel laden with invalids, widows, and children, who left Halifax in the beginning of November last, came in sight of the Isle of Wight in fourteen days, and would then have easily made the port of Portsmouth, or the Southampton Water: yet, in getting round the Straits of Dover, the vessel was twice driven on the coast of France, and twice on the coast of England, and after losing two topmasts and several of the crew, together with Mr. Damerum, the surgeon, arrived at Gravesend on the 11th of December, *three weeks* after they could have gone safely into the port of Southampton; and had the *railway* been finished, might have been in London a few hours after their arrival in England. Thus was a vessel fourteen days in making 65 degrees of longitude, and three weeks in making *three* degrees—such is the danger of making the port of London from the S. and S.W. in adverse winds!

KENT.

While some workmen were excavating ground, in Boughton quarry, near Maidstone, they discovered the skeleton of a man, about five feet and a half below the surface. The feet and hands were quite mouldered away, but the arms were placed in a transverse position on the breast-bones. The ribs and all the spinal vertebræ were decayed; while the skull and teeth were in the highest state of preservation, not being deficient or rotten. Near the skeleton was found a plain Roman urn of clay. The site of the place is supposed to have been a Roman embankment, and it is believed that the body must have been interred for upwards of 1000 years. The urn is in the possession of Mr. T. M. Joy, the artist, on whose father's estate these relics of antiquity were found. After the skeleton had been exposed for some time to the gaze of the curious, it was again committed to the earth.

A curious gold medal was discovered a short time ago by a labourer who was excavating a part of the road on the Ashford line, near Tunbridge-Bridge. It is one of the Roman Emperors, and the obverse is a Roman head in relief, with an inscription which is said to denote its being commemorative of Severus. The head is encircled with small garnets, inlaid. It appears to have been worn as an ornament, as a rudely-chased suspender is attached to the top of it. This piece of antiquity is now in the possession of Mr. Eastes, of Canterbury. —*Kentish Paper.*

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Ancient Remains.—As a number of workmen were digging in a field on the right-hand side of Barkby-lane, Leicester, and lately laid out for building, about three or four feet below the surface of the earth they turned up several skulls, besides various other bones connected with the human frame. The extraordinary size of the leg-bones plainly indicated the parties, when living, to have been a stout and, no doubt, hardy race of men. Several sets of teeth were also discovered in a perfect state; but how and at what time they were buried history furnishes no record.

SURREY.

Waste Lands.—As a proof that even the most hopeless of our waste lands may be brought into productive cultivation, it is stated that part of the sandy soil on Bagshot Heath, generally considered one of the most barren spots of the kingdom, has last year yielded at the rate of ten bushels of potatoes to the acre, over several acres, and has now a luxuriant crop of cattle-cabbage, of not less than forty tons to the acre, growing upon it.

SHERIFFS APPOINTED FOR THE YEAR 1835.

Bedfordshire—Charles James Metcalfe, of Roxton, Esq.

Berkshire—Bartholomew Wroughton, of Woolley-park, Esq.

Buckinghamshire—The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, of Hall-Barn-park, Bart.

Cambridge and Huntingdon—John Fryer, of Chatteris, Esq.

Cheshire—Joseph Leigh, of Belmont, Esq.

Cornwall—John Buller, of Morval, Esq.

Cumberland—Richard Ferguson, of Harker Lodge, Esq.

Derbyshire—Ashton Nicholas Every Mosley, of Burnaston House, Esq.

Devonshire—Samuel Trehawke Kekewich, of Peamore, Esq.

Dorsetshire—Sir Henry Digby, of Minterne Magna, Knt.

Essex—George William Gent, of Moyns Park, Steeple Bumpstead, Esq.

Gloucestershire—Henry Wenman Newman, of Clifton, Esq.

Herefordshire—Richard Webb, of Donnington Hall, Esq.

Hertfordshire—William Robert Baker, of Bayfordbury, Esq.

Kent—John Ward, of Holwood, Esq.

Leicestershire—William Henick, of Beaumanor, Esq.

Lincolnshire—Thomas Earle Welby, of Allington Hall, Esq.

Monmouthshire—Charles Marriott, of Dixton, Esq.

Norfolk—Hudson Gurney, of Keswick, Esq.

Northamptonshire—Lewis Loyd, of Overstone Park, Esq.

Northumberland—Bertram Mitford, of Mitford Castle, Esq.

Nottinghamshire—Christopher Neville, of Thorney, Esq.

Oxfordshire—John Fane, of Wormsley, Esq.

Rutlandshire—Godfrey Kemp, of Belton, Esq.

Shropshire—Sir Baldwin Leighton, of Loton, Bart.

Somersetshire—William Manning Doddington, of Horsington, Esq.

Staffordshire—Edward Monkton, of Somerford, Esq.

County of Southampton—Henry Weyland Powell, of Foxlease, Esq.

Suffolk—Robert Sayer, of Sibton Park, Esq.

Surrey—James Strudi Broadwood, of Lyne House, Esq.

Sussex—Charles Dixon, of Stanstead Park, Esq.

Warwickshire—The Hon. Charles Bertie Percy, of Guy's Cliff.

Wiltshire—Henry Seymour, of Knoyle, Esq.

Worcestershire—Sir Edward Blount, of Morley Hall, Bart.

Yorkshire—Richard Henry Roundell, of Gledstone, Esq.

WALES.

Anglesey—William Hughes, of Plas Llandyfrydog, Esq.

Breconshire—Sir Edward Hamilton, of Trebinshun, Bart.

Cardiganshire—Thomas Davies, of Nantgwllan, Esq.

Carmarthenshire—Edward Rose Tunno, of Llangenneck Park, Esq.

Carnarvonshire—John Morgan, of Weeg, Esq.

Denbighshire—Sir Robert Henry Cunliffe, of Acton Park, Knt. and Bart.

Flintshire—Charles Blaney Trevor Roper, of Plasteg, Esq.

Glamorganshire—John Dillwyn Llewelyn, of Penllergare, Esq.

Merionethshire—Postponed.

Montgomeryshire—Hugh Davies Griffiths, of Llechweddgarth, Esq.

Pembrokeshire—Nicholas Roch, of Cochestoun, Esq.

Radnorshire—Thomas Williams, of Crossfoot, in the parish of Chiow, Esq.

IRELAND.

Antrim—Hugh Lecky, of Bushmills, Esq.

Armagh—Edmond Bacon, of Rich-hill, Esq.

Carlow—James H. Eustace, of Hardymount, Esq.

Cavan—John Finlay, of Brachley-lodge, Esq.

Clare—Lucius O'Brien, of Dromoland, Esq.

Cork—Viscount Berehaven.

Donegal—R. M'Clintock, of Dunmore, Esq.

Down—N. Batt, of Purdysburn, Esq.

Dublin—The Viscount Brabazon.

Fermanagh—J. Lendrum, of Jamestown, Esq.

Galway—D. Persse, of Roxborough, Esq.

Kerry—J. F. Bland, of Derryquin Catle, Esq.

Kildare—John Bonham, of Ballintaggart, Esq.

Kilkenny—Wm. Stannard, of Grange, Esq.

King's County—Lord Viscount Glandine, of Durrow.

Leitrim—T. B. Jones, of Dromard House, Esq.

Limerick—Wm. Monsell, of Tervoe, Esq.

Longford—F. J. Jessop, of Doory Hall, Esq.

Louth—G. Taaffe, of Smarmore Castle, Esq.

Mayo—J. K. Gildea, of Clooncormac, Esq.

Meath—R. Fowler, of Rathmelion, Esq.

Monaghan—B. O. Cole, of Crieve, Esq.

Queen's County—John Piggott, of Cappard, Esq.

Roscommon—Sir G. King, Bart., of Jamestown.

Sligo—T. Jones, of Ardnaree, Esq.

Tipperary—John, Earl of Ossory.

Tyrone—C. Eccles, of Ecclesville, Esq.

Waterford—P. Barron, of Tramore Lodge, Esq.

Westmeath—Sir P. Nugent, Bart., of Donore.

Wexford—R. Doyne, jun., of Wells, Esq.

Wicklow—Wm. Beresford, of Ballinastow, Esq.